THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Of 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Will Payne — Meyer Bloomfield — Henry Watterson — Nalbro Bartley — Wallace Irwin

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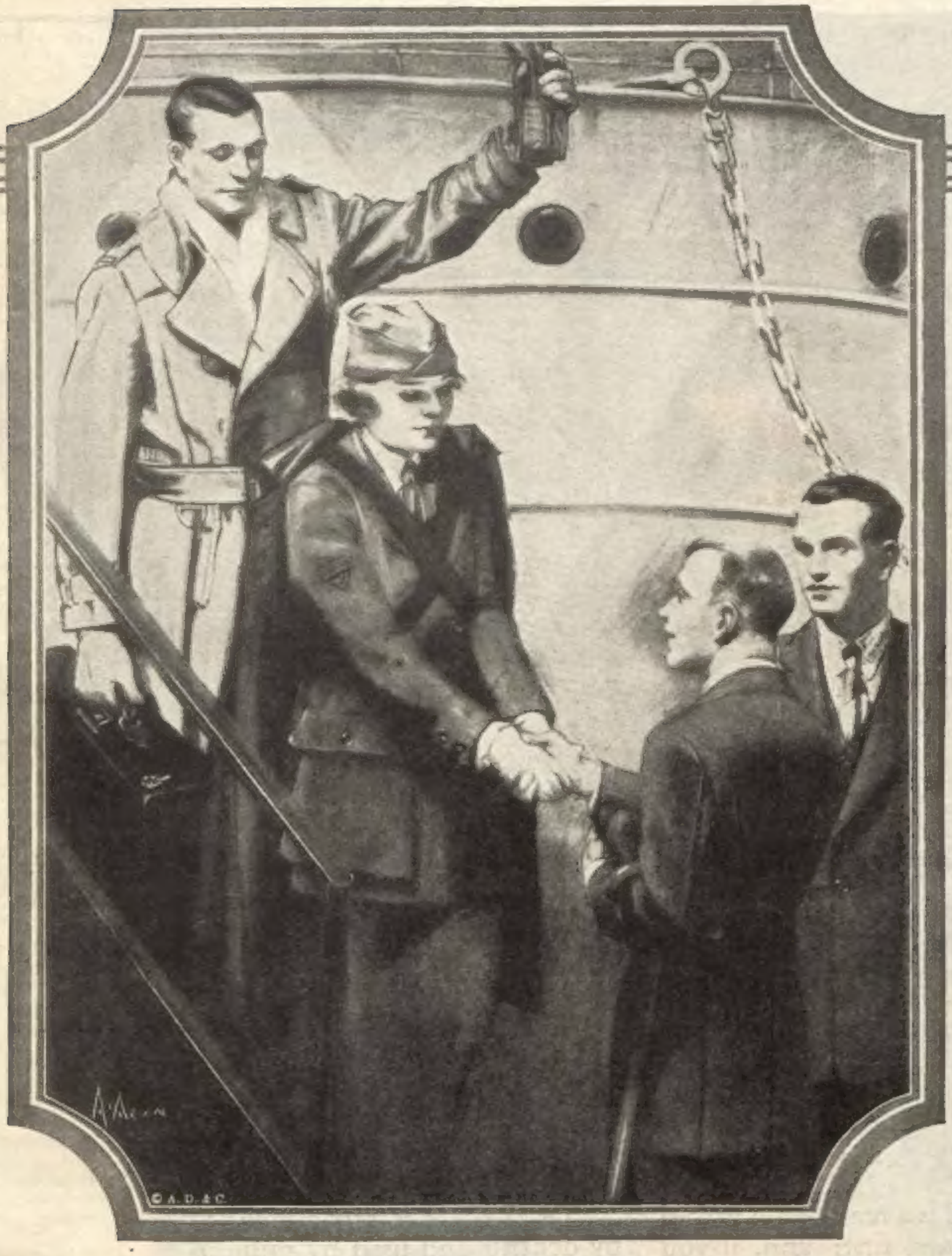

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MAN SNATCHERS

By William Hamilton Osborne

AT HALF PAST twelve o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the thirteenth day of December in the year nineteen hundred eighteen, Pemberton Forbes, seated at his desk in his private suite in the Cedar Street offices of the Forbes Powder Works, Inc., scribbled a brief message on a telegraph blank and pressed a button. He reread the message and corrected it. This is what it said:

Pay all hands one full month's extra wages. Shut down plant forthwith. We quit to-day.

A girl entered, as though in answer to his summons.

"Mr. Forbes," announced the girl, "Mr. Breed is outside. He says it's quite important."

Pemberton Forbes frowned.

"Which Mr. Breed?" he queried.

"Mr. Breed of the Breed By-Products Company," returned the girl.

The frown on the face of Mr. Pemberton Forbes deepened.

"Sam Breed," he grunted; "don't wanta see him. Don't like him. Sam Breed's a crook. Suppose I gotta see him," he went on resignedly. "Wait till I get my hat and coat on. And suppose you stick round."

As the girl admitted Mr. Breed Mr. Pemberton Forbes was busily tucking a muffler about his throat.

"Hello, Sam," he said, placing an open box of cigars on the corner of his desk; "come in. Havva cigar."

Mr. Sam Breed took a cigar and sat down uninvited. He was a very long, lanky, loose-jointed gentleman, this Mr. Breed, presenting a marked contrast to the stocky build and the bulldog countenance of Pemberton Forbes. Mr. Breed's nose, like Mr. Breed, was long and very knowing, and this feature, taken in conjunction with a slight cast in one eye, lent Mr. Breed an expression which was as sinister as it was marked and entertaining.

"You going to eat lunch?" queried Mr. Breed. "Come on with me."

Mr. Forbes violently shook his head. He would as lief go to the devil as to be seen breaking bread with Sam Breed.

"Never eat lunch," he returned. He consulted his timepiece. "Gotta go," he apologized. "Gotta date with an army officer—gotta be on time."

"Won't keep you but a second," said Mr. Breed, stretching his legs comfortably and leisurely lighting a cigar; "just wanta see if I can interest you in the niftiest scheme this side of Hades."

"What kinda scheme?" queried Mr. Forbes.

"Potash," said Mr. Breed; "something new—biggest thing in sight.

"You an' me an' potash—we can lick the world."

Pemberton Forbes lumbered over to the corner and got his cane. He fastened his gloves.

"Sam," he said, using his cane as a pointer and touching a small frame that was suspended on the wall above his swivel chair, "you see that dollar bill?"

"Sunday newspapers—hundreds o' times," nodded Breed; "first dollar you ever earned. Barefoot boy. Gunpowder king. Honesty' n' industry. I know."

"From that day to this, Sam," went on Mr. Forbes, "I haven't stopped." He handed

"I Wanted to Make Polly the Richest and Happiest Girl in America—If I Could"

Mr. Breed the telegram he had so recently prepared. Mr. Breed read it over carefully three times.

"Get you," nodded Sam Breed, his features lighting up; "you're through."

"For good," said Forbes. He handed the telegram to the waiting girl. "That wire," he said to her, "goes to each of our factory managers. Get it off at once. My machine downstairs?"

"Your driver's waiting in the outside office, Mr. Forbes."

"Come on," said Forbes to Breed, following the girl out. Breed obeyed with a beatific smile upon his face—as beatific, at any rate, as was consistent with the general expression of his countenance.

"So you're gonna quit," went on Breed as they descended in the elevator; "whatcha goin' to do?"

Pemberton Forbes shook his head.

"Don't know. Build a hospital or something. Then—die."

"Old fox," grinned Sam Breed; "give a good deal to know just what you've made in the last four years."

"You'll never know it, Sam," said Forbes as he crossed the sidewalk with Breed at his heels.

"Pig's neck I won't! I'll find out, don't fear."

"Only two people in the world'll ever know," said Forbes—"me and the internal revenue collector."

Breed chortled raucously.

"Oh, gonna tell him, are you, old fox?"

"Gotta tell *him*," said Forbes.

"In a pig's neck you gotta." Breed laid a restraining hand upon Forbes' arm—the latter was scrambling into his big gray limousine. "Look here," said Breed, searching Forbes' face with his keen, analytical glance, "straight goods. You goin' to quit? I wanna know. Important."

"Straight goods," said Forbes. "I'm through."

"All right," nodded Breed; "I depend on you. You change your mind, you let me know. Y'see?"

Mr. Forbes' car rolled on before Mr. Forbes could respond to Mr. Breed's insistence. But Mr. Forbes responded, nevertheless, *sotto voce*, to himself. "In a pig's neck I will," said Mr. Forbes, borrowing a phrase from Mr. Breed himself.

Less than an hour later Mr. Forbes' gray car rolled smoothly past the sentries guarding the entrance to Camp Merritt on the Jersey side, and made its way at checked speed to headquarters. Pemberton Forbes presented himself to an adjutant seated at a desk in a bustling office. The adjutant greeted him by name.

"Know me?" queried Forbes in surprise.

"Pictures in the papers," grinned the adjutant.

Pemberton Forbes pulled out some correspondence.

"I'm looking for a man ——" he began.

"He's at the window over there," interposed the adjutant; "been waiting for you. Mercer!" he yelled. A young army officer saluted, hastened to the desk and saluted once again.

"Introducing Lieutenant Richard Mercer—Mr. Pemberton Forbes," said the adjutant, rising out of respect to the gunpowder man. Pemberton Forbes held out his hand and Lieutenant Mercer gripped it.

"When does your leave expire?" queried the powder man.

"Eight o'clock to-morrow morning," said the lieutenant.

"All right, have you back by then. You ready? Then let's go."

Pemberton Forbes led the way back to his machine and followed the young officer into it.

"Cragmoor," he said to the driver.

"Where," said the lieutenant, "is that?"

"House I built on top of Eagle Rock—we go by way of Newark."

"I got a girl in Newark," said the lieutenant wistfully.

"Only one?" queried Forbes, producing cigars.

"Only one I ever had," said the lieutenant, flushing a bit. He was very boyish in appearance, much more so than his host had anticipated. And he was shy, but masculine; and with bashful eyes—eyes that a girl would give her life to tease. However, he was a soldier, this lad, and looked the part, very tall and straight, skin clear. And with service stripes and wound stripes.

"One-girl man, eh?" said Forbes.

"Seem to be," returned Lieutenant Mercer.

"Same here," said Forbes. "Had a girl once—she died. Could have had a hundred since then. Didn't want 'em. Wanted her. Couldn't have her—she's dead. So didn't want any. There you are. Seen her since you landed?"

"Once."

"Not enough—just a teaser, eh? When are you mustered out?"

"Ten days—two weeks, perhaps."

"Good. Know what I want you for?"

"Explosives, I take it," said the lieutenant; "but there are other men ——"

"Nope," returned Forbes, "nobody can tell me about explosives. Wanted you for something else. You wait. Something to show you first. Something at Cragmoor. Wait."

The lieutenant waited, naturally. The sun was just disappearing over the second range of hills, leaving a gorgeous afterglow behind it, as they rolled into the driveway of Pemberton Forbes' place. Cragmoor was a long, low, rambling habitation, mostly built of rubble, with a long, low-hanging, moss-green roof surmounting it. Pemberton Forbes ushered his guest into a huge living room, wonderfully livable and comfortable, heavily beamed and exquisitely paneled in the darkest of dark woods. There were plenty of comfortable chairs, a multitude of Oriental rugs scattered about, and a huge log fire blazed briskly in the fireplace.

"Lieutenant Mercer," said Forbes, after they had warmed themselves at the fire, "you fond of drama—moving pictures and the like?"

"What's the IOI stand for?"

"Who isn't?" smiled the youth.

A Japanese servant passed long panatelas to the lieutenant and to his master and then left the room. Forbes led the way to the east end of the long apartment. The lieutenant noted for the first time that the wall at that end was wholly obscured by heavy green velvet hangings. Two comfortable chairs faced these heavy hangings; Pemberton Forbes took one and waved the lieutenant into the other.

"Orchestra seats," he smiled.

He leaned over and pressed a button in the wall. Slowly the heavy hangings parted in the middle.

Lieutenant Mercer stopped in the act of lighting a cigar. He stared. He drew a long breath.

"Holy smoke!" he finally exclaimed.

His exclamation was justified. Cragmoor clung to the edge of a precipice that rose high above surrounding country. Set in the eastern wall of this vast living room there was a flawless sheet of pure plate glass, as high and wide as the living room itself, an observation window of remarkable proportions. And beyond that plate-glass window, spreading itself out almost at the foot of Eagle Rock, the afterglow of the setting sun still strong upon it, there lay New York. A New York such as the lieutenant had never even dreamed of, a glorified New York.

"We're at the top of the world," gasped the young army officer.

Pemberton Forbes' eyes glowed.

"You've said it, soldier! You get the Woolworth Building, flashing back the white light?"

"A king with a golden crown."

Forbes caught him by the arm.

"Drink it all in," he said, "here at our feet—Newark and Essex County; then the other big New Jersey cities. Far to the east, Brooklyn and Long Island. And in the middle of 'em all—the biggest toad in the biggest puddle in the world—little old New York. Get it, soldier! Between us and the Atlantic Ocean—eight million people. More than all of the Pacific Coast. Eight million! What are they doing, eh? What are they thinking about? What are they doping out, eh? Eight million people, spread right out before us—eight million of the most important people on the face of the earth. Soldier, as those eight million people think, so in time will think the world."

Pemberton Forbes touched another button; the heavy green curtains swung slowly to once more, shutting out the sight.

"You've got a mental picture that'll stick," said Forbes. "Come back to the fire. Take that seat there. You're the thirteenth man in uniform I've consulted—to-day's the thirteenth of the month. Ominous—and favorable. I was disappointed in the other twelve."

"What did you want of them?" asked the officer.

"Something," said Forbes, "that I didn't have myself. Something they didn't have, either. Know how I picked you out?"

"I'm aching to find out," laughed the lieutenant.

"Letters in the paper; letters to some man whose name I knew ——"

"Ingersoll?"

"That's the man. He published 'em. They weren't meant for publication, I could see that. I've read lots of soldiers' letters—always in the paper. Always looking for something I couldn't find somehow. But they all said the same things, things you'd expect 'em to say. I imagine the letters that didn't get published—I imagine they had what I was looking for. But I didn't get to see any somehow. Then I stumbled across yours."

"What were you looking for?" asked Mercer.

"Man with a vision . . . . man who'd been at the top of the world, looking down . . . . man who'd seen things . . . . all things . . . . in a sort of a flash. Idealism, you can call it, truth, anything."

Lieutenant Richard Mercer shook his head.

"You'll be disappointed, I'm afraid, in me. I haven't seen visions, and I wouldn't know an ideal if it shook hands with me on the street."

"Wrong—you don't know yourself," said Forbes. "I read your letters—read 'em backward—read 'em between the lines. Idealism—I could feel it. You're my man. I'm in a hole. You've got to help me out."

"I help you out of a hole!" stammered the lieutenant helplessly.

"Listen to me," went on Forbes: "For thirty years I've worked like a horse. Manufacturing chemist—see? Newark meadows. Started in a shop big as this room. For the last seven years I've made explosives for the world. For Germany first—that was back before I knew. Then, for Russia, France, England, America—all of 'em. Twenty-one factories strung all along the coast. Know what it means? Take the ten richest men in America to-day. I'm Number Seven on the list."

"Holy smoke!" said the lieutenant.

"I've got it all—nothing to spend it on. Now I want to do something with it—want to build a monument. Something that the setting sun—and the rising sun—will shine upon. Something that eight million pairs of eyes can see. Get me? Got to do it—and don't know what to do. Something that'll make 'em sit up and take notice—eight million people. Because if they take notice so will all the world. I want to do something for eight million people that'll make eight million people rise up and call me blessed—you see?"

"I begin to understand," said the army officer, still helplessly shaking his head. "Tell me, what was your own idea?"

"Can't think of a blessed thing but hospitals—all kinds of hospitals," said Forbes.

"Big," commented the officer.

"Not big enough—not what I want. I've got to do something nobody's ever done. Now, soldier," he went on, "you come across. You got wounded over there, I see."

"I nearly died," said Mercer.

"Fine as silk now," commented Forbes. "You nearly died? And when you didn't die—when you came back—when you started to think of things again—at the top of the world, looking down on the rest of us ——"

With a boyish movement young Mercer leaned over and caught Forbes by the arm. He had become suddenly breathless—in his eyes was the light of remembrance suddenly become acute. He held to Forbes as though Forbes might get away.

"Look here," he cried, "I—I did have an idea. I sure did." He stopped.

"Go on, son," said Forbes grimly, "I want that vision."

"It wasn't a vision," returned the lieutenant, "just a sort of hope. Oh, what's the use?" he went on, slumping back into his chair. "It's all so piffling, and so wild ——"

"Son," queried Forbes, "has it anything to do with those eight million people that we've got here in the hollow of our hands?"

"It has to do with all the people in the world," said Richard Mercer.

"Go to it, son," commanded Forbes; "that's what I've got to have. I'll follow up that line if it takes the last dollar in my coffers."

"Do you mean to say," protested the officer, "that you're going to pin your faith—and your money—to a mere ideal, a half-baked theory. That you're going to take my judgment on the thing?"

(Continued on Page 100)

THE PEANUT HULL

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

GOSHAMIGHTY damn!" yelled Old Cap Adams at the wheel of the Dancing Becky, as the warring rivers, rushing and roaring where they sprang together, caught up the little white motor boat just ahead, lifted it like a cork and swung it toward the grimy big prow of the Becky. There was a sharp clanging of bells, the sullen hoot of a whistle and the clatter of running feet as the captain, his kinky white hair sticking straight out behind and his kinky white whiskers sticking straight out before, did his best to veer her off.

An instant of breathless suspense, in which young Russbill Jones, clinging steadily to his own little mahogany wheel, gave the tiny white Swallow's Wing all the gas she could drink, and grinned as he shot past the overhanging prow with as much as six or seven inches to spare; whereupon Mayme Dycler, who had momentarily sat up straight amid the red leather cushions, sank negligently back again, and with a sidelong glance at the Dancing Becky, as if of mere contemplative curiosity, trailed her slender finger in the water.

Jiggers Hoadley, leaning both elbows on the deck rail of the big freighter, as if that had been the rail of a bar, spat out the tobacco juice which he had held suspended for the breathless instant, drew forward the shapeless hat which he had shoved back and with a grimy knuckle pushed to each side from the center his raggedly drooping yellow mustache. Up on top of the bleak brown point, which hid and sheltered Pickywillup City, the freckled slip of a girl in the shabby dress slowly unclasped her tapering fingers and breathed again.

But in the pilot house of the Dancing Becky Old Cap Adams suddenly let out a string of profanity that rolled and reverberated up the Little Pickywillup Valley like the thunder which put Rip Van Winkle to sleep; for in that moment of checking the clumsy steamer, loaded to the water's edge with heavy freight from down the river, she slipped back into the strong current made by the shooting of the blue Little Pickywillup into the muddy Big Pickywillup, and floundered away helplessly toward Wildgrape Island! The grin of young Russbill Jones changed to a look of concern as, glancing back, he saw what had happened; saw, too, the walnut-brown fist that raging Cap Adams shook at him.

"I'm mighty sorry," he said to Mayme Dycler, the outgrown treble of youth almost returning to his voice. "It'll take Old Dan an hour and a half to round the point again."

That little characteristic pause in Mayme, who always said a thing twice, once silently to judge how it would sound, and once out loud; then she raised her gray eyes and smiled.

"What's the difference? He spends his life doing that, and it might as well be here as anywhere."

A slight error, that speech, Mayme decided instantly, for young Russ sobered still more. He'd been running his father's business for almost two months, since the fall from the new grain elevator had thrown Jones, Senior, into brain fever, and his vista of life had suddenly enlarged with the weight of his responsibilities. It was natural for a fellow to dare-devil round occasionally, but he had no right to interfere with commerce!

"The difference is just this," he explained in his best bass: "Cap won't be able to make Sandtown to-night in time to unload!"

"I don't see why anyone should wish to get to Sandtown before dark. Pickywillup City is ever so much prettier." As Mayme raised her gray eyes they sparkled into his.

On this young Russbill Jones laughed, having reflected, as it was intended he should, that, after all, business means nothing to a girl, who has no calculation and self-interest like a man; and praise of Pickywillup City was always agreeable to the ears of a Jones, since the elder Jones had made that beautiful little town what it was. He cast at it an approving glance as they shot past the point, which by the upcurving twist it gave the current made that spot of the big river so vexatious.

There, just behind, lay the town, all green and white and smiling, along the lower bank of the Little Pickywillup, its waterfront given over to gray business and its hillside slopes to red-awninged and velvet-lawned luxury. Joe Jones everywhere; a part of him was in the copper dome of the town hall, a part of him in the spires of the five churches, a part of him even in forlorn North Pickywillup there on the upper bank of the turbulent Little Pickywillup, where now the staring big signboards of the Dycler Addition betokened the somewhat lagging enterprise of

"Won't You Come Into the Club? I'm Hoping to Meet My Mother There, and I'd Like You to Know Her"

the new aspirant for commercial leadership, Mayme's father, who had come down from the big puddle of Poeville to seek expansion and become the big toad in this little puddle. A dozen blocks of business, beginning at the Jones warehouses and petering out with the pop factory; and then Russ drew in with a flourish and an exact stop at the landing of the prosperous Pickywillup Boat Club, the big clubhouse of which columned white and stately out of the broadest and the greenest lawn in all Pickywillup County.

Society, consisting of anyone of good moral character who could afford the clothes, was out in full force this sunshiny Saturday afternoon, and clustered round its normal leader, plump and comfortable Mrs. Jones, who, in a perfectly frank lavender silk dress trimmed with the fat lace effects which certain plump and comfortable ladies seem to grow, as it were, out of themselves, came forward to meet her son. There was a shade of what might have been taken for anxiety on her smooth brow, as she nevertheless made a quite cordial enough return to the sweetly affectionate greeting of Mayme Dycler—who had come alone with Russ!

"I thought you were going to bring the Gullup girls too," she observed, taking the arm of her son and glancing up significantly at that gangling youth.

He was so tall and lanky that he seemed slightly stooped from the habit of bending down to talk to people; a small-headed fellow with a fledgling mustache on his upper lip, and a queer conflict of expression which always comes in the face of a male who is just emerging from the mandolin stage into the daybook-and-ledger period of existence.

"Mother's going to bring Alice and Phyllis in the machine with her, Mrs. Jones," stated Mayme serenely, taking the other arm of the gangling son.

And from his elbows and up across the back of his neck Russ was vaguely conscious of an uncomfortable tingling sensation as certain warring electrical vibrations went through his frame from lady to lady. Confound it, what was the objection to Mayme? She was an all-right girl! Anyhow, it was his business—and Mayme's.

At that point in his reflections society came forward en masse and claimed the son of the richest man in town for its own, and the music struck up, and there was dancing on the broad colonial porches, where society disported itself in the mad abandon of the one-step, the fox trot and the waltz, and the tailor's son danced with the banker's daughter, and the traction magnate's son danced with the grocer's Gladys—all to the acute distress of Mrs. Dycler, who arrived presently with the gawky Gullup girls.

A spare lady, she, of modish costuming and careful cosmetics, who had tried in vain this past year to sort and separately herd those who could afford the clothes into at least two classes, but who had been compelled, though secretly unconquered, to satellite saccharinely round plump and comfortable Mrs. Jones, while biding her time. If A. B. Dycler ever accomplished the financial coup he had so often visioned; or if Mayme ——

"Is Russ Jones here?"

It was an hour and a half later, and early tea was steaming its fragrance on every porch and under every kiosk and in every brick-tiled lounging room; and the voice was of the capacity and hoarse vibration of a steamboat whistle—the voice of Old Cap Adams. On the side porch he stood in the red flesh, the purple veins interlaced on his two round patches of cheek, his kinky white hair sticking straight out behind and his kinky white whiskers sticking straight out before.

"Here's your shippin' orders!" he roared the instant Russ appeared, and he thrust violently forward a sheaf of yellow papers. "I ain't goana take 'em! I handed 'em back to your clerk, and he said I'd have to give 'em to you, so here they are! I ain't goana take 'em!"

"Oh, say!"

Young Russ was in immediate trouble, from the six pale hairs which forked out of the middle of his cowlick to the tips of his long white buckskin shoes way down there on the floor. "I'm mighty sorry I was showing off, Dan. I could have crossed farther upstream just as well. If I had thought for a minute that ——"

"But you didn't think! You hadn't anything to do it with, I guess!"

"I guess not," grinned young Jones, though deeply conscious that the booming voice of Dan penetrated to every cozy nook of the clubhouse and grounds. "If you'll just take back these bills of lading I'll promise you ——"

"By goshamighty, I don't give a dang what you promise!" roared the irate captain, thrusting away the sheaf of papers as if they had been poison ivy. "It ain't you in particular, because any young jackass with a new little toy motor pest and a girl would have done the same. It's just that this gosh-damn thing is the last straw! You hear me? I've been tellin' your paw for years that Pickywillup Point, which it throws the current up out there like a Niagary Rapids, is too much for any steamboat that wants to make money, and that some day I'd just go right past him on the other side of the river; and now you go tell him I've done it!"

Something surged in the veins of young Russ—the surge of the campus, of the auto track, of the sprinting course, of the gridiron and the diamond. It tingled defiantly hot up and down his full long, lean length, and it put a throb in his temples, and red in his cheeks and glints in his eyes; but as a business man he just let the temper surge, and spoke words out of his brain in place of out of his emotions.

"I'm sorry you see it that way, Mr. Adams, but suppose I walk down to the office with you and talk it over."

"I've had all the talk I'm intendin' to have!" yelled Old Dan, louder and more vociferously than ever. "I've plowed my last trip round that gosh-damn point, do you hear me! My last trip!"

Russ heard him. Everybody round the clubhouse heard him, which meant that Pickywillup City heard him; and the town fully appreciated the importance of the devastating decision; for Pickywillup City, natural outlet for the

prosperous Little Pickywillup Valley, had no railroad and was dependent for its very existence on the river, from which peppery Old Cap Adams had driven all freightage competitors. If the four steamers of the Adams line—the D. D. Adams, the Mrs. Dan, the Dancing Becky and the Little Mary—were to stop their visits to the town which Jones had built it would be like cutting the life root of the community! With the complete and sobering knowledge of that and of the responsibility of the Jones family in the matter, the community sadly and almost silently wished that the capable father of Russ could be well now and in fighting trim!

"Why not land at North Pickywillup, Mr. Adams?" suggested a brisk medium-size gentleman who had hurried across from the tennis court, racket in hand. Dycler. He was a highly nervous man with quite a bit of surplus business intensity; not a crease in his flannels but plenty in his face, and a betraying habit of nibbling at the edge of his iron-gray mustache. "If you definitely decide to give up your present landing I'll build you the finest wharfage in the state, on the upper side of the Little Pickywillup."

"And have a steamer bust loose from her moorings every freshet!" roared Cap. "Not by a gosh-dang sight! I tied up the Little Mary once there, and ——"

"We'll put the wharfage out on the Big Pickywillup side," urged Dycler, with a flap of his racket against his leg. "We can build a breakwater, and you can swing right round the current. You won't need to cross it at all."

"Fiddlesticks!" blurted the captain, looking the man up and down, from head to foot, with his weather-beaten eye. "Fiddlesticks! There's been five breakwaters built on the Big Pickywillup at that point, Mr. Dycler; and they all went out with the ice!"

Dycler smiled, drawing in the edge of his mustache with his tongue.

"I know a place on the Shushane River where the floods carried away the center spans of nine bridges before they built the one which has been there for thirty years!"

"Yes?" grunted Cap Adams, and stalked down the walk.

Whereupon young Russbill Jones stood with the crushing weight of the Jones responsibility descending on his young shoulders. For only a moment that state of funk lasted in him, and then the surge which belonged to the campus, the track, the gridiron and the diamond came up hot in his veins and throbbed in his temples and glinted in his eyes and jumped his long legs into gangling action and streaked him down the walk. And the large patch of frank lavender on the clubhouse porch covered a swell of pride as Jones, Junior, catching the sturdy little captain by the shoulder, swung round in front of him, clapped his other hand on the captain's other shoulder, leaned way down and declared:

"Now see here, Dan, my dad's sick and can't be bothered, so I have to handle this myself; and by George, I'm going to do it! Take these bills of lading and leave it to me, and I'll fix Pickywillup Point!"

That vigorous statement not only arrested the wrath of Old Cap Adams for the moment, but it also arrested the shuffling footsteps of Jiggers Hoadley, who, having made one unappreciated trip on the Dancing Becky as a volunteer assistant bartender, had now come out to the boat club, where his services in that capacity were sometimes permitted.

"So you say," said Cap. "Well, I'm always willin' to give anybody a chance, but I have got a heap o' curiosity as to how you're goana fix that hellamighty point."

"Simplest thing in the world," returned young Russbill Jones, setting his good jaw. "It can't cost over two thousand dollars, and will be the biggest public improvement ever given to the town. I'll just buy Pickywillup Point and saw it off!"

Jiggers Hoadley resumed his shuffling progress, but he was walking the other way!

II

ALDERMAN JEFF SNARKESS, a man with a well-muscled face and ominous shoulder knobs, who had been formed by Destiny for athletic politics, was cultivating five votes at Casey's bar when he felt a tug at his coat-tail and heard, panted into his ear:

"Listen! There's a new boob busted into politics! Russ Jones!"

Russ Jones! Even the coach-dog eye of Jeff Snarkess, useful for decorative purposes alone, glistened moistly with the other. He moved instantly into the dark corner, where, beneath the dim and dusty pink picture of John L. Sullivan, the opportunist who had never had an opportunity further panted:

"Listen! Russ's just promised Cap Adams that he'll buy Pickywillup Point and saw it off! Get me? He's goana buy it and saw it off! That's politics, ain't it? Now, old man Jones is ——"

"Close it!" husked the alderman, and casting his good eye round him in all the six directions, including up and down, he reached a well-knuckled hand promptly into his pocket for the slick pocketbook which he had always with him.

"Now shake yourself, Jiggers," he said—now speaking not as a public official, but as a private investor. "You shoot right up to Bill Trueboy's carpenter shop and get an option on the point."

"I got you. I git an option!"

He was so eager that Snarkess glared at him for a moment with his good eye. The only reason he was intrusting this errand to Jiggers Hoadley was that time pressed; and Jiggers was there with the scheme.

"Me? I Guess I'm the Best Little Optician Ever! And Say: They Ain't Any of 'em Got Anything on Me"

"Right. You get a six months' option on his property at any price he asks for it not over five hundred dollars, and you pay him fifty dollars for the option. And he's to keep mum. You too."

Hoadley took the seven bills which made up that fifty dollars, and smoothed them all out one by one, and counted them carefully, and inspected both sides of them, deeply impressed; they were a lot of money!

"He'll do it," he decided, and wadded the bills into his pocket. With that action his chest rounded.

"Of course he will," husked Snarkess. "I know to the inch what every man in this ward'll do, and for how much. Bill Trueboy ——"

Slam! went the door, and with new power in his legs Jiggers scrambled up bare and bleak Pickywillup Point and leaned in at the door of Bill Trueboy's carpenter shop. Only a girl was there—a freckle-faced young girl, a straight slip of a thing with a shabby dress, coarse cheap stockings and shabby shoes and an air of eternal blushing diffidence, which at a moment's notice could be crimson-faced self-consciousness; and her head drooped over a book.

"Hello, Prue. Where's your old man?"

"Father's out behind," said Prue, nestling her feet in the shavings to hide her old shoes.

Since he did not go, the girl, uneasy by and by, glanced up from beneath her long lashes. He was still leaning against the door jamb, looking down at her, and in him the exaltation, strange and intoxicating, of having fifty dollars in his pocket! As he caught the glance of her soft brown eyes he gave her a smile which was a combination of leer and simper, and observed:

"You're a pretty good looker, ain't you, Prue?"

Startled, the girl's tapering fingers slipped out of her book—a public-library volume of Ruskin—and now she looked up fully in wide-eyed amazement at this unbelievable object who had tumbled her out of her dreams—her only riches. She turned to the window.

"There's father."

"I git you," observed Jiggers, entirely unruffled. "Only I don't see where you borrow this snippy stuff. I know I ain't nothin', but neither are you. So long."

And with the dignity of his new elevation he went out "behind," to where Bill Trueboy was carefully and earnestly saving the bent nails out of some warped and blackened old boards. He was a pale-faced man, all the paler because of his sandy complexion, and his dull dreaming eyes told of an impractical visionary.

"Look-a here, Bill," said Jiggers, "I'm gettin' into this real-estate game, and you can do a little business with me if you'll talk sharp and quick."

Bill Trueboy sat on a crippled sawbuck and nodded his head wonderingly.

"How?"

"Listen. I ain't got any time to dicker. Five hundred for this property. How's that? Pretty soft, eh? I guess you can use the money. Huh?"

Bill Trueboy looked wistfully three ways on the water and sighed.

"I have been wishing I could sell, but I oughtn't to," he considered, more to himself than to Jiggers. "I bought this place when Prue was just a little lass because she wanted to build a castle out here when I got rich." There was no wince in him as he said that, and no smile of bitterness. "But I really do need the money."

"Then here you are!"

Hoadley drew out his "roll" with a flourish, but catching the fevered necessity that leaped into Trueboy's eyes at the sight of the money Jiggers hastily whipped off a ten-dollar bill and stuffed it back into his pocket. Opportunity had knocked at his door at last, and he was letting her in!

"Now here's the proposition: I give you forty dollars for a six months' option, only you say in the option it's fifty. See? Get me? Then you give me another little paper—just between us, you know—that says you slip me a hundred when you get the rest of the five. See? Get me? Huh? Pretty soft, eh! Now listen. It's part of the deal that you're to keep mum about everything. Here's the cash!" And he thrust the forty irresistible dollars into the limp hand of the carpenter.

Slam! Jiggers Hoadley stood in the alderman's bare-floored and bare-walled livery-stable office over Casey's saloon, and the option was pinned inside his vest! The private investor was sitting on his bare desk, with his foot in his chair, his knee in his hands, his third cigar in his mouth, and his good eye full of eager inquiry.

"Did you get it?"

"It's home," declared Jiggers Hoadley, slapping his ribs; and he not only parted his ragged mustache with his knuckle but started to twist the right-hand side. Also, he had creased and dented his hat on the way down!

"Well, produce."

There was more than a trace of hesitation in the opportunist, but with both eyes of Snarkess on him, the live and the dead, he brought out the option, but retained a hold on it with thumbs and forefingers at two diagonal corners.

"What's eatin' you?" growled Snarkess, jerking it away from him. "You know this ain't money; you can't spend it!"

"Not yet," acknowledged Jiggers. "But it's property, and it's in my name. Don't you ever forget it! And if anybody tries to take it away from me they'd better croak me at the same time, because I'll bawl it out all over the burg! Of course, Jeff, it's your money that paid Trueboy, but it was my brain that opened the egg! You know this is a political improvement the town's goana get, and in six years I ain't had a five spot except at elections. It's time I figured some place, after all I done for the party; and, believe me, I'm goana figure! I got it cinched!"

Alderman Snarkess looked at his henchman in wonder, but suddenly remembered that he'd never had occasion to find out the sterling stuff in Jiggers because he'd been wise enough never to trust the man before. He began to plan for safety. It wouldn't do for the alderman to transfer the option to his own name, and at the finish the deed would have to be recorded in the name of someone even farther away from politics than Jiggers Hoadley, for Mike Connell was particular about appearances. Mike was the boss of the city, and Snarkess was his satellite, and the satellite of Snarkess was Jiggers, who had none; so that Russ Jones' improvement of the Little Pickywillup was starting, as all things should to have a solid foundation, at the very bottom.

"Oh, you can keep this thing, you poor fish," Jeff finally granted, as if it were nothing; "but I wouldn't trust you any farther than I could see with my bum lamp, and you know it; so here's what you got to do: You got to give me a second option; then you can paste this back on your slats."

"That's the i'," agreed Hoadley hastily, and snatching the option he pinned it inside his vest. "Now what?"

"Just this: You agree, in writing, that whenever you take up this option to buy the property you're to turn

it over to me or anybody I name at the price you paid for it; and I got a right to compel you to take up the option at any time between now and the day it runs out."

"Just like that, eh? Well, where do I come in at, then?" And Jiggers leaned both his elbows on the back of a chair as if it were a bar rail. Automatically his right foot went up to the rung. "Listen to me somethin'. The way you're doping it out I git nix. Well, nix on the nix! That second option has got to say what I get or you don't get it!"

"What do you want?"

"Twenty per cent!"

"Twenty hell!" roared the alderman, reaching for his pen. "You'll get ten or a paste in the jaw."

"Make it ten," grinned the opportunist, well content. "Ten, and a double sawbuck on this here second option. Get me!"

III

CLUSTERED round inordinately tall Russ Jones, who towered above them on the boat-club lawn like a sunflower in a bed of four-o'clocks, all society, and consequently all that was worth while of Pickywillup City, gazed down the bend of the river to where Pickywillup Point blotted out the sky and the Big Pickywillup, the stunted shrubbery on its sides a catchall for every grimy paper and moldy straw and decaying rag which blew in the wind; and each person removed that point for himself or herself and gave free access to the D. D. Adams, the Mrs. Dan, the Dancing Becky and the Little Mary. They were helping Shorty McShane—a tight little man so red-headed that tiny pin dots of the red were in the irises of his yellow eyes—to measure and estimate, to weigh and transport, to scrape and blast and dredge the point away.

"Well," spoke the little contractor at last, "a rough idea you want, Mr. Jones, and it's rough you'll get it; and mind I wouldn't say I'd take the job for this, but twelve hundred dollars might do it, or maybe fifteen."

"Good!" Russ smiled encouragingly at society and all Pickywillup City; and society and all Pickywillup City smiled back and almost cheered. "Very good, Mac. To-morrow's Sunday, but you may bring the figures to the house anyhow, for I want to have the men digging up there on Monday morning."

"I'm your boy!" stated Mac enthusiastically; then he added: "I suppose you've seen about your city permit."

"Well, no, I hadn't thought about it," confessed Russ, knotting his brow with concern; then he brightened immediately. "There can't be any trouble about that, however, for the thing is so obviously an improvement, so much a benefit to the whole town, so much a life-saver, that a permit is a mere matter of form." He colored slightly as he added: "I'm going up to buy the property right now and pay for the whole improvement myself"—a murmur of warm approbation—"and I don't believe that anybody would interfere with such a gift from the Jones family to Pickywillup City." A murmur of indignation for anyone with the temerity to interfere.

"Right you are, Mr. Jones," agreed McShane; but suddenly the tiny specks of red in his eyes became streaks in the irises. "I'll go right on and get busy with the figures."

And hurrying out to his mud-covered buggy McShane rattled away—headed not for his muddy little shop, however, but for Casey's, since this was a job that should be in politics!

Society was thrilled to the core with the energy of young Mr. Jones in thus having started immediately to toss the earth from the apex of Pickywillup Point. Society had done young Mr. Jones an injustice in having wished for the elder Mr. Jones in this crisis.

Leaving them to thrill as they would, but enjoying his justification nevertheless, the suddenly awakened genius now set his long legs into action, and swinging the full length of Water Street clambered up the hill to Bill Trueboy's carpenter shop, where the freckled little girl in the shabby dress fell into an instant flutter of crimson confusion; for she had long adored the resplendent young Russbill Jones, from a far distance. She had caught up her book as she had seen him coming, had retired into the darkest corner and had hid her shabby old shoes by sitting on her feet; and now all Russ saw was her shining brown hair as she bent over The Crown of Wild Olive. The carpenter was filing a saw when Russ stepped in, but he laid down his saw file, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared.

"Mr. Trueboy," began Russ happily, "I'd like to buy this property if ——" He stopped abruptly. He had been about to add "if you'll put a fair price on it"; but as he glanced round with the characteristic Jones interest in conditions that should be bettered, saw the evidences of acute poverty in the shop and the little sitting room beyond, and in the quiet girl who sat immersed in her book, he altered the finish of his offer to "if it's on the market."

The carpenter had stood with his brow deeply knotted in perplexity. What was happening? Why, it was only twenty minutes since he had refused to sell to Dycler, not an hour since he had sold an option on it to Jiggers Hoadley with the promise to keep mum! Hoadley must have known about this and had taken selfish advantage—but Bill Trueboy only sighed. His word was his word.

"It isn't for sale," he stated, glancing toward the quiet little figure in the corner. The figure had moved spasmodically, but kept its head down still.

"Oh!" There was so much disappointment, sudden and acute, in the tone of the resplendent young Mr. Jones that the shy brown eyes raised from under their long lashes, up and up and up to the back of his neck. Almost Prue rose once to interfere, but dared not, on account of the shabby dress—and lots of things.

"Well, Mr. Trueboy, it's your property, of course, and I don't blame you for wanting to keep it; but the town needs it for a big public improvement!"

And bringing sudden eloquence out of his intensity he described in most glowing terms, with those widening brown eyes shining sympathetically on the back of his neck, just what a magnificent thing the removal of Pickywillup Point would be for the town, the valley and the world in general, and what a public-spirited thing it would be in Mr. Trueboy to ——

But Mr. Trueboy had made a promise, and he was the sort of fool to keep it, no matter at what cost to himself or anybody else. Poor Bill. Poor Prue. Poor Russ. Poor Pickywillup City.

But ah—there was politics, working secretly and silently for the benefit of those whom it might benefit!

IV

SHORTY McSHANE burst excitedly into the office to Jeff Snarkess, whom he found smoking energetically in his swivel chair, the telephone within easy reach of his knobby hand.

"There's a deal on, Jeff!" announced Shorty breathlessly. "Young Russ Jones ——"

"Are you in that?" interrupted the private investor, letting his feet to the floor with a slam.

"My cracky, how they smell it out in this town!" gasped McShane. "Why, it ain't an hour old!"

"And there's a reliable party has the property cinched with an option," grinned Snarkess.

"Then we're working fast," McShane chuckled. "The lad just asked me for figures on the job, Jeff, and I told him, rough off, about fifteen hundred; but now that I understand it better I think it'll cost him about five thousand, won't it, amongst us?"

"Ten," corrected Jeff, his good eye participating in his satisfaction.

"He'll never pay it." McShane's red streaks receded into tiny dots.

"That's nothing to us," returned the alderman promptly. "It's out of his hands now, except as we want him in. It's a public improvement. I'm going over to see Mike Connell about it just as soon as they telephone me he's in."

"Connell?" frowned McShane. "Connell! Oh, sure it'll cost ten!" And the telephone rang.

"Tell him I'll be right over," yelled Jeff into the phone, and hanging up the receiver he rose briskly. The red spots in McShane's eyes spread to streaks as he followed to the door.

"I'll go 'long and wait outside in case you want me," he observed, and did it.

Mike Connell, a large raw-boned man, with a quiet manner of speech and a wide-brimmed hat on his head indoors and out, had his flat-top desk in the middle of the big room, so he could be far away from the doors when he talked; and he said nothing at all as he listened, his heavy-lidded eyes half closed, to the city-improvement project of rich Joe Jones' son Russ. He merely picked up his phone and called a number.

"Why, that's your own contractor!" objected his satellite, startled.

"Sure it is," grunted Big Mike, his ear to the phone.

"But Shorty McShane's in on it with me," protested Snarkess. "It's in my ward, you know."

"Shorty McShane's out!" growled Big Mike, slipping his enormous palm over the transmitter. He removed his palm immediately. "Larribee there? Well, tell him Mike Connell wants him to come right over. You know, Jeff, this ain't a ward job. I got to take it up with Forbeson at the statehouse. Why, this improvement will cost twenty-five thousand!" There was a chuckle in his throat but no smile on his heavy lips as he added: "Old man Jones was always against us. Say, blow his son's balloon full."

When Jeff Snarkess went outside and met the gleaming red eyes of Shorty McShane, he shook his head emphatically.

"I'm obliged to pass you the news that you're dead," he stated. "Your throat's been cut."

"I knew it!" swore McShane, viciously kicking the mud off his boot. "I knew it the minute you took it to Mike!"

"Well, you see, Shorty, the job's got too big for us," said Jeff, but complacently. "It's a state affair, as you ought to have known in the first place."

"It's well enough for you to be easy about it!" snorted McShane. "You're still in. I'm out. But I got a claim on it! It was brought to me in the first place! Don't I get my bit?"

"Go up and see Connell about that," counseled the alderman, and it was like a threat.

"Some day I will!" declared McShane ominously; and glumly watching Jeff Snarkess swing up Water Street toward the boat club he turned in at Casey's for a drink. At Casey's door stood Jiggers Hoadley, with his old hat blocked and ironed and his ragged mustache smoothed to each side and tilted now by continued pulling; and he had been intently watching down the street in Shorty's direction.

"What's doing?" Jiggers husked.

"What's doing what about?"

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"The Owner of the Property Flatly Refuses to Sell—At Any Figure!"

As the British Employer Sees It

By MEYER BLOOMFIELD

NOT many months ago a group of employers representing the principal plants in one of the most noted and successful industries of Great Britain met in London. They came together for the purpose of drafting a set of guiding principles in the management of their business. They aimed to put down in black and white the terms of the relationship between employer and employed. In more ways than one this conference in London is absolutely unique. Here were men employing thousands. Conditions in their industry have always been good. Some of the men who attended are known throughout the world for the excellence of their plant surroundings and the care with which they promoted the physical well-being of their operatives.

This London meeting did not lay down any rules for the employee; no grievances against the workers were aired; every minute of the long sessions was taken up with the task of formulating propositions by which the leaders of this particular industry agreed to carry on their labor policy.

"We cannot afford to neglect the urgent needs and the outstanding opportunities that confront us in our factories," they said. So they proceeded to draw up a program of their duties as regards wages, the place of the worker in the management, security of employment, working conditions, disposal of the profits, and social life.

In the matter of wages the conclusion was that these should always be sufficient to enable a man to marry, live in a decent house, provide means for upkeep of the physical efficiency of the family, with a margin for contingencies and recreation.

"The worker asks to-day," they determined, "for more than an improvement in his economic condition. We admit the justice of this claim, and we must coöperate with him and treat him as we should wish to be treated ourselves. We propose to create suitable machinery for this purpose; but we believe that the more essential thing is a living desire to give full expression of a belief in right relations. Experience on shop or works committees trains the members in participation. We shall promote the formation of such committees."

As to security of employment, it was decided that it is the duty of employers to do their utmost to abolish casual labor and to make employment regular. The business should be carefully organized to remedy unemployment evils. "The dismissal of employees should only take place as a last resort. Only men and women who can be relied on to act justly should be given the power of dismissal. The opinion of a works council would be helpful."

The Basis of a New Policy

THE working conditions of a factory should enable and encourage a worker to be and to do his best. These conditions should be administered under two heads:

"PERSONAL. From the moment a worker enters a factory he should be regarded as a part of a living organism, not a mere dividend-producing machine, and treated with respect and courtesy. There should be no nagging or bullying by those in authority, but, on the contrary, insight and leadership. This involves careful choice of overlookers and managers, who should be able both to lead and inspire. At present such officers are often selected solely on account of their technical knowledge, and sometimes because they possess the faculty of getting work out of men by driving them.

"But if the managers and foremen are to be men of the right type they should have ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with our point of view, and also for acquiring a broad, sane outlook on human and industrial relationships. Such opportunities could hardly be given in the course of one or two conferences; but a series of classes or conferences under right leadership might be arranged—some for those already in positions of responsibility, others for those who desire to fit themselves for such posts in the future. Happiness in work should be regarded as a definite aim and asset, and the personal well-being of every worker should be an essential part of the employer's objective.

"MATERIAL. Employers should surround their workers with a material environment such as they would desire for themselves or for their children. This will mean that workrooms are properly ventilated and kept at suitable temperatures, that they are adequately lit, and that due regard is paid to cleanliness. Cloakrooms and lavatories should be so kept that employees coming from respectable homes may find no cause for complaint. The workers should be safeguarded against any undue strain from the length of the working day or the severity of labor. In determining systems of payment it should never be forgotten that unwise methods of stimulating workers to do their utmost may result in overstrain. Facilities should be given them for spending the dinner hour under restful and comfortable conditions, as well as for obtaining food at reasonable rates. If such facilities cannot be provided within the factory they might perhaps be arranged outside. Again, in organizing the work employers should remember that confinement to one monotonous task, not only month after month but year after year, is apt to deaden the intellect and depress the vitality of the worker. If it be urged that to carry out the above suggestions would often involve too great an expenditure we reply that inefficiency and low productivity in the workers are frequently due to the absence of suitable working conditions.

"CONCLUSIONS. Pioneers and employers and the makers of roads are needed just as urgently in the industrial sphere as in the opening up of new tracts of fertile country. But we believe that if the longing for a better order once grips the employing classes such pioneers will not be lacking."

Welsh Miners

Touching by reason of their work and wide interests all phases of British industry and its problems, the personal statements for this article by big business and industrial leaders here will give a fair picture of what may be called the nonlabor viewpoint on present industrial conditions. The labor viewpoint in its relation to events impending in the new Parliament just elected, and to events on the Continent—particularly in that industrial Vesuvius which once was Russia—will be the subject of the next and concluding article.

A man who has done business with the leading manufacturers in and round London as a technical consultant for years said:

"Just now our country is divided into two nations, with no league as yet for enforcing peace between them. I refer to capital and labor, managing and managed. It is a rough division, of course, but well understood. Normally trouble between the two is smoldering; given fuel it breaks into flame. It has become the business of a number of embittered men, not all dishonest or unintelligent—besides, such things don't matter much, anyway, when trouble is on—to fan this flame into conflagration. What seems to embitter them more than any opposition of employer is the unreadiness, the unwillingness of the people whom they exhort to get worked up. But bitterness and violence will never solve anything. At least no solution of theirs can do what understanding coöperation can do. Among employers as well as among the working masses you see two schools growing up—they were in session long before the war—one a school of reason, the other a school of force.

"We have, first, the labor extremist—not necessarily a workingman himself or a man who has ever had experience in building up a real, going labor organization—who wants industrial war; who has been busy these three years past playing on class prejudice in every possible way. He is sincere, and some of the facts he throws up to us need our attention, to say the least. Then there is the extremist on the other side, also sincere, with some facts, too, at his command, who sees the beginning of the end in any attempt to be soft or patient. Let me say for British industry that the dog-fight basis is going out rapidly, and the mass of employers are no whit behind others in desire to do the right thing. They have given up abusing labor for having power without responsibility; the remedy as they see it is not to break the power but to increase the responsibility.

"So if this big concern, common to both parties, is to prosper, if the school of reason is to prevail—and there are wise heads both among employers and workingmen who form it—it must have the backing of an instructed public opinion. Lack of imagination is our big obstacle. A great upheaval may be the chance of revolutionaries who are wreckers. But there is a better chance these days for the upbuilders. War does not produce; it destroys. To say that industry is war is to say that industry is waste, something the common sense of the people laughs at. But to leave industry's door open for war is of course the negation of sense. The way of hope is in better production under a larger direction of industry. Passing out accumulated wealth in the form of extravagant wages or prizes, distributing capital as working expenses is the shortest road to national suicide.

"We need to look at work itself and the way it is carried on. Under right direction—something which the men as much as the management must supply—work should mean initiative, more enterprise and service. The reconstruction we all talk about means just one thing: Removal of strife through reconciliation; and reconciliation depends on new motives at work in the conduct of industry. From the national point of view the employer is a failure if he does not manage to pay not only dividends on the capital he must borrow but wages sufficient for the employee to live as a citizen should, and, in addition, supply opportunity for the employee to find incentives for service during employment."

The Views of a Liberal Employer

THE head of a Sheffield firm tapping world markets with its product gives time now to industrial problems which he used to spend in building up his great organization. "I have been waiting for years," he said, "to do this very thing, because I think it is the main business of an employer to see to it that his foundations are sound, and by foundations I mean the satisfaction of the working force with their conditions and with their position. Many years ago, against much opposition in the trade, we refused to join in a reduction of wages by one shilling a head. Times were bad, to be sure, but I felt that it was our business, inasmuch as we had been settling everything for ourselves, to shoulder the load of depression. Our stand held up any further attempt to dock wages. Three months later conditions improved and I was thanked by my former opponents for the stand I took.

"In the same way we started years ago with a shorter workday. Dire predictions of our ruin filled our mail; we were supposed to be defying economic laws. Well, events have proved that we were merely a little ahead of our time, and our growth proves meanwhile that prosperity depends a good deal on whether your men work with you or not.

"I have served on a good many committees, but I have not seen enough workmen's representatives on them. Once I was on a committee to look into the question of our mineral resources. The best lead I had was from a man who was once a miner and is now in a small business of his own. I made it my business to look him up, and he gave me the idea of a central bureau of information, which is the key to our utilizing the country's mineral and other resources. We should open up every avenue of education for the worker; industry suffers because the worker starts life handicapped by entering too early to have given himself a schooling and a sound body. And once he has this education

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Spineless Leagues and Faceless Nations—By Gerald Stanley Lee

I HAVE been having two or three experiences lately watching, from Mount Tom, the way the world is going; and I have wanted to find out and express if I can in this article what these experiences mean, especially in their bearing upon the League of Nations and the part America may take in it.

A good many queer things seem to have been happening—things one finds it very hard to account for or to put in place neatly in any proper pigeonhole in an orderly mind.

Some days it seems almost as if God were making fun of Europe; as if he had staged Europe at last as some huge comic opera: Having it seriously proposed, for instance, that a pianist like Paderewski should be made President of Poland; having a harness maker like Ebert put in as Premier of Germany; having a college professor like Foch dictating terms of surrender to the greatest army of all time; having another professor from a college in New Jersey thundering around in Europe in shoes that only kings could wear a year ago; having John D. Rockefeller, Jr., prancing about with a sweet Y. M. C. A. smile on as a leading actor in a world-industrial reform; Mr. Gompers as an almost-financial-light; Mr. Charles Schwab as an almost-labor-leader; Frank Vanderlip as a preacher; Mrs. Astor with her mop ——

One could go on forever. What is going on in the world, in Europe and America, almost any day, all seems like a wild fantastic play in a theater—all the dear good people of forty nations sitting before the footlights in a dream in the dark watching this huge Mikado of a world—seven million dead men, chorus girls, mobs, cathedrals, poisonous gases, heavenly visions of peace, cannon and Y. M. C. A.'s, U-boats, nurses—all crowded before us on the stage, singing together!

This is the way it seems at first sight—bottomless tears, bottomless laughter, a new heaven and a new earth, with jazz music.

But when one looks more closely at what it really is in human beings that is really controlling the fate of a world there seems to be a thread of sense running through the comic opera. The thread of sense, as it seems to me, is advertising—the desperate straits truth is in just now in the crisis of all nations. To produce the new world we have got to make, there are only so many people in the world to make it out of. These people have, each of them, only so much time a day and so much attention a day they can give to producing a new world. In the meantime we see daily our old one going to pieces over our heads.

The result has been that we have had to hurry; that we have had to take the men we had at hand, the men who had the attention of the world already; grab them wherever they were—grab them whatever they were doing—and use them; conscript the capital of attention they had heaped up with the people in every nation, and make them use their capital of attention at once for all of us. Grabbing or thinking of grabbing a world-famous pianist as President of Poland is not absurd when one considers that everything turns on getting things done—on attention—and that Paderewski is the only man Poland possesses who holds the attention, the personal understanding of all nations; who is the common possession, the common pride and wealth of a whole world.

Paderewski is a kind of common denominator of peoples of all nations because he has pounded and tinkled his way into the attention of all of them. He is the only man in Poland who is known by all nations and who knows, if only over the keyboard of a piano, the moods and the powers of all the different kinds of people with whom Poland will have to deal and will have to learn to deal in getting what she wants of the world and playing her part in the world.

It is not absurd to make Paderewski, with the qualities he has revealed during the war, President of Poland, when one thinks what it really is that gets things done, and that only men who have the attention of men can do them. Events to-day are in the hands of men who can focus the most attention of the most people and the most ideas in the least time. Paderewski holds Poland's fate in the outside world in the hollow of his hand because he is Poland's best man for advertising Poland to the world and advertising the rest of the world to Poland.

The people of the world in this present crisis want their time saved in arriving at conclusions. They do not want to look every man up who says something, and see, as it were, who his grandmother is before they believe him. A man like Harry Lauder or Charles Schwab or D'Annunzio or Edison or Marconi can throw his chance away, of course, if he likes; but any man who has already accumulated a great fortune of attention with people, any such man can start off, as Charles Schwab can on some industrial subject, and the public will let him talk to it in six figures as easily as it would let a new man talk to it in two.

Any man who like Charles Schwab has his decimal point of influence moved away over to the right in what people take for granted from him becomes an enormous national asset, not only for himself but for all of us. He saves our time in looking up how much he means by what he says. We have experience in placing the decimal point in a statement when Charles Schwab makes it. The decimal point may be in one place in what he would say on politics and political peace, and it may be in another place on factories and what he would say on industrial peace and on social peace; but when an unknown man begins talking extremely well in six figures to us—"Where is your decimal point?" we ask.

"6,000,000. ?
"6000 000 ?
".6000000 ?"

Roosevelt could do a cause more good—straight clean-cut good—even by saying he did not believe in it than most men could by saying they did, because he had the attention of millions of men and they knew at a glance just how important a thing was and just what sort of thing it was if Roosevelt did not understand it and was against it. All the people knew where to put the decimal point in what Roosevelt said about anything. The people's preliminary work on Roosevelt had all been done. In any general national attempt to get people's minds made up quickly on a subject, to publish what Roosevelt thought about it was a short cut. Everybody fell into position on one side or the other at the bottom of the paragraph the moment T. R. opened his mouth. All he had to do was to begin opening it and shutting it. A hundred million people fell into line with a swoop. The whole country felt lined up on one side or lined up on the other. It was as easy as rolling off a log.

Everyone knew what he thought or what he should think. With one single graceful national Theodore movement a nation made up its mind.

I do not know what conclusion other people would draw from this more or less striking experience we all have been having lately of the way nations seem to make up their minds—of the way crowds seem to like to do their thinking.

Here is one:

The first fact in mass psychology the new League of Nations is going to have to reckon with in trying to touch the imagination of nations is that all nations—all general loose crowds of people—have what is practically an incurable habit of being more interested in people than they are in ideas.

When most people are being presented with an idea the first thing they think of is the face of some man who has it, who is it or who illustrates the precise opposite of it.

Not that they necessarily visualize faces when they are thinking or having ideas, but that subconsciously certain people are in the background of their consciousness, making them think of them and illustrating them.

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The American Peacemakers—Left to Right: Colonel E. M. House, Secretary of State Robert Lansing, President Wilson, Mr. Henry White and General Tasker H. Bliss

MONEY

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"CURSE the hog!" said the old man, and a watery gleam brightened his eyes. First he stood still; he felt his heart swell and bump and it beat uncertainly; this was rage. The blood seemed to congest his veins, particularly affecting his throat. This was rage. And then he turned slowly about on the top step of the grubby flight leading down from the front door of the Bloomsbury boarding house and stared after the young fellow who had passed by him out of the house.

The old man had looked at the young one briefly as they met, and said, "Good afternoon." He had said this as though he grudged it, as he said everything. The other, without looking, had mumbled shortly and dryly, "Good afternoon," without pausing.

"Curse him!" said the old man; "don't want to speak to me."

Finding his latchkey he thrust it at the lock. It frustrated him by jamming for a second. This was really owing to his fumbling hand, but he would not have that. He hated the front door and the latchkey. Then he was in the hall, covered with oilcloth and redolent of cooking smells, and Johan, the Swiss waiter-boy, came out of the kitchen regions and went by into the dining room. The old man looked at Johan sardonically.

"Isn't going to show me any of his civility!" he thought. It was true. The youth in the shiny dress suit and soiled shirt front took on a furtive hostility; it was almost insolence. And unprovoked too! Unprovoked!

"Can't tip him enough!" the old man thought. "Can't buy him! No! Can't buy! Can't buy ——"

The shadow of mutual antagonism became nearly corporate; its presence came walking along the hall. Then the dining-room door was swung to, noisily. The slam said, "Don't come in here. I hate you!" Smiling round the left side of his face, the old man went upstairs to his room.

The Slam Said, "Don't Come in Here. I Hate You!" Smiling Round the Left Side of His Face, the Old Man Went Upstairs to His Room

It was a single bedroom and poorly furnished. As soon as he entered it he went to the washstand and ran his finger along the marble slab. The finger became rimmed with moist dust. Then he went to the dressing table and mantelpiece and ran his finger along each, and it became rimmed with dry dust.

"Not dusted!" he thought. "Can't tip the girl enough. Can't buy her! No! Can't buy her! But I can complain. Yes, I can complain." As he thought this with satisfaction he was standing close beside the glass.

He looked in. He was feeling tired for having walked about with no reason and come home with no reason.

"Poor old beggar!" he thought to the face in the glass. "Poor old beggar. Poor and old. The world don't want you. Damned selfish, cruel, greedy, hard old world! The world wants you to pay." And he thought and believed: how the world would lap him about with cares and kindness; how Johan would run for him, smiling and slick-tongued; how that young man would defer and scrape; how Madame Felicie across the landing would lavish her honey upon him; how Mrs. Verity in the large front bedroom would unbend; how civil the clerk in the back top bedroom would be; how sweet and enterprising the two business girls who shared the front top-floor bedroom would show—if he were rich.

He looked at himself. Thin and clean shaved, innumerably wrinkled, palely gray, terribly shabby, slowly eaten by the disease of incessant anger. This was Mr. Havington.

He thought of himself as Mr. Havington. There was no one who called him anything else. Not that he wanted their familiarities; their patronizing, pitying, damnable kindnesses; their hypocritical, sentimental benevolence ——

A knock fell upon the door. He knew; and he smiled round the left side of his face. He sat in his basket chair and took a book. "Come in," he said.

The landlady stood there reluctantly. He regarded her with a virulent smile on the left side of his face, and she looked at him with cold dislike. Her hands were clasped in front of her broad waist, and they were clasped with a reason. They were nervous and sought each other for support. The old man looked at them and thought: "Grab!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Havington," said Mrs. Guest, "but I hope it is convenient. . . . I should not ask only that it is overdue . . . and I always pay my bills weekly . . ."

The old man had the regular quarterly installments from his annuity, and he could pay what he could pay like clockwork. But he did not do this. He liked to trouble Mrs. Guest. He liked to see her thinking worriedly about him for a few days after the money fell due, and then she had to mount the stairs—she was a tired, stout woman—and say: "Excuse me, Mr. Havington, but I hope it is convenient . . ."

After all there was little sport left to him but the sport of baiting other people; they would bait him fast enough if he would let them. Oh, yes, fast enough!

He treated Mrs. Guest to his fortnightly stare—he paid fortnightly—of anger and surprise.

"Really!" he said thinly. "Really!"

Then he gave her the fifty shillings, and after close questioning, half-a-crown extra for his laundry. Then she went away.

Nasty woman! Nasty woman!

Grab! Grab! No one would ever help him. No one ever wanted to make him happy. The world pushed him from its curbs. He had no money and no one wanted him.

In the book he had picked up there was a story of a poor person to whom people were kind; and the poor person loved people, and people loved the poor person.

Rubbish! Rubbish! People weren't kind.

He got up presently, and made his toilet for dinner by changing into his other suit, a dark one, and washing. As he moved about doing this, it occurred to him suppose he were now changing into a dinner jacket, into a silk shirt or a stiff shirt according to his fancy—he inclined to silk; suppose he were dressing in the best bedroom, the one Mrs. Verity had; that he had a fire in it, regardless; that he sauntered down to dinner, rich, with a careless nod for the whole community; that Johan knew and the housemaid knew and Mrs. Guest knew that he was moneyed; that Mrs. Verity and the bank clerk and the other young man and the girls and Felicie knew: that he was the star boarder; what then?

How they'd smile! How Johan would run! How urgently Mrs. Guest would say, "You must let me know your special likes and dislikes, Mr. Havington!"

"Ah!" he said to himself dryly.

He heard the gong down below. People passed his door. Then he went down, and walked with a malevolent look to his little table for one against the wall. Some of the people shared tables and made a lot of conversation. No one wanted him, of course. One thing he knew: he didn't want anyone either.

Johan spilt his soup. He felt his heart swell and bump; his blood seemed to congest in his veins, particularly affecting his throat.

"You've splashed my soup!" he said loudly. "Spread a napkin!"

He saw Madame Felicie look at him; then she said something to the young man opposite her. It was about him, of course. They had no use for him, because, although they were not rich, he was poorer than they; and he was old and alone, and had no influence.

When soup and the rabbit stew had passed, he scrutinized them all under his eyelids. There was the woman always known as Madame Felicie; she had a little blouse shop near Leicester Square; she ran it on her own and looked on it as a tremendous venture, and in a week or two she had to think of renewing her lease; he knew this because he had heard her talk to the young man about it. She was dark, and looked a little Jewish, but was not; and she was warm and vivacious. She might quite conceivably marry the young man. His name was George Oram and he worked for a certain publisher of not first-rate reputation.

There was Mrs. Verity, middle-aged and suave and highly corseted, and perfectly powdered, and inimitably correct, widow of an army officer. And the two girls who bounced so much were in the same publishing office as Oram. And the remaining man, with whom they giggled a lot, was a bank clerk.

As the old man was thinking about them all, the knocker rapped on the front door. Johan brought in the evening post. There was in it one letter for the old man. He opened it. His eyes glued to it. His smile crept round the left side of his face.

The next morning from his bed he stretched out a hand to the opposite wall, the room being tiny, and rang his bell. He had never rung his bedroom bell before. He rang six times, louder and louder. Then Mrs. Guest herself pounded up.

"Good gracious, Mr. Havington, you ill?" she exclaimed acidly.

"Not at all. I want my breakfast."

"In bed?"

"In bed." He fixed his eyes furiously on hers. She was angry and couldn't show it! Angry and couldn't show it! He liked angering people who daren't show their anger. After he had assimilated her vexation, he continued in a voice unnaturally gentle:

"I had good news last night; you will rejoice with me, I am sure of that; I have been here so long. I have had a

large fortune left me—fifteen thousand pounds a year. A capital of—well, you can figure it for yourself."

He sat up, breathing hard, watching her face. It changed! It reddened; was frightened, smiling, fawning. Good! Good! After he had waited to see the thought pass through her mind: "It will leave this room empty!" He repeated: "I will have my breakfast in bed."

When she had gone, murmuring her congratulations, he took from beneath his pillow the letter and read it again.

Dear Sir: We have pleasure to inform you that our late client, your uncle, Mr. Nathan Nathaniel, of Manurewa, New Zealand, has left to you the sum of one thousand pounds and we await your instructions. . . .

The letter was addressed from a firm of London lawyers.

He thought, luxuriating: "One thousand! Fifty pound a year for life; or, no, an annuity of ninety pound a year. That's better! Why should I leave anything behind me for anybody? Nobody likes me. Or, stay . . ." His smile crept round the left side of his face.

Johan brought his breakfast. Nice and hot, prettily served, what a breakfast! Look at the Swiss' smile! "Goot morning, sair, may I weesh you joy?" Ah, the humbug!

"Will Mrs. Guest speak to me again for a minute?"

He lay back. He had a plan, a beautiful joke.

The landlady was in the room again. He finicked with his egg and bacon for the entertainment of seeing her anxious glance at it. It was all right though.

"Mrs. Guest, what I want to say is, I am so comfortable and happy here."

"I'm sure, Mr. Havington, we should all miss ——"

"And I should miss you all, Mrs. Guest; my friends for so long. I hope you'll keep me."

"Oh, Mr. Havington!"

"Yes, I want to stay. But of course you'll understand I shan't keep this room."

"Good gracious, no, Mr. Havington!"

"I thought if you could give me the front second-floor room; in fact, I'd like to take the whole floor at your own terms. Only it's a question of turning a lady ——"

"Not at all, Mr. Havington; it's a question of business. And you've been here longer than her. It's just a matter of waiting till the term of notice is up. I must give her a week."

"It will distress me, Mrs. Guest. Dear me!"

"You mustn't be so soft-hearted, Mr. Havington. You wouldn't find folks considering you."

"Ah, quite so, Mrs. Guest."

"Of course I shouldn't tell her who wanted it—to save unpleasantness the last week. I should just say I'd had an offer which, being a widow and all, I simply couldn't refuse."

So much for Mrs. Verity! So much for her cold looks and powdered nose. Damn her eyes! So much for grabbing landladies, thinking they'd landed a big fish; and then in three months or so—for at the rate he meant to go a thousand wouldn't last long.

All day Havington was out, at lawyers', tailors', wine merchants' and hosiers'; and at other places. Fitted with a good overcoat and new hat, and a gold-mounted stick, he went to a house agent's; and to a publisher's. Later on dinner was a triumph.

He laughed internally. He sat looking at them all with shining eyes. He noted Mrs. Verity's silent agitation. She liked her room looking over trees in the square, and she'd furnished it herself; it would be expensive to move. All their congratulations he answered suavely. There was wine on his table, already sent to his order. Johan opened it with a sleek pleasure.

Johan and his sleek pleasure! He made up his mind he was going to give the Swiss hell; to reign and rant and bully and complain, and turn the fellow out. He would set his heel on the neck of his world.

After dinner, as he lingered over port—there were now two bottles on his table—he beckoned Oram over to him.

"I thought you'd be interested to hear, Mr. Oram, that I'm going to take an interest in publishing; and that I've approached your house about a partnership." Oram would know quite well that lately the house had tottered on its unstable foundations. "I'm prepared to put down a goodish sum, you see. Might even buy out the concern."

Then he looked George Oram fully in the eye, with all his hatred and malice shining through.

The young man became quiet, very quiet. "Is that so, Mr. Havington?" he said. He went away, visibly thinking: "What'll this mean to me?" And a little later Havington saw Oram sitting with Felicie on a lounge in a niche halfway up the stairs, talking. As Havington passed the woman looked at him, quiet and troubled. The old man's feet went lightly.

The two girls came and spoke to Oram. He told them the news. Havington heard their voices together as he ascended, and he looked down over an upper landing rail at them. At the same moment all four turned their faces instinctively up to him.

"Good night!" he said affably, and disappeared.

Next day he breakfasted in bed and lunched out; at dinner, for which he had dressed, his first look went across the room to the woman Felicie. He restrained himself from any but internal laughter. She was white; her easy-tragedy mouth had set. He could guess that she had been during the day to see the agents about her lease, and what they told her: "A probable purchaser of the premises has turned up. We must let you know in a few days . . ."

"Johan," he called. The Swiss hurried. Mrs. Guest peered anxiously up from her carving at the sideboard. "I have a dirty plate. Take it away! It's your thumb-mark! How dare you bring me the plate!"

After dinner he said to Mrs. Guest:

"I can't stand dirty waiters. Why don't you get rid of the fellow?"

He saw her begin to think. "After all, there are plenty of foreign waiters, but few fifteen-thousand-pound-a-year boarders."

That much for Johan.

Having finished his port he was leaving the dining room to go upstairs, when the front-door bell rang and he looked with casual curiosity to see who entered.

There came into the hall, with Johan lugging bags behind him, an old man in a fur-collared coat, thin and clean-shaved, innumerably wrinkled, palely gray; eaten palpably

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"But if Zey Will Love, Too, Zey Will be Loved. Like We All Love Monsieur ze Chairman, and Wese Brother . . . Bob"

A PRESIDENTIAL POTPOURRI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CITIZEN BILL LEWIS, erstwhile of Nagasaki, Manila and Shanghai; sometime of Tokio, Vladivostok and Harbin; indigenous to North America, with especial reference to New York and San Francisco; at the present time pleasantly resident in Paris—Citizen Bill, in addition to being able to speak all known languages truer to the appertinent form thereof than those who invented them, and to sing them, if need be and the occasion calls, in one of the best bass voices extant, has also a proper literary talent, a philosophical trend of mind, and a meditative and historical disposition.

Thus, having observed the war lately ended for a space, Citizen Bill bethought himself to set down a chronicle that should portray adequately not only the salient events thereof but present to posterity a philosopheme as to its causes and effects as related to the past, present and future of the esteemed world. To that meritorious end Citizen Bill supplied himself with all the implements of the craft of writing and put himself busily about his task. He labored long and faithfully, collecting, examining, collocating, comparing, conjecturing, deducing with painstaking historicity, and completed a monumental tome, bound in blue, and consisting of some hundreds of blank and spotless pages, except the last page. On that final sheet, written in red in a neat Spencerian hand, were Citizen Bill's studied conclusions about this war, and to this effect: "Well, for the love of Mike!"

Whereupon Citizen Bill showed extreme perspicacity, a true sense of values, and excellent cognizance; for, when you get down to it, his conclusion sums up about all that is known of this war—as a whole, anyhow—and sets forth the only conception of it that the human mind is capable of maintaining. To be sure, the bookshelves of the world will groan for centuries to come with volumes, weighing from two to eleven pounds each, purporting to explain it to the perplexed understandings of those who have the misfortune to come after us; but Bill hit it off in a phrase. He arrived at the destination.

Major General Leonard Wood

Wherefore, having addressed myself to the lesser task of examining into and constructing something that may be tangible and seasonable concerning the presidential politics of this country, I find myself tempted to string along with Citizen Bill; for, observing with a candid eye the gyrations of the presidential politicians, the situation lends itself favorably to Bill's masterly conclusion: "For the love of Mike!"

Archless Keystones and Vice Versa

HOWEVER, so sweeping a generalization, though justified in its exclamatory sense, would presuppose that the gyrations of the presidential politicians are beyond cognate review; whereas they are apparent to almost any intelligence save that of the gyrators, who think they are maneuvering, but who are in reality only mumming. "For the love of Mike!" we say, gazing at them in the mass, and then dissect them a little into their amazing futility, merely to keep the record straight, if for no more enduring purpose.

You cannot teach an Old Guard new tricks. Every circumstance, from catastrophe to candor, has taken a hand at it, but to no avail. The Old Guard surrenders, but it never dies. Right at this minute, despite conditions, both political and national, that are so changed they bear no resemblance to conditions whenever precedent, those ancient and archaic Republicans who think they control the destinies of the Republican Party—think they do!—are operating after the manner and style of 1896. The war hasn't made a dent in them. The new aspect of affairs has had no impress. They are proceeding toward 1920 in the same old way. Day after day they are led into the menagerie and shown the ring-tailed gyascutus of the new order; and day after day they chew their straws, shake their hoary heads and solemnly aver: "There ain't no such animile!" The pathos of it is obscured in the purblindness of it. You can't teach an Old Guard new tricks.

Across the way are the Democrats, jolted to a jelly of dismay by the elections last fall; with all there is to initiative in their party in France during three crucial months; coming to two years of national legislative control by the Republicans; unable to take even a tentative step in any direction until they find out what one man has in mind and what he intends to do; with the war made partisan for them by their leader, and by that token facing a cold connudation of its lapses and lacks by their political opponents; racked for revenues and needing to borrow five or six billions more from a people already protesting taxes and imposts, and without the incentive of actual warfare and excited patriotism to help contributions to this vast total; wondering whether to take the paternalistic plunge or merely wade into the waters of government ownership up to their quaking knees—dazed and doubtful and despondent.

There you have a situation at Washington—which is the seat and center of national politics—that has led to a condition of flaccidity on the Democratic side and febrility on the Republican side which must inspire the people to give the hoarse hoot to both sides because of the inconsequence of it all. The Democrats are waiting for a policy and the Republicans are searching for one. The Democrats have a keystone without an arch, and the Republicans have an arch without a keystone. The Democrats have a leadership inexorably and implacably fastened on them, and the Republicans are seeking for a leader to whom they may attach themselves. The Democrats are sealed and delivered, chained to the Wilsonian chariot; while the

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Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo

Mr. Henry P. Davison

Senator Warren G. Harding

THE BEST-LAID PLAN

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THERE used to be a four-story structure on the south side of La Salle Street in Chicago—where a skyscraper now stands. It had been erected immediately after the Great Fire of 1871. After twenty years of unscrubbed exposure to a smoke nuisance no one could say of what material it had been built; the material might have been soot. There was no elevator. A broad dingy stairway led to the upper stories, which were occupied by a shifting ragtag and bobtail of tenants. In the basement, three feet below the street level, I recall a tobacco shop and a small haberdashery establishment which, year in and year out, was offering its shoddy merchandise at forced sale

The four windows at the north end of this building on the main floor bore the sign: H. Lederer, Banker. The letters had once been silvered, but that had mostly peeled off, giving the sign an oddly moth-eaten appearance.

The office behind these windows—perhaps forty feet by twenty in extent—had a grimy look and the tall windows were so narrow that except on the brightest days one or more gas jets burned there—when other offices were burning electric lights. A warped counter surmounted by a wire screen ran across the room. Then, over in the northwest corner, a small den was partitioned off with stained pine. The door to this private office usually stood open, and there in business hours one could usually find H. Lederer.

I so found him one day—a broad, squat, shabbily dressed, bandy-legged figure with arms that seemed disproportionately long, ending in big blunt-fingered hands. The bald top of his head was uncommonly flat and his kinky black hair stood out round it like an outstanding fringe round an oblong table. One had a whimsical thought of playing billiards on it. There was a sort of aggressive, ill-restrained avidness in the man's manner. Whatever your business was, the moment his small restless eyes lighted on you he seemed just about to pounce upon you, hawklike. There was a deep welt in the flesh at either side of his broad nose, running down to the corners of his mouth. You felt he should wear a beard; also that he should have put himself in the hands of a good dentist long ago.

Investigation Showed Beyond Doubt That She Had Been in the Wisconsin Village All the Time

In his youth H. Lederer had been an old-clothes man, canvassing from door to door for cast-off garments—aggressive, persistent, impervious to rebuffs. At first he carried his purchases in a pack on his broad back; then he set up a pushcart; then a covered wagon drawn by a lean and spiritless little sorrel horse. By that time his beat covered the whole south side of the city and he was a familiar figure at the back doors of the big houses and the front doors of the small houses. He seemed never to stop. The earliest risers found him on the doorstep and his trade cry sounded after the street lamps were lighted.

Presently he hired two or three assistants and became a sort of jobber for less energetic old-clothes men, bargaining with them for their day's purchases. With a partner he set up a renovating and retailing shop on South Clark Street, where old clothes were scrubbed, patched, pressed and offered to the public at sensational bargains—announced by posters rudely written with red chalk on brown wrapping paper and hung in the windows. The posters served a double purpose—attracting purchasers and still further darkening the shop. The less light the better H. Lederer's merchandise sold.

Afterward there was a suspicion that on the one side he formed acquaintance with gentlemen to whom for a consideration he could give information concerning the interior of houses that contained silverware and jewelry, while on the other side he knew gentlemen who would purchase any valuable article without bothering to inquire particularly as to how the seller came by it. But if it was a twilight career it was also a prosperous career.

And ambitious. In time the tireless, insatiable old-clothes man set himself up as a banker—which anyone could do in Illinois by simply putting the word "Bank" on his sign. He got into it by lending money at five per cent a month to less provident persons; and to the end that was one of his activities in the banking line. But he also had patrons who could command much better terms than that. It was not a bank on which many checks were drawn. Most of its patrons deposited cash or if they needed cash drew it directly from the bank. Yet checks were drawn on it; and the big, immensely respectable Cereal National Bank cleared its checks for it. Among its clients were peddlers, junk dealers, old-clothes men. It spread a net through a sort of half-world of trade. But its credit was not questioned by the best banks. If anyone inquired they would say that though nobody really knew much about the concern H. Lederer was a very shrewd man and probably worth three or four hundred thousand dollars.

In fact, he was never so rich as he was reputed to be. Such characters seldom are. With his humble origin, odd looks, shabby dress and grimy office he presented a tempting figure for romance, which multiplied his wealth by two. That he wasn't so rich as he was reputed to be was a thorn in the soul of H. Lederer. But as he grew older he grew more cautious—his deep hunger for more money counteracted by a fear of losing what he had.

He knew a great many people in all walks of life—among others one Ferd Stein, proprietor of a modest little second-hand store over on Halsted Street, and Stein's young fat son Rudolph, who was employed in a clerical capacity by the Board of Trade house, Eckers, Berg & Co. One May day chubby Rudolph Stein presented himself at the door of H. Lederer's private office, and having entered shut the door behind him. He seemed bulging with suppressed excitement.

When he had dropped uninvited into the chair beside Lederer's time-stained oak desk he bent over and said under his breath: "I can tell you who is buying this wheat." And his intent, suspensive manner of looking at the banker very plainly made a proposition—suggested a deal.

Now Lederer knew about wheat as he knew about many other things. It was part of his business to know, for paper based on wheat was always in the market. For some time he had been impressed by the statistical fact that wheat was in an unusual position—stocks at home and abroad extraordinarily low, the Argentine harvest a failure, reports of a poor outlook in France and Russia. And the price was low. In H. Lederer's judgment somebody was likely to make a lot of money buying wheat. But he had no notion of acting on that judgment himself. He had seen far too much of wheat speculation to venture on that treacherous current. Of late he had noticed by the market reports that somebody was steadily buying wheat on a large scale through the big house of Eckers, Berg & Co. Obviously, who that somebody was might make a good deal of difference—whether, for example, it was only a crowd of comparative lightweights buying for a ten-cent profit, or Armour.

Rudolph's statement snared his attention. His eye caught the glitter of gold and his nostrils its subtle scent. Not that he had any notion of venturing; but the sight and scent of the metal made him keen as a hunting dog that smells quarry. So, boring hard at Rudolph's fat face with his dark little eyes, he demanded in tones a trifle more guttural than usual: "Who is it?"

Rudolph in his own agony and fear hesitated a moment and then pleaded: "You'll give me a show?"

"Sure," the banker replied promptly with an affirmative nod; "I give you a show." There could be no harm in saying that. It might be only a show to the door.

And Rudolph, aquiver with emotion, bent farther over and said still lower: "It's Hyman Wynans! I've known it two weeks!" Then breathlessly he proceeded to unfold to H. Lederer how that knowledge had come into his possession in the course of his duties—and failures in duty, for he had spied and pried unwarrantably—at Eckers, Berg & Co.'s.

The banker listened with astonishment. All that he was or aspired to be in his dingy half-world of trade Hyman Wynans was in the superworld of trade. Millions of money, boundless credit, towering prestige, the reputation for unfailing success—that was what Hyman Wynans stood for. Lederer could hardly believe it, for Hyman Wynans' name had never been associated with the Board of Trade. But Rudolph had convincing proofs.

If Hyman Wynans was buying wheat, wheat must be a good thing to buy; and it could be no mere turn or scalp. One couldn't imagine Wynans going in except for a mighty campaign. And with spying Rudolph in the office of Eckers, Berg & Co. one might know the moment Wynans ceased buying or began to sell. Still, the banker committed himself to nothing that day. He said he would think it over. And he did—the gold glittering in his sight and titillating his nostrils. It was only on the second day following that he began to buy wheat—making Rudolph a tempting but not strictly binding promise of a share in the profits in consideration of inside and contraband information from the office of Eckers, Berg & Co.

"Fifty thousand dollars' profit; then I will pull out," said H. Lederer to himself when he made the first venture. And when his account showed fifty thousand profit he said: "A hundred thousand; then I will quit." The golden stream poured in and the intoxication of it filled his brain. He did his banking business perfunctorily. Automatically he went home and ate and talked with his family—his real self always immersed in a shining yellow dream. He said to himself at length: "Half a million; then I will pull out."

The history of the Wynans wheat deal is familiar to the trade—and the frightful smash it ended in. It was

from a dream that H. Lederer awoke to a diabolical and incredible reality: He was ruined, his bank merely a shell that could preserve its semblance of solidity only as long as nothing jolted it. Fortunately, it was not required to make any statement of its condition and not subject to any official inspection. In the absence of any jar it might stand up indefinitely. Yet H. Lederer was tortured by a sense of its extreme fragility. Any instant a mere thoughtless jostling might bring it down. That gets on a man's nerves. It is like sitting day in and day out with a coiled rattlesnake at one's elbow—the only question being how long the reptile will forbear to strike. Finally one may adopt any desperate expedient.

All the Entries Were in His Own Hand. No Eye But His Had Ever Seen It

And the banker was possessed by a great rage. He felt poignantly that a monstrous trick had been played on him. At times he could hardly restrain himself from rushing out, slavering and snapping at the world in general. Yet weeks went by. He lived, conducted his business, went home, ate, talked to his family, went to bed and slept several hours—and when he woke up and remembered, his soul collapsed again.

Then a woman came timidly to his office door. For a moment—until, aflutter and apologetically, she introduced herself—he could not remember her, though he had an excellent memory in such matters. She must have been over sixty and was dressed quite as shabbily as Lederer himself, with a queer-looking black-and-white-plaid shawl over her thin shoulders and humped back instead of a coat; and an unornamented, pinched-looking little black bonnet that might have come out of the ark so far as Lederer's knowledge of fashions in feminine headgear went. She seemed exceedingly frail. Her thin face was much wrinkled and she had pale, dim blue eyes.

"Miss Kluge—August Kluge's sister, you know," she said in the doorway timorously and with a propitiating smile.

Then Lederer remembered. He had seen her only twice before, and the last time must have been eight or ten years back. She was the sister of a client of his bank—the landlord of Tilly Street. There is no Tilly Street now. A great railroad terminal has beneficently obliterated it. It was only a block long—in a dismal swamp of mean, flimsy houses and ill-paved streets that had been improvised after the Great Fire and left standing—or rotting—because there had been no other use in particular for the land. On one side of Tilly Street stood a row of two-story shanties, forbidding with age, disrepair and grime. They were all under police surveillance, with good reason. Once in a while some newspaper in a passing spasm of virtuous indignation called them "dives," "doggeries" and the like. There was a somewhat better two-story frame building on the corner, the lower story being occupied by a saloon. But to say "better" was not to say much for it.

Years before, August Kluge had purchased that promising realty at a very low price, and he had held it ever since. With his sister he lived in the rear of the second story over the saloon, occupying four small rooms there. They lived hermitlike, miserlike. This was the first time the sister had been east of the river—in the main business center of the city—in two years, though Tilly Street was not a mile from Lederer's office. Only a very exigent mission could have brought her to call upon the banker.

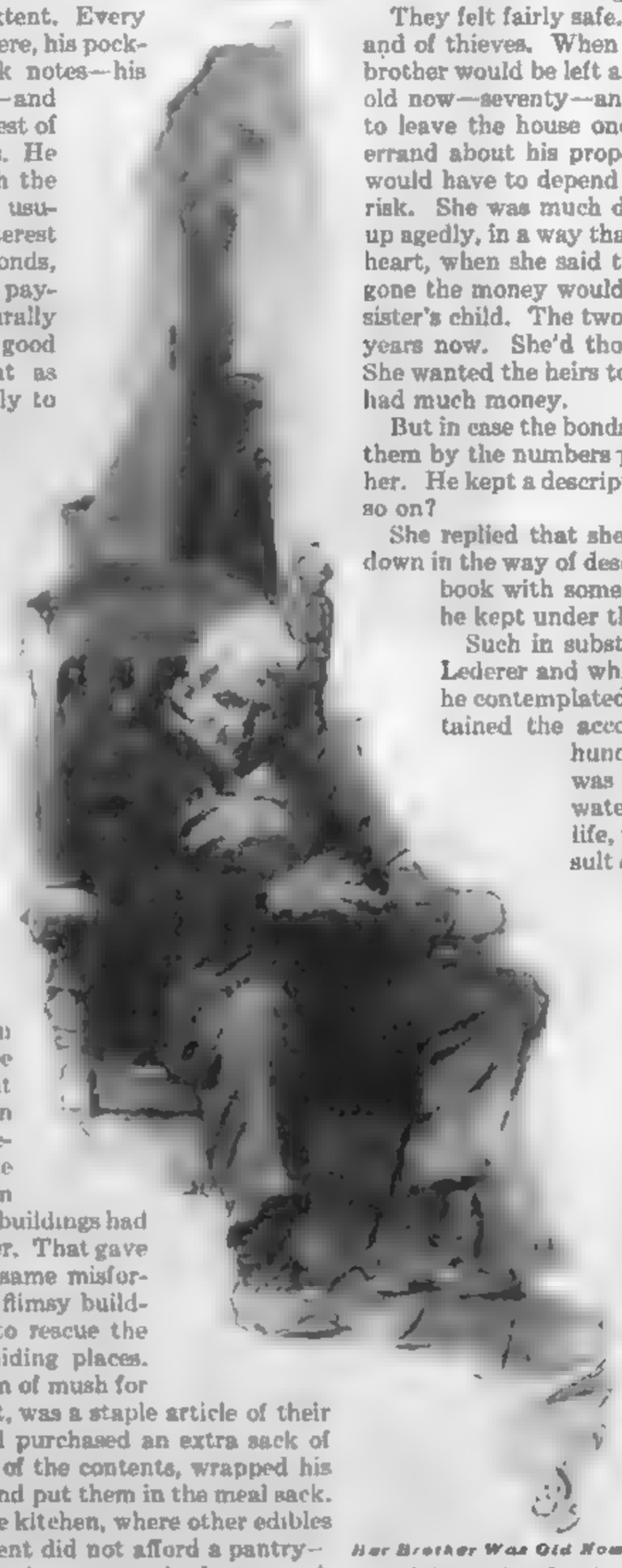
Her mission was to talk with the banker about her brother's bonds. She wanted Lederer to persuade her brother to fetch the bonds downtown and place them in the bank for safe-keeping—or in a safe-deposit vault, she having learned that there were institutions of that sort in which securities might be put. As they talked the banker perceived with some surprise that this queer hermit woman was really a very simple soul—so simple-minded, in fact, that her competence to transact any business more complicated than purchasing groceries might almost have been questioned before a court. She told Lederer—he shrewdly drawing her out and encouraging her to talk—that she was preparing for a great adventure; nothing less than a journey of almost two hundred miles into Wisconsin, where her half sister lived. She hadn't seen the half sister, who was fourteen years younger than she, and the half sister's daughter for eight years. She was going the middle of April. But the bonds troubled her. She was anxious to see a better disposition made of them before she left her brother alone.

Over on Tilly Street no tomb could have been dumber than she about bonds or about anything whatsoever connected with her brother's business. A curious person might as well have sought information from a lamp-post. Except to purchase household provisions—on the most sparing scale—she seldom talked to anyone at all over there. To that neighborhood she was only a rarely seen dumb shadow in a plaid shawl. But she had no reserves or doubts in talking to the great rich banker, H. Lederer. He encouraged her to talk, and when the conversation came to an end he did her the extraordinary honor of standing up, shaking hands with her and wishing her a pleasant journey to Wisconsin.

When she had faded out of the dingy office, like a hump-backed, beshawled wraith, Lederer remained on his feet, staring at the floor and absently biting a thumb nail. Presently he crossed the office, passed behind the stained pine counter and entered the vault. On his way to the vault he scowled at his teller and three bookkeepers—a menacing scowl which signified that they were not to speculate upon what he was going to do in the vault, nor even to realize that he was going to the vault. Each of them, meeting the scowl, looked hastily away. He conducted his bank on a system of his own—a suspicious system. The four hard-worked employees were to know just as much of the business of the institution as it was strictly necessary for them to know in order to perform their duties, and no more.

There were two safes in the vault—a ponderous affair with shiny bolts and a time lock, in which the bank's money and most important documents were kept; and a small old one, to which nobody but Lederer himself had access. From the latter he extracted a cheap canvas-bound account book, no bigger than a sheet of letter paper and an inch thick. Locking the safe again he tucked this book under his arm and returned to his room, where he closed the door behind him. All the entries in the book were in his own hand. No eye but his had ever seen it. He opened it to a page that was headed with the name of August Kluge. The right-hand columns on that and succeeding pages were footed up in pencil, the footings carried forward. The final footing was one hundred and forty-six thousand dollars. That was the amount of bonds August Kluge had purchased through Lederer's bank. The pages contained the dates, descriptions and numbers of all the bonds. Kluge had no deposit account at the bank. He trusted no bank to that extent. Every now and then he appeared there, his pockets stuffed with soiled bank notes—his accumulated rent money—and bought bonds; always the best of bonds, city and county issues. He took no chances. Along with the greasy bank notes he would usually have a handful of interest coupons, clipped from his bonds, which Lederer accepted in payment for more bonds. Naturally Lederer had speculated a good deal about so odd a client as August Kluge—a figure likely to excite anybody's curiosity. In such speculations he had employed not only his keen eyes but his keen nose—that is, he had discovered that there was always a faint yet distinct musty smell about Kluge's coupons.

He had surmised the reason for this smell with approximate accuracy. But the simple-minded sister's statement left no doubt about it. She told the great banker, in response to his questions, that formerly her brother kept his bonds secreted in various places—behind the baseboards in their rooms, which he had pried loose for that purpose and then replaced; sewed into three bedquilts; under the zinc that the cook stove in the kitchen stood on. But some years before, fire had broken out in the night across the street from them and half a dozen flimsy buildings had disappeared like lighted tinder. That gave them a great scare. If the same misfortune should happen to their flimsy building it would be impossible to rescue the bonds from these various hiding places. Corn meal, served in the form of mush for dinner and fried for breakfast, was a staple article of their frugal diet. Her brother had purchased an extra sack of corn meal, emptied out part of the contents, wrapped his bonds in stout brown paper and put them in the meal sack. There it stood on a shelf in the kitchen, where other edibles were kept—for their apartment did not afford a pantry—to all appearance just a simple, innocent sack of corn meal.



Her Brother Was Old Now and Somewhat Deaf

In case of fire one could shoulder it in a jiffy. When the corn meal got musty they ate it and put the bonds in a fresh sack. But sometimes it got too musty, and there was a loss. Hence the smell which Lederer had noticed on the coupons.

Kluge's anxiety concerning his bonds involved another loss. Besides the four little rooms they occupied in the rear of the second story over the saloon there were three larger rooms in front. Once he had rented those rooms. But Tilly Street tenants must always be more or less dubious. Renting the front rooms involved having somebody always next door, using the same stairs. How could one tell what they might be up to in the night, when one would like to sleep instead of lying awake listening for sounds in the hall? For ten years now the front rooms had stood vacant—quite a loss.

But the front rooms being tenantless Kluge had sealed up the street door, by which one gained access from outside the building to the front stairs leading to the second story. He had put four stout boards across that door and screwed them fast to the casing. It would take a sledge hammer to break in. Then he and his sister used only the back stairs, which no one could reach except by passing through the back room of the saloon on the ground floor. This back room called itself a restaurant by virtue of having three or four stale ham sandwiches on a table. Though the barroom in front closed at midnight, in honorable compliance with the city ordinance, the back room extended its hospitality to thirsty patrons nearly all night. Miss Kluge felt that the two bartenders who alternated there were honest, friendly fellows, upon whom one could rely. Her brother, with a twinge at his heartstrings, gave each of them a five-dollar bill at Christmas and on Fourth of July. The Kluges felt rather safe.

Besides, they had the dog—getting old now, yet a savage beast that would tear the heart out of anybody except its owner that stepped foot in the place. They had very few callers; but for such as there were they put a stout muzzle on the dog and chained him to a staple in the kitchen. Otherwise the call might end in a fragmentary fashion.

They felt fairly safe. Yet there was the danger of fire—and of thieves. When Miss Kluge went to Wisconsin her brother would be left alone for two weeks. He was getting old now—seventy—and somewhat deaf. He would have to leave the house once in a while to buy food or some errand about his property might call him out. Then he would have to depend on the dog. It seemed too great a risk. She was much disturbed about it. She brightened up agedly, in a way that might have touched a sentimental heart, when she said that after she and her brother were gone the money would fall to her half sister and the half sister's child. The two in possession were getting along in years now. She'd thought about it a good deal of late. She wanted the heirs to get the inheritance. They'd never had much money.

But in case the bonds were stolen her brother could trace them by the numbers printed on them, Lederer reminded her. He kept a description of his bonds—the numbers, and so on?

She replied that she didn't know exactly what he put down in the way of descriptions, but he had a brown-paper book with something in it about his bonds, which he kept under the mattress of his bed.

Such in substance was what Kluge's sister told Lederer and what he was revolving in his mind as he contemplated his canvas-covered book that contained the account of Kluge's investments. One hundred and forty-six thousand dollars was to him as bread to the famished or water to the parched. It would save his life, then hanging by a thread as the result of the monstrous trick that had been played upon him. He had done business with the landlord of Tilly Street for fifteen years and knew the man. One miserly mind easily comprehended another. That Kluge could be brought to let those precious bonds out of his own sight and touch seemed very improbable. They were more than the apple of his eye. As for his soul, if he had possessed one hundred and forty-six souls he would eagerly have traded them all for a single one of those bonds. A safe-deposit vault? That would mean taking those bonds, the very flesh of his body and blood in his veins, down to a strange steel cavern in far-off La Salle Street and putting them in a tin box and then going off and leaving them there, with three or four strange men in uniform standing round—nothing between them and the bonds but a lock the size of one's thumb! One might as well

ask a doting father voluntarily to consign his first-born to the tomb on some dubious promise of a resurrection the next week.

The more Lederer thought it over—with August Kluge's sallow, lean-jawed, flinty face and suspicious eyes before his mental vision—the more certain he felt that the miser would never do it. Besides, Lederer had no safe-deposit vault, and if his bank accepted the bonds for safe-keeping it would have to give an enforceable receipt. He went home that night with something odd in his breast that burned and fluttered and sent a sinister sort of intoxication up into his brain. He was not a very imaginative man, yet twice or thrice he had the startling notion, on a sudden, that a stranger of ominous character was sitting there amid his family in his clothes and skin.

A week later—having grown rather familiar with the stranger—he found means of sending word to Kluge. Next day the banker and the landlord of Tilly Street confronted each other across the time-stained oak desk in the private office, with the door closed. The landlord was even more shabbily dressed than the banker—cadaverous, old, an atmosphere as of a cold, earthy pit attaching to him. He seemed already something half dead and buried. But Lederer was hot—too hot. He felt that his welcoming grin was too wide, his handshake too pressing.

He knew Kluge's great affliction well enough. The landlord had related it to him many times. Its name was Hubbard. That surveillance which the police extended over Tilly Street by no means came for nothing. Every month an emissary appeared there, visited each particular haunt that the newspapers occasionally reprobated and from each collected a due tribute. Any haunt that failed to pay was immediately visited with all the rigors of the statutes and ordinances in such case made and provided. For such as did duly pay the statutes and ordinances were graciously suspended. All this was a very old and familiar arrangement; and so far the landlord cared nothing about it. The police might have plucked his soiled tenants to their hearts' content for all of him. But Kluge's reputation as a miser was one of the neighborhood traditions. There came an unlucky day when the mysterious powers which ordered those affairs had greater need of money than usual and recalled that the statutes and ordinances extended their menace beyond the mere tenant to the landlord.

So a man with beefy shoulders, beefy jowls and impudent eyes like smoked-pearl buttons came pulling open the stair door in the back room of the saloon, clumping noisily up the stairs without asking anybody's leave, and hammering on Kluge's door—against the other side of which the dog flung himself, foaming and screaming with rage to get at the intruder.

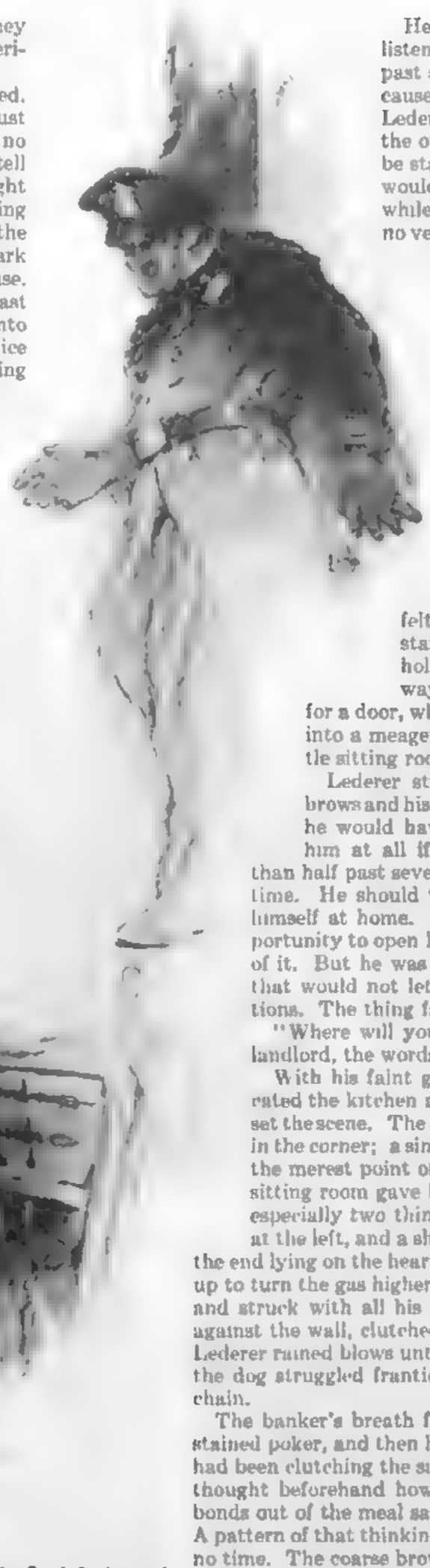
"Lieutenant Hubbard. Chain up that damned dog if you don't want him shot!" the intruder bawled through the panel in answer to the landlord's question.

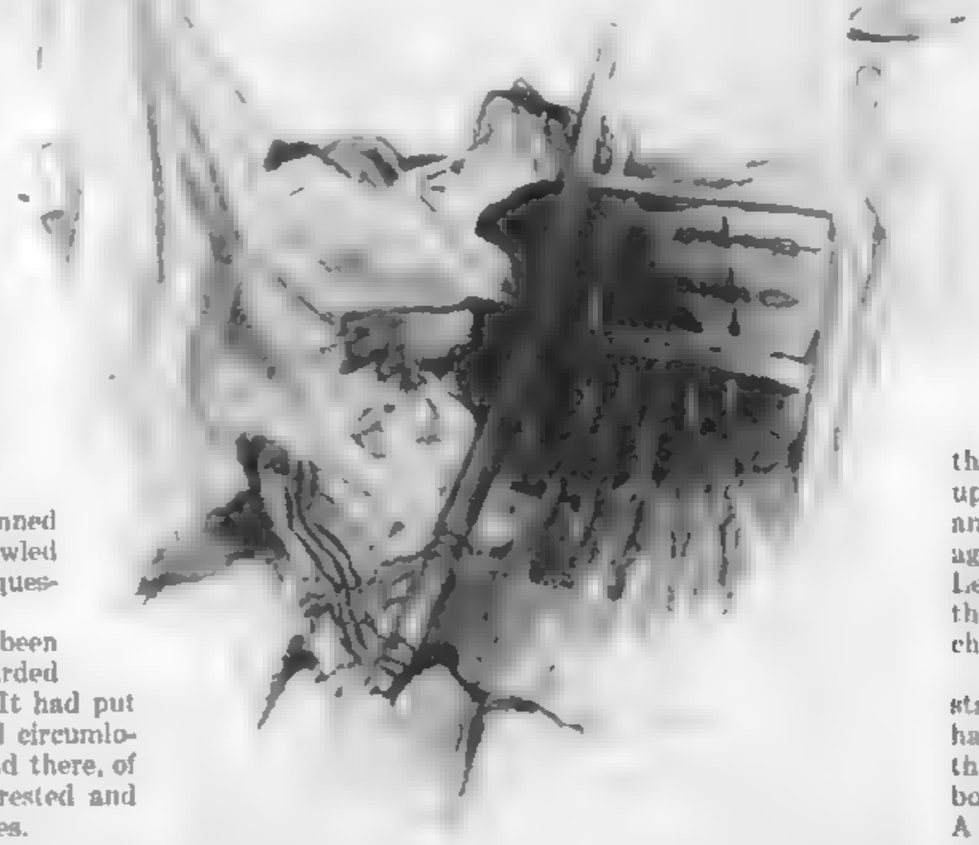
And when he was admitted—the dog having been muzzled and chained—he stood and blackguarded the landlord for keeping such a beast about. It had put him in a bad temper; and so with no merciful circumlocution at all he gave Kluge his choice, then and there, of handing over seventy-five dollars or being arrested and prosecuted as the landlord of disorderly premises.

Such was Kluge's affliction. Every month that great fat brute came clumping up his stairs, hammering at his door—brazen, shameless, fearless. And every month the landlord writhed afresh under the extortion as though he had been pinned through the vitals with a bayonet. As he complained bitterly to Lederer, it wouldn't be so bad if only they would show some consideration, some reasonableness and courtesy. But, no; they just demanded it—had nothing but insulting language for expostulation or argument. It was just "Hand it over, blast you!" A man's own money in a man's own house! Hubbard was something beyond reason, amenable to no human agency, implacable, irresistible, a malign power against which there was no defense. If the landlord thought of him in the midst of a meal he turned a trifle paler, lost his appetite, and his fingers trembled.

All of which was well known to H. Lederer. It was what he wanted to talk to Kluge about. There had been a change in the city administration at the beginning of that year. The new mayor, Lederer said, was a good friend of his—an honest man who wanted to stop all corruption in the police force. He had talked to the banker about it only a few days before. But corruption in the police force was a long-standing, cunningly contrived thing, hard to lay one's finger upon and get indubitable proof of. Persons whom the police blackmailed were always disreputable—poor witnesses before a jury. What the mayor particularly wanted was to get indubitable proof of police corruption. By furnishing such proof Lederer could do a service to his friend the mayor, and a still greater service to his old and valued friend, August Kluge. Once proof was in the mayor's hands they needn't be afraid of Hubbard or his superiors. The mayor would protect them.

So they must catch Hubbard red-handed. Next time he called for tribute Kluge must put him off a few hours—declare he had no money in the house at the moment; tell Hubbard to call again, say, at half past eight that evening. It must be in the evening because the banker couldn't get away in the daytime. Besides, the street must be dark and the lights turned on inside the house. Before half past eight—say, at half past seven—Kluge must smuggle the banker into the house, unseen by a soul, lest the police be watching. The banker would be carrying a small satchel. In the satchel would be a new camera he knew of that would take a snapshot picture in a room lighted by gas or electrics—a very ingenious invention in photography. Kluge would conceal the banker in the kitchen or bedroom, with the door slightly ajar. Hubbard would come in. He and Kluge would stand in a well-lighted spot. As Kluge handed over the money the banker would open the door a bit and take a snapshot of the action. Lederer's testimony was good before any jury and they would have the corroborating evidence of the photograph. They would lay Hubbard by the heels. The mayor would thank them and protect them. Only they must keep it dark—not a word to a living soul—for no one could tell who might betray the plot to the police.





"The Police Lieutenant Says He Went Up the Back Stairs and Found the Man. Nobody Downstairs Had Heard a Sound"

As the landlord listened a pale light flickered in his dim eyes; he softly rubbed his bony hands together, nodding approval; his lips drew in a faint grin; and at the end, after reflecting upon it a moment, he emitted a mirthless cackle. The exploit would happen after Miss Kluge had gone to Wisconsin, when the landlord would be alone in the house except for the dog, which would naturally be muzzled and chained.

H. Lederer spent infinite pains thinking out the details—always with something hot and fluttering in his chest that sometimes half choked him, so that he swallowed hastily, wetting his lips with his tongue. There was also something odd in his brain, a sinister sort of intoxication suffusing it at intervals.

When the day came he told his family in the morning that directly the bank closed he was going down to Aurora—an hour's journey—to see a debtor named Beck, so he wouldn't be home to dinner and it might be necessary for him to stay all night. Leaving the house he carried a small rusty brown bag. Shortly after five o'clock he took a train to Aurora, where he walked round the station and caught a returning train, from which he debarked in the Canal Street Station in Chicago at twenty minutes past seven. He had put two sandwiches in his bag, but he couldn't eat them. Luck favored him, for it was a dark evening with a drizzle of rain falling; but he would have turned up the collar of his overcoat and pulled the cheap, new, brown slouch hat over his brows anyway.

He had told Kluge to be ready and listening all the time between a quarter past seven and a quarter of eight, because it wouldn't do for anyone to see Lederer waiting at the door; and on the other hand, if anyone happened to be standing near when he came up he would have to walk past, wait a little while and return. Afterward, he had no very clear impression of how he got to Tilly Street. A rushing in his head seemed to carry him there. No one was in sight in the ill-lighted street. He raised his hand and knocked softly at the street door which had been sealed up and unused for years. Immediately it swung back. He darted in, and the door closed behind him in the pitch dark. A hand felt down his wet coat sleeve and his nerves prickled as cold bony fingers closed on his hand.

"Still!" a voice whispered.

Guided by the cold fingers he felt his way cautiously up the dark stairs. The fingers still kept their hold in the level footing of the hallway above. Another hand groped for a door, which opened, and Kluge drew him into a meagerly furnished but well-lighted little sitting room.

Lederer still kept his hat pulled over his brows and his coat collar turned up—as though he would have prevented Kluge from seeing him at all if possible. It was hardly more than half past seven. There was an hour—plenty of time. He should take off his hat and coat, make himself at home. Especially he should find an opportunity to open his bag and get an implement out of it. But he was in the grip of a terrible rushing that would not let him take control of his own actions. The thing fairly accomplished itself.

"Where will you put me?" he whispered to the landlord, the words coming of themselves.

With his faint grin of triumph the landlord indicated the kitchen and led the way thither. He had set the scene. The dog was duly muzzled and chained in the corner; a single gas jet was turned very low—the merest point of light. But the open door to the sitting room gave light enough. By it Lederer saw especially two things—a full meal sack on the shelf at the left, and a short clumsy poker with a knob on the end lying on the hearth of the stove. As Kluge reached up to turn the gas higher Lederer seized the poker, sprung and struck with all his might. The landlord fell sharply against the wall, clutched at it and crumpled down, while Lederer rained blows until he heard the bones crack; and the dog struggled frantically to free itself of muzzle and chain.

The banker's breath failed abruptly. He dropped the stained poker, and then he was aware that all the while he had been clutching the satchel with his left hand. He had thought beforehand how he would go about getting the bonds out of the meal sack so as to avoid making a muss. A pattern of that thinking was in his mind now, but he had no time. The coarse brown string that was tied round the mouth of the sack resisted his fingers. He had to get out his knife and cut it. The operation seemed intolerably long. Then he emptied the sack into the sink until a thick bundle sheathed in wrapping paper fell out. He thrust that into his bag and tiptoed swiftly out, going down the stairs as cautiously as he had ascended.

There—with his hand to the door—he almost fell, so fierce a shock came upon him. He remembered he had not secured the book Miss Kluge had mentioned, in which the landlord kept a description of his bonds. That was as vital as the bonds themselves. He toiled back up the stairs, but the first little bedroom he entered was the sister's. There was nothing under the mattress there. Under Kluge's mattress he found the cheap brown-paper book, which he put in his satchel.

Again he was at the street door, opening it the merest crack, to which he applied his eye, seeing nothing except dark and drizzle faintly illuminated by the old-fashioned street lamp on the corner. He opened it wider and peered out.

Still nothing but dim drizzle. He stepped out, closed the door and walked briskly away, returning to the railroad station, through which he walked to a street car.

In his own room at home, with the door locked, he opened the brown-paper parcel and counted one hundred and forty-six bonds. Next morning he called a cab—an extraordinary indulgence—and rode down to his bank with the bonds done up in a newspaper under his arm. He destroyed Kluge's book containing a description of

(Continued on Page 46)

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"KISS me quick and say you love me twice, rapidly," commanded Chester A. Framm's bride of three days; and when that was dispatched as per orders: "She is a terror, no mistake! And if I scream or she screams don't waste a minute—come a-running and pull me out. Good-by."

Thus she left him amid the somber glories of Aunt Het's parlor; he had a last fond glimpse of that small bright figure rounding the walnut newel post which pedestaled a brass knight with a gas lamp on the end of his spear. They had honeymooned three days in a remote San Francisco hotel, and this morning, their money nearing ebb tide, she had inducted Chester to an example of those old-fashioned grip cars which used to run funicular-fashion up one of the steepest streets of the steepest city in America. The fog, which had grayed all the depressing high-stooped residences along their ascent, had got into Chester's soul; all the way up Floss had cheered him with piratical anecdotes descriptive of Aunt Het's whimsies, which ended in revolting scenes, always signaled by a slight loosening of her false teeth.

An unpleasant Chinese butler had admitted them to an ornamented slate-colored residence near the top of the hill. Being deserted with orders to come a-running upon call Chester paced restlessly the full length of a vasty parlor which was a room-and-a-half tall, full of mortuary ornaments and tyrannized over by a lofty black mantel whose innumerable pillars, shelves, pagodas and bastions were thickly populated with gnomelike shapes of bric-à-brac. From a far-away end of the room a California pioneer, done in snowy marble, stared unfriendly from his pink plush pedestal.

Silence, silence everywhere. It was the tallest room Chester had ever seen, and aside from its depressing influences the bridegroom was a prey to troubled thoughts. What of his angry mother, and what of the high-souled Carlotta, equally deserted in this frenzy of young love? He had fed on honey dew and drunk the milk of paradise; a changed man he must be forevermore. But could he change? Would Florabel, who obviously loved him well, demand that he should forget his ideals, desert his destiny?

He paused in his pacing to look at himself in one of Aunt Het's sky-aspiring mirrors. His hair trimmed, his scarf Floss-tied in the mode of the day, his imposing figure draped in a rather well-fitting suit of gray—he was already quite a different person from the young orator of Dyak. His appearance was, as Floss had termed it, "snappy"; and he wondered if he could stand himself that way. A life of serious application and of self-support had aged him beyond his years; you would have placed him at round thirty had you been there to appraise his business possibilities.

It seemed a fearful wait, down there in the mortuary parlor. What had the heartless Het chosen to do to his Flossie, whose poor weak hands were pitted unarmed against the dragon? Chester was nervous, as well he might be. The silence was unbearable.

"Hor-rors! Ho-lee hor-raws! Aw! Stop it! Aw-aw!"

It came in a frenzied scream from the upstairs apartments and caused an icy rill down the back of the anxious waiter upon trouble. His feet and his heart stood still at the same time. When warm blood would course again he tiptoed as far as the brass knight on the newel post and peered superstitiously up the stairs. An enormous red-and-green macaw sat on its perch at the first landing, its head upside down, one red eye fixed in critical scrutiny.

"Lord bless your life! Haw, haw!"

Chester breathed again: After all it was only the parrot; never a shriek, never a scream had sounded from his adored Floss or from the fire-devouring Het. But the incident had the effect of unnerving him completely. What sort of witch could it be that would keep this bird of evil a sentinel on the stairs? And what had he and Floss to hope from the offended monster lurking somewhere in her upper den?

"Oh, Goober! Goob!"

He was immensely relieved to hear Flossie's thrilling voice, clear and undiscouraged.

"Yes, darling!" he shouted up the stairs.

"You can come up now."

He took it at three leaps, evaded a savage peck from the parrot, and crushed his endangered bride in his arms.

"But, Precious—I'm Not Sure I Shall Care About the Insurance Business"

"Don't," she whispered in an annoyed tone, and by the look of her face it was plain to be seen that the ordeal had been a hard one. "Just be natural and—come on!"

She led him into the chamber of torment. Blinking in the light of the big old-fashioned boudoir he was preparing to be natural when his calculations were quite shattered by the miracle which pounced out upon him. Something in a lacy coquettish garment had rushed from behind a screen and before he could take measures to defend himself someone had kissed him heartily on both cheeks. He beheld an elderly lady, about Floss-size, enameled and elaborately jeweled, grasping him by the elbows while her high cracked voice repeated.

"So this is the husband! I'm so relieved. You're not half so ugly as I thought you would be."

"Now, Aunt Het—you know I said he was the most bee-ootiful little old gigantic slob ——"

Flossie's protest thoroughly established the marvel. So it was Aunt Het! But what had Floss been doing to her?

"As if I didn't have worries enough on my mind," she went right on with some monologue which apparently he had interrupted, "without you two things running off to a third-rate preacher and getting married! If you had come to me in the first place I'd have had the First Spiritualist Church with the Reverend Mr. Billings ——"

"Aunt Het believes in 'em," explained Floss, indicating the Great Beyond.

"*She* believes in nothing," pronounced the old lady, folding her frivolous hands.

Chester thought it time to change the subject.

"We're—we're very grateful that you're not angry ——"

"Angry?"

He looked in alarm to see if her false teeth were dropping. They were firmly established and revealed by innumerable smiles. His wife's great-aunt had the Flossie look, faded but still girlish.

"What should I be angry about?"

"Well, when you saw Miss Brannon—Mrs. Framm—coming back married, you know ——"

"I was never so relieved in my life."

"Oh."

"I could have danced with joy. Just to think—she's finally off my hands!"

This last was inspiring.

"If you'd only know what misery that girl has cost me!"

She sighed.

"But auntie, love," upspoke that girl, whose study of psychology had taught her at least to know the psychological moment, "the trouble's just begun."

"I thought so. Oliver came to me last night and told me to prepare." Oliver, it turned out, was her spirit guide.

Aunt Het sat down and Chester had a fearful feeling that the teeth had dropped the fraction of an inch.

"We haven't got the price of a hot tamale between us, Aunt Het," explained Chester's wife. "If we could live on love we'd just swell up and bust. But we can't."

"So you've come home to live on me?" The withered lady set her little mouth so that the index of her temper was invisible; yet there were signs of storm.

"Just temporarily, Aunt Het. You see my Goober's aw-fully talented. Aren't you, Cicero? And if you could just lend us a trunk room to sleep in and feed us any old scraps that Oscar doesn't want ——"

Oscar being the parrot, that appeal was humble enough. "I don't intend to let you starve!" snapped the old lady, her frivolity departed. "But what are the special talents of your—your Goober, as you call him?"

"He would do splendidly in the insurance business," was Flossie's quick diagnosis. Which was startling news to Chester A. Framm.

"But you don't know anybody in the insurance business—except Mr. Applethwaite."

"Old Mr. Blink? Yeppy. He's vice president of the Indivisible Life and he can't refuse to give Chester a tiny little job."

"What?" There came an unmistakable rattling of ivory with the explosion. "Do you mean to say you would have the very poor taste to ask a favor of him—after the way you've treated and tormented and jilted him?"

"Course I would, old auntix! He told me eleven times in one evening that he loved me more than wealth or fame. I guess after that the least he could do would be to give my sweetheart a job."

"Well, of all the ——" began Aunt Het, but failing in eloquence continued: "I should say that Mr. Applethwaite was about the most unlikely candidate in the field."

"Sure. And that's why I'm going to tackle him."

"Flossie," exclaimed her great-aunt, acknowledging defeat in the last of a thousand things, "I sometimes think you're playing a system."

This was the manner of Chester A. Framm's introduction to life's real problems. He had always despised the wastrels who marry for wealth, but it would have taken a stretch of the imagination to have accused him of that. The cumbersome suite which Aunt Het gave them on the third floor was many degrees more exalted than a trunk room, and the food was surely not discarded by Oscar. Though their bedroom and parlor were cluttered with an overflow of curios from below, their quarters were comfortable beyond their foolish deserts. During the first uncertain weeks of married life Floss did many odd jobs in this small establishment, even washing clothes in the old-fashioned bathtub and on a wabbly gas jet heating over their breakfast, which came up on a tray. Aunt Het, who had buried three husbands, preferred to spend her mornings with Oscar the parrot and a mixed company of loved ones from the Beyond. It was a comfortable, patronizing arrangement which at first chafed the pride of Framm. That pride grew callous beyond ordinary chafings, as we are yet to see.

They had scarcely carried their limited baggage to the temporary quarters and hung their clothes in two of the looming spirit cabinets when Floss set herself to a talent which had been revealed during the honeymoon. She took off her hat and trimmed it. Back in Dyak days Chester had often wondered at her profusion of millinery; matrimonial experience taught him that she could entirely alter

the appearance of her headdress in less time than it takes most women to comb their hair.

On this pioneer day Floss went upstairs wearing a blue feather. Five minutes later she was standing in front of a ramshackle mirror trying on a lacy turban with silver braid wound round and round. This was Chester's purely untechnical impression as he sat on the edge of the bed and reflected that his wife's appearance was modish in the extreme. Tight waists were being worn in that period of the world's history, and Floss could make herself very slim at midlady without extravagant lacings.

"Are you going to see this—this Blink now?" inquired her husband, nervously admiring the flash of her wonderful complexion in the mirror as she stood there patting her honey-colored hair and perking from side to side.

"You'll notice I'm wearing a plain blue walking suit," she soliloquized, "gently outlining the figure and showing a touch of scarlet at the throat. He was always crazy about me in blue—poor thing! What were you saying, Goober?"

"Are you going to see this Mr. Blink right away?"

"Yeah." She spoke it casually, her mouth being full of pins. It was as though he had asked her if she was going to walk or take a street car.

"But, precious—I'm not sure I shall care about the insurance business."

He had to wait for his reply until she had used all the pins on her lace collar.

"I'm not frenzied about it either. But what are we going to do? We can't start right in making orations. I don't know of anybody getting rich out of that—except the man who sells soap on the street in front of the City Library."

Suddenly she dropped a bar pin, the convertible hat and a scrap of silk as, turning round, she faced her Chester with an expression of divine guidance.

"Cicero!" she crowed. "Speaking of the City Library and the soap—I've got an idea!"

"We need one," said he. "What is it?"

"Nope. I shan't tell you until you're polite."

"I'm polite," he protested, trying to kiss her. "What's the idea?"

"Nope. It's got to cook until it's tender."

When she had resumed her hat he took her as far as the corner, but there she pointed him west as she turned east.

"Aunt Het won't give us any lunch," she decreed. "But if you'll meet me at the Poodle Dog—half past twelve—I'll tell you about Mr. Blink and what he says."

"The Poodle Dog? Do you think we ought to eat at those expensive places when we're nearly broke?"

"Course we ought!" She opened wide her golden eyes at the very idea. "Why, Goob—all the scientists say that if paupers were better nourished there wouldn't be any poverty or crimes. Now run along and think hard."

Any town looks cold to the unemployed. San Francisco, which has harbored many galleons out of strange seas, was once accused by a poet of being serene, indifferent to fate. I have never found it to be either, but the forenoons there are clammy, especially on the shady side of the street. At least this was the case in my day, which was Chester's day; indeed I have no reason to think that the famous fire and—I almost said earthquake—ever altered that aspect of Nature.

Coming out of a warm California valley into this inspiring fog belt Chester was obliged to turn up his coat collar as he walked. Trudging along, shivering, blue, he was the picture of one who had lost his soul's wish to gain his heart's desire. He was in a strange flux of happiness and misery. Could he ever make peace with his offended mother? Apparently not. The Widow Framm, he knew by experience, loved and hated like an Indian. Lost in the roses of his misfit romance he felt the scratch of the thorns at every step. If there be a difference between love and infatuation he was infatuated more than he was in love. At any rate, that peculiar composition of fluff and mockery whom he called his wife now filled every crevice of his heart. He would do anything for Floss.

Anything, did he say?

He stopped on the edge of a down-shooting street corner and considered his case. For him, so it seemed, she had given up one of the richest men in San Francisco. And for her he had sworn to trample out, destroy forever that one talent which it is death to hide. Less than an hour before the hasty marriage ceremony she had burst into a flood of hysterical tears and declared that she wouldn't marry him unless he swore never, never, never to make a public speech without her knowledge and consent. The impassioned Chester had sworn. Was it an ingrowing jealousy of Carlotta Beam that possessed her or was she obtuse to his true merit? Both, probably. At any rate, since love was not all in his book of life he was resolved to wear down her prejudice as soon as they were on their feet financially, and take up the study of the law after work hours. For Chester A. Framm had no intention of sacrificing his genius at the altar of Aphrodite.

At length his wanderings got him down to Market Street within sight of the dingy, ponderous dome of the old City Hall. The official sight reminded him bitterly of his greatness, now in a state of suspended animation. He walked along the vistas of Pompeian grandeur, marking the stream of hard-faced lawyers passing in and of soft-faced politicians passing out. Some came in rich carriages, others afoot—mostly afoot. The men whose countenances he so wistfully examined scarcely pleased him as types; very little statesmanship here, he concluded, and was about to pass on when a black-sanded sign with gold letters caught his eye—Public Library.

So this was the place where, according to Floss's naïve suggestion, he might employ his oratory in the humble trade of selling soap. He glanced morbidly over the cobbled streets, but nothing of the soapy spellbinder was to be seen. Chester paused and regarded the black-sanded sign. Public Library. After all, he had nearly two hours on his hands. Surely Floss could not object to his employing his odd time in his favorite study.

He obeyed the impulse, went in, picked out a broad volume entitled Speakers Past and Present, and with this stole guiltily into the reading room. There was an available oak table near the window, with one industrious female crouching over her book; and in this comparative solitude Chester opened Speakers Past and Present at the logical place, the Preface. It turned out to be a set of biographical sketches, limited to Speakers of the Assembly at Sacramento. Chester sighed. Fate was against him. Therefore he closed the volume in some disgust and had barely looked up when the studious female at the other end of the table looked up also. Their dream-filled eyes met.

Horn of judgment! It was Carlotta Beam!

Chester, who was no coward, would have run away, carrying the book, the table, the library wall with him in headlong flight. But man, having outgrown the honest direct methods of the rhinoceros, has schooled himself to sit pat in the face of an embarrassing situation. Chester's eyes were on Carlotta, Carlotta's on Chester. The more he looked the more confused it all became, because Miss Beam, if she had been hurt by his elopement from Dyak, was indeed concealing it bravely. He had never before seen her naturally serious face wear so bright a smile as she showed him when, closing her book, she came over to his chair.

"Chester!" she cried. "Isn't this miraculous! I hadn't the least idea ——"

"Sh-h-h!"

An old gentleman at the next table uttered this rattlesnake's warning as he pointed to a large sign—No Conversation.

Whereat Chester rose limply and whispered "Outside."

As they went to the entrance and stood leaning against the coping Chester was sure she was looking unusually well; there was a little color in her sallow cheeks and her dark eyes lingered fondly upon him. "If you only realized it," she smiled happily, "it was you who brought me up to San Francisco."

(Continued on Page 58)

"Hello, Goob!" Floss Cried, Cheerful as a Cricket. "Aunt Het's Blown Up and We're Being Evicted"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE fall of Atlanta after a siege of nearly two months was, in the opinion of thoughtful people, the sure precursor of the end of the doomed Confederacy. I had an affectionate regard for General Hood, but it was my belief that neither he nor any other soldier could save the day, and being out of commission and having no mind for what I conceived aimless campaigning through another winter—especially an advance into Tennessee upon Nashville—I wrote to an old friend of mine, who owned the Montgomery Mail, asking for a job. He answered at once that if I would come right along and take the editorship of the paper he would make me a present of half of it—a proposal so opportune and tempting that forty-eight hours later saw me in the capital of Alabama.

I was accompanied by my fidus Achates, Albert Roberts. The morning after our arrival, by chance I came across a printed line which advertised a room and board for two "single gentlemen," with the curious addenda for those times, "references will be given and required." This latter caught me. When I rang the visitors' bell of a pretty dwelling upon one of the near-by streets a distinguished gentleman in uniform came to the door, and acquainted with my business he said "Ah, that is an affair of my wife," and invited me within.

The Gentleman by the Name of Spencer Said He Loved Music and Wished to Hear Mrs. Watterson Sing

He was obviously English. Presently there appeared a beautiful lady, likewise English and as obviously a gentlewoman, and an hour later my friend Roberts and I moved in. The incident proved in many ways rather fateful. The military gentleman proved to be Doctor Scott, the post surgeon. He was, when we came to know him, the most interesting of men, a son of that Captain Scott who commanded Byron's flagship at Missolonghi in 1823, who had as a lad attended the poet in his last illness and been in at the death, seeing the club foot when the body was prepared for burial. His wife was adorable. There were two girls and two boys. To make a long story short, Albert Roberts married one of the daughters, his brother the other; the lads growing up to be successful and distinguished men—one a naval admiral, the other a railway president. When, just after the war, I was going abroad, Mrs. Scott said: "I have a brother living in London to whom I will be glad to give you a letter."

Upon the deck of the steamer bound from New York to London direct, as we—my wife and I newly married—were taking a last look at the receding American shore, there appeared a gentleman who seemed by the cut of his jib startlingly French. We had under our escort a French governess returning to Paris. In a twinkle she and this gentleman had struck up an acquaintance, and much to my displeasure she introduced him to me as "Monsieur Mahoney." I was somewhat mollified when later we were made acquainted with Madame Mahoney.

Not at all predisposed in his favor, Monsieur Mahoney, upon nearer approach, did not conciliate my simple taste. In person, manners and apparel he was quite beyond me. Mrs. Mahoney, however, as we soon called her, was a dear, whole-souled, traveled, unaffected New England woman. But her husband, there was no holding him at arm's length! I was wearing a full beard. He said it would never do, carried me perforce below, and cut it as I have worn it ever since. The day before we were to dock he took me aside and said: "Mee young friend." He had a brogue which thirty years in Algiers, where he had been consul, and a dozen in Paris as a gentleman of leisure had not wholly spoiled—"Mee young friend, I observe that you are shy of strangers, but my wife and I have taken a shine to you and the 'Princess,'" as he called Mrs. Watterson, "and if you will allow us, we can be of some sarvice to you when we get to town."

There was really no help for it. I was too ill of the long crossing to resist. At Blackwall we took the High Level for Fenchurch Street, at Fenchurch Street a cab for the West End—Mr. Mahoney bossing the job—and finally, in most comfortable and inexpensive lodginga, we were settled in Jermyn Street. The Mahoneys were visiting Lady Elmore, widow of a famous surgeon and mother of the president of the Royal Academy. Thus later along we were introduced to quite a distinguished artistic set.

Not long after we began our sojourn in London, I recurred—by chance, I am sorry to say—to Mrs. Scott's letter of introduction to her brother. The address read "Mr. Thomas H. Huxley, School of Mines, Jermyn Street." Why, it was but two or three blocks away, and being so near I called, not knowing whether Mr. Thomas H. Huxley might be janitor, or what not.

I was conducted to a dark, stuffy little room. The gentleman who met me was exceedingly handsome and very agreeable. He greeted me cordially and we had some talk about his relatives in America. Of course we were invited at once to dinner. I was a little perplexed. There was no one to tell me just who Huxley was, or in what way he happened to be connected with the School of Mines.

It was a good dinner. There sat at table a gentleman by the name of Tyndall and another by the name of Mill—of neither I had ever heard—but there was still another, of the name of Spencer, whom I fancied must be a literary man, for I recalled having reviewed a clever book on Education some four years agone by a writer of that name; a certain Herbert Spencer, whom I rightly judged might be he.

The dinner, I repeat, was a very good dinner indeed—the Huxleys, I took it, must be well to do—the company agreeable; a bit pragmatic, however, I thought. The gentleman by the name of Spencer said he loved music and wished to hear Mrs. Watterson sing, especially Longfellow's Rainy Day, and left the others of us—Huxley, Mill, Tyndall and myself—at table. Finding them a little off on the Irish question as well as American affairs, I set them right as to both with much particularity and a great deal of satisfaction to myself.

Whatever Huxley's occupation, it turned out that he had at least one book-publishing acquaintance, Mr. Alexander Macmillan, to whom he introduced me next day, for I had brought with me a novel—the great American romance—too good to be wasted on New York, Philadelphia or Boston; but to appear simultaneously in England and the United States, to be translated, of course, into French, Italian and German. This was actually accepted. It was held for final revision.

We were to pass the winter in Italy. An event, however, called me suddenly home. Politics and journalism knocked literature sky high, and the novel—it was entitled One Story's Good Till Another is Told—was laid by and quite forgotten. Some twenty years later, at a moment when I was being lashed from one end of the line to the other, my wife said:

"Let us drop the nasty politics and get back to literature." She had preserved the old manuscript, two thousand pages of it.

"Fetch it," I said.

She brought it with effulgent pride. Heavens! The stuff it was! Not a gleam, never a radiance. I had been teaching myself to write—I had been writing for the English market—perpendicular! The Lord has surely been good to me. If the "boys" had ever got a peep at that novel I had been lost indeed!

II

NOT long after reaching London Artemus Ward and "the show" arrived in town. He took a lodging over an apothecary's just across the way from Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, where he was to lecture. We had been the best of friends, were near of an age, and only round-the-corner apart we became from the first inseparable. I introduced him to the distinguished scientific set into which chance had thrown me, and he introduced me to a very different set that made a revel of life at the Savage Club.

I find by reference to some notes jotted down at the time that the last I saw of him was the evening of the 21st of December, 1866. He had dined with my wife and myself, and, accompanied by Arthur Sketchley, who had dropped in after dinner, he bade good-by and went for his nightly grind, as he called it. We were booked to take our departure the next morning. His condition was pitiable. He was too feeble to walk alone, and was continually struggling to breathe freely. His surgeon had forbidden the use of wine or liquor of any sort. Instead he drank quantities of water, eating little and taking no exercise at all. Nevertheless, he stuck to his lecture and contrived to keep up appearances before the crowds that flocked to hear him, and even in London his critical state of health was not suspected.

Early in September, when I had parted from him to go to Paris, I left him methodically and industriously arranging for his début. He had brought some letters, mainly to newspaper people, and was already making progress toward what might be called the interior circles of the press, which are so essential to the success of a newcomer in London. Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Andrew Haliday became his zealous friends. It was to the latter that he owed his introduction to the Savage Club. Here he soon made himself at home. His manners, even his voice, were half English, albeit he possessed a most engaging disposition—a hearty tact and keen discernment, very un-English, a part of his equipment—and these won him an efficient corps of claquers and backers throughout the newspapers and periodicals of the metropolis. Thus his success was well assured from the first.

The raw November evening when he opened at Egyptian Hall the room was crowded with an audience of literary men and women, great and small, from Swinburne and Edmund Yates to the trumpeters and reporters of the morning papers. The next day most of the papers contained glowing accounts. The Times was silent, but four days later The Thunderer, seeing how the wind blew, came out with a column of eulogy, and from this onward, each evening proved a kind of ovation. Seats were engaged for a week in advance. Up and down Piccadilly, from St. James Church to St. James Street, carriages bearing the first arms in the kingdom were parked night after night; and the evening of the twenty-first of December, six weeks after, there was no falling off. The success was complete. As to an American, London had never seen the like.

All this while the poor author of the sport was slowly but surely dying. The calls upon his animal spirit at the Savage Club, the bodily fatigue of "getting himself up to it," the "damnable iteration" of the lecture itself, wore

him out. George, his valet, whom he brought with him from America, had finally to lift him about his lodging like a child. His quarters in Piccadilly, as I have said, were just opposite the Hall, but frequently he could not go backward and forward without assistance. It was painful in the extreme to see the man who was undergoing tortures behind the curtain step lightly before the audience amid a burst of merriment, and for more than an hour sustain the part of jester, tossing his cap and jingling his bells, a painted death's head, for he had to rouge his face to hide the pallor.

His buoyancy forsook him. He was occasionally nervous and fretful. The fog, he declared, felt like a winding sheet, enwrapping and strangling him. At one of his entertainments he made a grim, serio-comic allusion to this. "But," cried he as he came off the stage, "that was not a hit, was it? The English are scary about death. I'll have to cut it out."

He had become a contributor to Punch, a lucky rather than smart business stroke, for it was not of his own initiation. He did not continue his contributions after he began to appear before the public, and the discontinuance was made the occasion of some ill-natured remarks in certain American papers, which wounded him deeply. They were largely circulated and credited at the time, the charge being that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers of the English charivari, had broken with him because the English would not have him. The truth is that their proposal was made to him, not by him to them, and the price was named at fifteen guineas a letter. He asked permission to duplicate the arrangement with some New York periodical, so as to secure an American copyright. This they refused. I read the correspondence at the time. "Our aim," said they, "in making the engagement, had reference to our own circulation in the United States, which exceeds twenty-seven thousand weekly."

I suggested to Artemus that he enter his book, Artemus Ward in London, in advance, and he did write to Oakey Hall, his New York attorney, to that effect. Before he received an answer from Hall he got Carleton's advertisement announcing the book. Considering this a piratical design on the part of Carleton, he sent that enterprising publisher a savage letter, but the matter was cleared up to his satisfaction, for he said just before we parted: "It was all a mistake about Carleton. I did him an injustice and mean to ask his pardon. He has behaved very handsomely to me." Then the letters reappeared in Punch.

III

WHATEVER may be thought of them on this side of the Atlantic, their success in England was undeniable. They were more talked about than any current literary matter; never a club gathering or dinner party at which they were not discussed. There did seem something both audacious and grotesque in this ruthless Yankee poking in among the revered antiquities of Britain, so that the beef-eating British themselves could not restrain their laughter. They took his jokes in excellent part. The letters on the Tower and Chawsir were palpable hits, and it was generally agreed that Punch had contained nothing better since the days of Yellowplush. This opinion was not confined to the man in the street. It was shared by the intellectuals of the reviews and the appreciative of society, and gained Artemus the entrée wherever he cared to go.

Invitations pursued him and he was even elected to two or three fashionable clubs. But he had a preference for those which were less conventional. His admission to the Garrick Club, which had been at first "laid over," affords an example of London club fastidiousness. The gentleman who proposed him used his pseudonym, Artemus Ward, instead of his own name, Charles F. Browne. I had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the famous book publisher of Oxford and Cambridge, a leading member of the Garrick. We dined together at the Garrick clubhouse, when the matter was brought up and explained. The result was that Charles F. Browne was elected at the next meeting, where Artemus Ward had been made to stand aside.

Before Christmas, Artemus received invitations from distinguished people, nobility and gentry as well as men of letters, to spend the week-end with them. But he declined them all. He needed his vacation, he said, for rest. He had neither the strength nor the spirit for the season. Yet was he delighted with the English people and with English life. His was one of those receptive natures which enjoy whatever is bright and sunny. In spite of his bodily pain, he entertained a lively hope of coming out of it in the spring, and did not fully realize his true condition. He merely said, "I have overworked myself, and must lay by or I shall break down altogether." He meant to remain in London as long as his welcome lasted, and when he perceived a falling off in his audience, would close his season and go to the continent. His receipts averaged about three hundred dollars a night. "This, mind you," he used to say, "is in very hard cash," an article altogether superior to that then circulating in the United States.

His idea was to set aside out of his earnings enough to make him independent, and then to give up "this mountebank business," as he called it. He had a great respect for scholarly culture and personal respectability, and thought that if he could get time and health he might do something "in the high comedy line." He had a humorous novel in view, and a series of more aspiring comic essays than any he had attempted.

Often he alluded to the opening for an American magazine, "not quite so recondite as the Atlantic nor so popular as Harper's." His mind was beginning to soar above the showman and merrymaker. His manners had always been captivating. Except the nervous worry of ill-health, he was the kind-hearted, unaffected gentleman of old, loving as a girl and liberal as a prince. He once showed me his little daybook in which were noted down over five hundred dollars lent out in small sums to impecunious Americans.

"Why," said I, "you will never get half of it back."

"Of course not," he said, "but do you think I can afford to have a lot of loose fellows blackguarding me at home because I wouldn't let them have a sovereign or so over here?"

IV

THERE was no lack of independence, however, about him. The benefit which he gave Mrs. Jefferson Davis in New Orleans, which was denounced at the North as toadying to the Rebels, proceeded from a very different motive. He took a kindly interest in the case because it was represented to him as one of suffering, and knew very well at the time that his bounty would meet with detraction.

He used to relate with gusto an interview he once had with Murat Halstead, who had printed a tart paragraph about him. He went into the office of the Cincinnati editor, and began in his usual jocose way to ask for the needful correction. Halstead resented the proffered familiarity, when Artemus told him flatly, suddenly changing front, that he "didn't care a d—n for the Commercial, and the whole establishment might go to hell." Next day the paper appeared with a handsome amende, and the two became excellent friends. "I have no doubt," said Artemus, "that if I had whined or begged I should have disgusted Halstead, and he would have put it to me tighter. As it was, he concluded that I was not a sneak, and treated me like a gentleman."

Artemus received many lucrative offers from book publishers in London. Several of the Annuals for 1866–67 contain sketches, some of them anonymous, written by him, for all of which he was well paid. He wrote for Fun—the editor of which, Mr. Tom Hood, son of the poet humorist, was an intimate friend—as well as for Punch; his contributions to the former being printed without his signature. If he had been permitted to remain until the close of his season, he would have earned enough, with what he had already, to attain the independence which was his aim and hope. His best friends in London were Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Tom Hood, Mr. Tom Robertson, the dramatist, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Arthur Sketchley. He did not meet Mr. Dickens, though Mr. Andrew Halliday, Dickens' familiar, was also his intimate. He was much persecuted by lion hunters, and therefore had to keep his lodgings something of a mystery.

So little is known of Artemus Ward that some biographic particulars may not be out of place or lacking in interest. Charles F. Browne was born at

(Concluded on Page 45)

At Fenchurch Street We Took a Cab for the West End, Mr. Mahoney Bossing the Job

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1919

Facts About Russia

WHILE the rest of the world complained that trustworthy information about Russia was not obtainable, because everything coming out of that country was distorted one way or the other, Socialists collected a great deal of authentic Russian information for the guidance of their recent international convention at Berne. They went to the Bolsheviki themselves for the information, and having digested it they denounced the Bolshevik rule.

Though suppressing every Russian publication not friendly to them the Bolsheviki are great publicity artists on their own side. They have their official and semiofficial newspapers and various government organs covering particular fields. It was from the files of these publications that the Socialists compiled their report, taking nothing from non-Bolshevik sources, and giving the authority for their statements in each case.

The Socialists were not interested in what the Bolsheviki did to the bourgeoisie and they paid no attention to that, their general idea being the more anybody does to the bourgeoisie, or property-owning class, the better. They were not interested in reports of Bolshevik terrorism, massacres, and so on, for they allow that much disorder of that sort will usually accompany a revolution. They confined their attention solely to the result of Bolshevism upon the very class in whose exclusive interests it professes to rule—namely, upon the proletariat, or urban wage earners. Socialists condemned Bolshevism because they found, out of its own mouth, that it was destroying the very class it is supposed to benefit at the expense of all the rest of society.

The Bolsheviki's own reports showed that the population of Petrograd had declined about two-thirds, only about eight hundred thousand inhabitants being left out of about two million four hundred thousand. Population of Moscow had declined about sixty per cent. In one group of Petrograd factories the number of workmen had fallen from two hundred and seventy-seven thousand to a hundred and twenty thousand. Moscow metal workers' unions had lost a hundred and twenty-three thousand members out of a hundred and eighty-three thousand. Chemicals workers' unions had lost three-fourths of their members. Other such instances are cited from Bolshevik reports.

City wage earners have been disappearing into the highly paid army, drifting out to the villages, turning peddler and petty speculator. Output of a large group of textile factories had declined three-quarters.

Not only has the number of workers greatly decreased but output per man has fallen. The Petrograd Soviet reported that the state had advanced ninety-six million rubles to the famous Putiloff works—formerly one of Russia's leading industrial establishments—of which sixty-six million rubles had been expended in wages, while total output of the works in the same period was valued at only fifteen million rubles. From various reports it seemed that the total factory output equaled only about half the sum drawn from the state treasury; hence an official complaint that the government has been obliged to print paper money at the rate of two hundred million rubles a day, and that the value of its rubles in the interior of the country has fallen ninety-five per cent.

Last November the Central Executive Committee declared that the food shortage in Moscow was largely due to loafing and plundering. In December a government organ complained that the mass of new industrial officials appeared only twice a month—to draw their salaries. As to an enormous increase in the number of such officials five districts in one province now show four hundred and ninety-five officials where formerly in twelve districts there were only two hundred and seventy-five.

This report was compiled by non-Bolshevik Socialists who were possibly more or less prejudiced against Bolshevism by what they had learned before. But they give the Bolshevik source of their information in every case, and it hardly lies in the mouths of Socialists to question the integrity of Karl Kautsky and Branting, or of Simeon Strunsky, who sends a summary of the report to the Evening Post, of New York. The Bolshevik reports are all several months old by this time, but Bolshevism had been in operation long enough to give an idea of how it operated.

No wonder Kautsky declared: "The great argument for Socialism is that it is more efficient than the capitalist system, but the Bolsheviki are undermining this argument."

Of course they still say that though it worked most disastrously in Russia it would work beautifully some other place—any place where it has never been tried. But there is its own report of itself in the only place where it ever has been tried. For Bolshevism, aside from its Red Terror—that is, on the economic side—is nothing else than orthodox Marxian Socialism put into literal practice.

Stop Thief!

THE Secretary of the Treasury, asking Congress for a Federal blue-sky law, made this statement:

"The country is being flooded with stock flotations, many of which are of very doubtful worth and many of which are fraudulent. The millions of holders of our Liberty Bonds are being solicited by paid agents to exchange bonds for these securities. Public protests are coming from all parts of the country. While the condition I have pointed out is not a new one it represents at the present time an especially grave menace to the public and to the Government. For the common protection of both I make this appeal to Congress for legislation to cope with and suppress this evil. . . . This proposed action by Congress will not of itself be sufficient to suppress effectually this evil. . . . Supplementary legislation by the several states will also be necessary."

The evil—nothing less than wholesale systematic robbery of those who by self-denial and patriotism came to the aid of the Government in war—calls for action; and something more than congressional and legislative action. Generally wherever these venders of fake oil and other wildcat securities are at work, the fact becomes known locally. Every man who strikes their trail ought to take action to discourage them. People can be warned against them. Sometimes there are local laws that can be invoked. Enlist the local newspapers.

There would have been more local laws, and more effectual local laws, but for the opposition of some highly respectable members of society. Kansas started legislation against blue-sky swindlers long ago. Other states followed. Sometimes dealers in legitimate securities could see nothing in blue-sky laws except some small, immediate inconvenience and expense to themselves, so they exerted themselves to obstruct such legislation or to upset it in the courts. They would much better have taken a chance on the other side.

A Universal Crap Game

AN EMINENT and ingenious Italian statesman comes forward with a scheme for reducing the war debt of the world by no less than fifty billion dollars at a single stroke. The debt, he observes, is a burden on the whole world, which contains about one and three-quarters billion people. Of these he calculates that three hundred millions at least are more or less forehanded people, able and willing to produce a modest amount of cash for an attractive venture. He would have each of them buy, on the installment plan, ten lottery tickets at twenty dollars each, or have their average purchase amount to that. The proceeds obviously would be sixty billion dollars, from which he would deduct ten billions for the lottery prizes; and that would leave fifty billion dollars net to apply on the debt. The lotteries would practically extinguish the war debt.

The eminent Italian's proposal has been subjected to a great deal of ridicule; but it is more intelligent and conservative than some other proposals we have seen, which have been treated quite seriously.

In the first place—and this is the great difference—it would very possibly work. Very likely three billion twenty-dollar tickets in a world lottery could be sold, in which case the estimated amount would actually be produced. It would be undignified and immoral for the world to turn from world war to universal crap shooting. But there is not so much of a gamble in the Italian's scheme, nor so great a risk of disaster as in schemes that propose to sequestrate the world's working capital for debt paying. If we are going to embark upon an enormous hazard bring on the dice box. We can tell measurably what that will do.

Keeping the Peace

HALF a dozen big groups of subjugated people were liberated by the defeat of the Central Powers. They had been victims of conquest and imperialism for generations. Their aspiration to manage their own affairs and shape their own collective destinies had long appealed to liberal sentiment everywhere. The moment they got a free hand all of them turned to conquest, imperialism, domination of territory and of groups of people which they could not claim under that right of self-determination they had so long demanded for themselves.

Scandalous, no doubt; yet the main reason is clear enough—much the same reason as that which led Bismarck to take Alsace-Lorraine from France. There was a strip of border territory, part French, part German. The notion that Germany would not be safer with that strip in her hands than with it in France's hands would have struck Bismarck as preposterous. The advantage of physical possession was all he saw in the case.

The world is trying hard now to set up another concept—the superior advantage of mutual confidence and good will. Finally, it is the difficulty of persuading the man of the Wild West that he may be much safer without a gun than with one. He would realize theoretically that, with nobody carrying a gun, that would be true, yet all his practical experience would make him nervous with an empty hip pocket. Two thousand years of European experience has steadily bred the idea that the security of any group of people depends upon physical possession and physical means. It has become so much an instinct that liberated people sign a declaration of self-determination with one hand and grab with the other without actually realizing the inconsistency.

Those nations that can—and wish to—lead the world out of the old anarchy into settled peace must oppose their whole weight to the force of age-long, inbred tradition. It is easy to understand and forgive Poles invading Prussia. It is hard to understand or forgive Americans in positions of influence who want to perpetuate the old anarchy or merely make an empty gesture against it.

A Limit to Wages

THE Russian Soviets are able to give labor in some cases considerably more than it produces—theoretically. Their wage payments often run to a hundred and fifty per cent or more of the total value of the factory output; but those payments are made in rapidly depreciating paper money. In a community that aspires to remain more or less solvent, what labor produces must obviously be the utmost limit of wages. It is seldom easy in any given case to fix that utmost limit, because the price of a particular commodity may be raised. For example, miners' wages may be marked up ten or twenty per cent and the price of coal be correspondingly advanced. Also, in every privately owned industry there is normally a fairly elastic margin of profit which may often be levied upon to increase wages.

Often, therefore, labor has an idea that wages might be raised indefinitely at any given time or in any given industry. Yet there is at any given time, in any given industry, a fairly hard-and-fast limit. The case of the railroads just now offers an illustration. Due largely, though by no means wholly, to increased wages operating expenses of the railroads have been rising steadily month by month until in December—the latest month for which a complete report has been made—they amounted to ninety per cent of gross receipts; though December was an exceptionally favorable winter month for railroad operations because of good weather conditions, and though the charge to the public for transportation had been increased thirty per cent or so by raising freight and passenger rates. Notwithstanding that increased charge to the public, amounting to more than a hundred million dollars for the month, or at the rate of nearly a billion and a quarter a year, expenses absorbed nine-tenths of the receipts, and no inconsiderable part of the remainder will be absorbed by taxes.

Many interests and industries are already complaining loudly of the burden which increased charges for transportation devolve upon them in this period of readjustment. Another sweeping advance might handicap various industries in rather serious fashion. But it is difficult to see how the present scale of operating costs can be maintained without another sweeping advance or without resorting to the Bolshevik device of paying a big industry more than it produces. If one industry is to be treated in that fashion, why not another? The finish of course is ruin for both capital and labor.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXVII

DENSIE was surprised to have Sally accost her one morning to ask, "Do you know any regular position I could take? I'm tired of licking postage stamps and seeing that the cleaning woman doesn't rob our silver chest. I want to try to really do something."

Though the coating of ice was solid and of long standing the warm current underneath prompted Densie to say with unusual tenderness, "What would you like to do? You are not the sort to pin down to routine. As long as you stay at home it does not matter, but strangers insist on regularity."

Sally began fidgeting among the papers on her mother's desk. "I would be regular," she promised, strangely chagrined at asking this favor. "Oh, mummy, I'm weary of being called Rex's fiancée and knowing we will never marry! There is a lot of that sort of tragedy going on these days. It's worse than if you married someone that was horrid or that died—you'd have the legal right to show emotion. But I'm supposed to be 'lucky Sally Plummer'—and I hate myself and my wasted years and—this ring."

Tears came into her eyes.

Densie reflected a moment. "It is too late to bother over what is done." She forced herself to speak sharply. "I'll see about a position. You are not equipped for anything. If you could typewrite or sew or had ever developed any one talent or ability."

"I've spent my best years trimming hats with which to charm a roué," the girl said honestly. "I can't refuse to speak the truth any longer."

"Why not stay here then? You are useful, Sally. It would never do for me to get a position for you and have you fail to make good or leave it." Densie was thinking of her own reputation.

"I'd not be a credit to you, would I?" Sally's black brows drew together in a straight line. She picked up a letter and glanced curiously at it. "You have come on, mummy—this chummy sort of thing from the vice regent of the Colonial Dames, and your two personal letters from the President—you have—come—on." She rose wearily, as Densie used to after a long day in the household. "I suppose it is too late to start again, isn't it?"

"If you'd give up Rex," her mother said, halfway hoping; "couldn't you, Sally? Now that you realize the truth?"

Sally dropped her head. "He's a habit now—a dreary, deadly habit, a veritable gray wolf! I'd be lost without him, I'm afraid. I'm not blaming anyone but myself—only I was very young and I cared so hard."

Densie was going to add, "And you would not let your mummy find out about him"; but she refrained. What was done was done, and what is is. She had ceased believing in the old orthodox religions. She had stopped praying; she held the thought instead. She had broken away from the faith of her fathers and the duties of her birthright. After many years of struggle she had succeeded in making the old club speech come true as concerned herself—"to enjoy life and therefore justify her own existence." In the sense life she had convinced herself lay life's greatest and deepest meaning—and she lived accordingly. The optimistic anæsthesia with which these modern shallow cults inspire their followers and which they urge them to adopt had become Densie's as well: Everything is all right, there is nothing but good in the world, and infinite plenty, there is no need to take heed for the morrow—do not admit the possibility of any catastrophe or lack of worldly goods.

And Densie lived accordingly.

"I Always Loved You, Sally Plummer, and I Always Will. I Couldn't Have Stood It if I Hadn't Let Myself Pretend That You Cared"

Sally moved away. A sudden impulse made Densie add: "Sally, if Rex were to ask you to marry him now—knowing all you do, would you say yes?"

And she was terrified at the wild joy that came into the tired lovely face.

"Oh, mummy, that would be a miracle!" Sally said softly.

So Densie straightway began to hold the thought to force the marriage to take place. She met the senator that afternoon at a reception. He had planned his arrival to coincide with hers, and after formal greetings to a few satellites and polite bows to the unwashed—those still suffering from cabin fever and at the stage where Densie had been when she volunteered to make the biscuit for the Opera Reading Club—they found themselves outdoors in their hostess' charming garden, the warm May day making summer seem close at hand.

"By Georgia, you are lovely!" the senator began ardently. He was looking at Densie's eyes, as violety as any heroine's this day. Her frock was a short-skirted old-rose satin and she wore pearls for contrast. A floppy lace hat completed the creation.

"You look just twenty-one," he insisted chivalrously.

"Sh-h, and you know my age," she warned.

"I thought we could pick our own ages when we played—like children do when they say 'I am the king and you are the queen'—isn't that the idea?"

"What a boy you are! I don't believe you'll ever stop playing. It is very enticing, but it makes me want to play always as well, and ——" She paused, conscious that she had betrayed herself.

"Don't you know how lonesome I am?" he began, putting his hand on hers.

"Please, please, my dear—we are staid, middle-aged persons—I with grown children and you with blessed, bleeding memories."

She stood up and began to point out the sky line.

"Then tell me what I can do for you. I'm never happy these last two years unless I'm doing something for Densie Plummer," he begged.

"Jim, if we could get Sally straightened out," she said, sitting down again. She had called him by his first name for more than a year.

"Is it that cad of a Humberstone she still wants?"

Densie nodded. "It is the one great love of her heart—she is like myself. Torn and tattered as it may be, disgraced and irregular, it is there—way deep!"

The senator's eyes flashed dangerously. "Is it right to cling to these torn and tattered loves, my dear?"

"It may not be right, but it is not in our hands—not for such women as Sally and me."

"How does she know she cares for him—that she could not come to see the contrast?"

"I used to hope for it, but the boy who loved her enough to understand and overlook her foolishness with Rex has gone away and has made a place for himself. Men don't remember for years—particularly when a girl has laughed at their love and then sent them away. That is what my Sally did."

"Suppose," said the senator thoughtfully, "I find out more about Rex; perhaps we can convince Sally that she is safer with her mother."

"Jim, you'd try to capture the moon for me if I asked you. I never used to dream of being such a captivating old lady!"

"If I do—capture the moon, let us say—what is my reward? Will you let me speak? You know I have wanted to for a long time."

"Oh, no!" She stood up abruptly. "I cannot listen any more."

"You mean you don't dare," he corrected, catching up to her. "Well, I can wait. I've waited two years now."

Something in the way he spoke reminded her of Dean Laddbarry's patient whole-souled manner, and for the first time she understood Sally's tragedy, the impossibility of loving someone ever and ever so much worthier, perhaps, than the one to whom your heart is given. Yet such is the way of women!

XXVIII

IN JULY Harriet came up for a vacation. It was the first satisfactory vacation she had ever spent with her family. The apartment being too small to accommodate a guest—shades of those stately guest rooms at The Evergreens which always welcomed everyone!—she took a room at a near-by hotel and visited with her family at her own convenience.

Densie and her elder daughter had much in common, though Harriet disliked her mother's display of clothes and her pink-tea side of life. Densie liked the clothes and the pink teas; she deliberately planned for them. She enjoyed coming fashionably late into a warm candle-lighted, flower-scented room with every prominent woman in the city waiting to exclaim over her, and the flock of cabin-fever victims to gaze with awe and admiration. She liked

taking an eggshell cup of tea and half a macaroon and standing in the center of the floor to tell easily yet forcibly of the President's last letter, and Jane Addams' invitation to visit Hull House, and the work she had just completed along the lines of eugenics. Densie used almost to laugh at herself while she was doing this—but it never stopped her from continuing.

And at the proper moment Senator James Gleason was announced, only to hurry by the receiving line to reach Densie and say tenderly: "Thank goodness you've come! Where can we have a talk? I'm hungry to see you."

She liked it when the hostess would say, "Thank you so much for coming, Mrs. Plummer. You made my little affair a success." Which was, in a large measure, the truth. She knew how to meet and analyze people, to make them like her without winning the description of being ostentatious or self-pushing. Former satellites like Mrs. Worthington Prescott and Mrs. Naomi Winters were given but a brief nod, which was all their position in clubdom entitled them to have. She knew people said that her husband was beneath her and never mentioned him in her presence, but laid special stress on Harriet's brilliancy and Kenneth's promise of success—just like his dear little mother.

Whenever Densie entertained she did it at the best hotel in some white-and-gold parlor with an array of white-capped maids and uniformed bell hops to do her bidding. She enjoyed the frothy side of her life.

Harriet smiled at it indulgently and consented to have a luncheon given for her, at which she heard nothing but her mother's praises sung between bites of salad and sips of fruit punch.

Sally and Harriet stayed away from each other as much as it was possible. Sally realized that in Harriet's eyes she was still the jellyfish, and Harriet looked at Sally as an economic waste and devoted her energies to inspiring Kenneth with socialistic ideas. For the first time Harriet took an interest in Kenneth. For her father she bought cigars and slippers and kissed him gingerly on his cheek at parting. "Poor daddy!" she said—as she had once said "Poor mummy!"

She told Leila upon her return, "Daddy is a sort of high-class low-brow—if you know what I'm driving at. His tastes and ideas run to cribbage, pedro, detective stories, poems that rime, thick steaks, musical comedies and good ready-made suits and a vacation spent at a sanitarium! Now mummy has become a low-class high-brow—smart frocks, the latest popular essays, golf, formal hotel affairs, social dramas and national committees, tours of the Yellowstone."

"I'm Proud of You, Mummy—and All You've Done ——"

And though she did not add anything more she was thinking that she herself was a high-class highbrow, given over to crumpled linen smocks, diet sheets, Egyptology, prison reform, monotone song cycles and walking trips through Norway! She was not at all sure as to Sally and Kenneth.

Leila agreed with her, as usual; and having unpacked her trunk and her mind at the same time Harriet took up her round of duties.

War broke out the week following her return. After the first horror, yet approval, Densie found added activities given into her keeping. She was made chairman of the National Relief Work, and before three months elapsed she decided to make the third drastic move. She sold the exchange outright for a very fair sum, and they adjourned to a hotel, without a pretense of a home such as the flimsy little kitchenette. They had their own rooms, disconnected, and a living room for Densie's special use. Every old thing was thrown away that had strayed into the apartment-house locker. The furniture was taken to the hotel because the rooms had looked shabby to Densie's mind. But at last they were on a final basis of living, she told everyone. She did not have to wonder who cleaned the windows or if the electric toaster was in working order. From being the mainstay of a house-and-garden existence Densie Plummer had finally re-ordered her life so that the only domestic duty confronting her was to lock away her perfumes from beauty-loving chambermaids.

Maude Hatton died in the asylum the day after they moved, and Sally was commissioned to take flowers and act as chief mourner. She delegated someone else in her place; funerals made her creepy, she explained to her mother. With slight regret Densie dismissed the matter from her mind. The war promised to crowd her days and nights to overflowing, and she had no time to become maudlinly sentimental. She was almost amused at John's grave face when he heard the news about the old lady. She did not know until long afterward that he had been Sally's understudy at the funeral.

XXIX

THE first year of the war brought Densie nothing but success and honors, for she showed her capability under the great stress and turmoil. She became indifferent to the social side of her club life, it was all relief work, which she organized and conducted on astoundingly gigantic lines. She wrote stirring appeals to the people, made a campaign by which she raised enormous funds, and was given a letter of warmest appreciation by the French President.

Other interests were secondary and faint. She scarcely thought of her own clothes or her former pleasures. While France ran scarlet she could do nothing but aid the suffering. The senator was no whit behind her in his efforts. He had helped Densie somewhat into her positions, but she merited his so doing. She was looked upon as the leader in war-relief work—as well as having the courage to predict and hope for America's entrance into the strife, to declare herself with the Allies and to prepare people for sacrifice and thrift.

"I cannot be neutral," she was quoted as saying. "I see but the one position for America—hide-and-go-seek-a-Hun! As soon as the national pulse permits, the leaders will see that this position is adopted."

Which attitude lost her many followers and gained her many staunch friends. John and Densie came to open argument concerning this issue. John took the attitude, "It is their war over there—let them settle it. Don't go sending our boys to be killed for them."

Whereupon Densie with unprecedented fury told him he was a coward and asked if he would not fight for civilization if he could be convinced that civilization and ideals were the issues at stake.

"Yes, if I could be convinced," he said, "but I'm not." And he went over his straw arguments, which Densie swept aside by forceful statements of the truth.

"We'll not mention the war, then," John ended hotly. "I've got a right to my opinion, even if I am Mrs. Densie Plummer's husband!"

Densie agreed. She saw no economically useful thing John could do, so there was no purpose in trying to convert him. He was so personal about this war, whereas the great thing was to be impersonal and think of oneself last.

Besides, something happened in the family which completely distracted Densie for the time being. Rex Humberstone and Sally were married.

Sally had come to her mother as soon as she returned from a busy afternoon of appointments. As soon as Densie saw her she was startled—there was an almost girlish look of happiness on Sally's face, and the cynicism had faded from the eyes.

"You must take time to listen to me," she begged as if she were a child again.

"What has happened—you seem so happy?" Come into my room while I slip on a negligée and lie down for forty winks—I've a dinner on to-night."

"No, you cannot go to the dinner. You have something more important close at hand." Sally almost sang the words, she fairly danced into her mother's room, shutting the door and standing with her back against it. "Guess—can't you? Like you used to when we were little?"

"This must be some extraordinary happening. I haven't seen you like this for years." Densie laid her wraps aside. "Do tell me instanter."

"Rex wants to marry me as soon as I will." There was a quiver in Sally's voice. She was all Sally Plummer again, the Sally who was born cuddled and who loved to be alive to just see what would happen next.

"Rex Humberstone!" Densie spoke his name incredulously; she did not understand his sudden romantic spurt. It had been so long since she had actually worried about it or spent sleepless nights in prayer that it was like turning back the calendar. She did not like the sensation.

"You see, mummy, he was away on business." Sally awkwardly picked up her mother's beringed hand, highly manicured and even whiter than Sally's, and tried to fondle it. But she did not come to nestle in Densie's arms as she had been taught to do. No one nestled in Densie's arms, not even the orphans for whom she valiantly fought for proper living conditions. "And he was ill while he was at a hotel and he said he suddenly felt that he had been wasting time and he loved me more than he ever realized and he wondered very humbly, he said"—the gold eyes were pitiful in their proud delight—"if it was too late to ask me to be his wife. And mummy darling, you must know how happy I am—right here—in the heart of me. I wouldn't care if Rex were a hundred years old, he would still be Rex Humberstone, and he wants me for his wife!"

She closed her eyes to hide tears; but Densie saw them.

Undecided as to her attitude Densie said quickly, "So he has taken ten years to be sure he loves you—ten years and an attack of grippe, I presume, in a hotel with a bell hop as his only solace."

She shrugged her trim little shoulders in as superior fashion as Harriet herself could have done.

Sally opened her eyes to stare at her. "Mummy, how can you—how dare you? You've no right to speak of my husband in that way."

"I cannot help speaking the truth. I cannot approve of such a marriage. I thought you were disillusioned yourself, merely keeping up appearances. If you wanted to be a trained nurse for the aged I could have secured you a much better position in a state institution."

Densie regretted the words as soon as they were spoken. But it was too late. It was really the conflict between her warm mother's heart protesting at her child's degrading herself by such an alliance and Densie's newly acquired personality—a showy, clever, hard personality, excellent armor for these warm, mother hearts, it is true. So often an acquired personality is at constant war with one's own self!

"I shall not bother you again." The cynical look returned to Sally's eyes.

"When will you be married?" Densie asked quickly.

"As soon as I can be ready," was the retort.

"I will buy your clothes ——"

"I wish none of your money. My husband can provide properly for me." Sally hesitated, then all the faded-young in her shamed and injured self rose to the surface. "And if we have taken ten years to know our own minds"—already she had generously substituted the pronoun we for I—"we shan't be as liable to come a cropper as you seem to have done. After all, mummy," she ended with a mocking little laugh, "it is a bit thick, at your age, to be tied to a grocer's clerk while a perfectly good United States senator is ready to lie down and die for you."

After which she flounced out of the room, banging the door.

Densie tried to control her temper. This was modern respect for parents; this clear-sighted, brutal, slangy analysis of things of one's heart. For a long time the warm flowing current struggled to conquer the coating of ice, but the ice won. Densie's new personality was paramount. She lay down to rest and try to sleep, but she kept thinking that she must buy Sally proper clothes and give her a proper wedding. She supposed they would live at a hotel, which would be the best thing as Sally did not know how to keep house. Densie must have a new gown for the wedding, and John new clothes. It would be satisfactory in a certain measure to be able to refer to "My daughter, Mrs. Humberstone." Densie had learned how to say such things within earshot of the proper persons and at the proper time. If Sally so loved this man that she was willing to wait in wretched loneliness all her days rather than marry anyone else—perhaps it was better that she marry him and be unhappily married. It was better for Densie because it took Sally completely off her hands. Harriet would never be married—that was to be expected, and Densie approved of Harriet's career. But Sally, who had given her heart too generously and had done nothing of account—it was better to have Sally off her hands.

She wondered what John would say about it. Very likely he would be indifferent, since he had begun to pity himself with such gusto and also to locate new and complicated complaints. A liver trouble furnished him with food for speculation Saturday half holidays. Besides, nothing he might say would matter—which he knew, and which might partly explain his indifference. Densie smiled as she thought of John, for she recalled the report of Iris Starr's recent marriage to a successful merchant, and John's discomfiture when the news had reached him. Densie had seen that the paper was hanging over his chair arm!

With Sally married—here Densie began to plan for Sally's wedding dress and her own costume and for Sally's rooms and to think of all the good things she could about Rex and try to soften and excuse the bad—there was really only her beloved boy and herself to consider in the future. Life was rather satisfactory, take it all in all—if one learned how to play the game.

Densie glanced about her room, contrasting it with the Peep o' Day Room at the Little House, with the carved black-walnut set and the marble-topped dresser, the family portraits, the framed wedding certificate and sampler, the old round table with the double-burner lamp, the plate of knives and apples for John's repast; how he would sit in a big chair beside the table, peeling his bedtime apple and saying, "Well, mother, I met a man to-day that we

(Continued on Page 24)

"Now I have found why the wheels go 'round,
They're same as a Campbell boy.
He's bound to go like *time*, you know,
Wound up with health and joy."

The Mainspring of Health

Not "heavy" food, but simple *nourishing* food.
This is what creates strength and active energy.

You know what a common thing it is to feel "all out of sorts" at this time of year—even with a hearty diet and abundant meat. This shows that you cannot keep in prime condition on meat alone. You cannot build a vigorous body without plenty of vegetables—plenty of the iron, the phosphorus, the potassium and other valuable elements with which good vegetables abound. And you get all these in a most tempting and digestible form in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

We make the strong, satisfying stock from selected beef, and blend it with choice white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, tender chantenay carrots—diced. We include Country Gentleman corn—sweet and toothsome, baby lima beans, small peas, Dutch cabbage, celery, parsley, juicy green okra, fine tomatoes, plenty of barley and rice, the attractive little macaroni alphabets and an agreeable touch of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

This wholesome soup is just the simple well-balanced nourishment which helps to keep the blood in good condition, strengthens digestion and adds vigor to body and mind.

It is high food-value for the money. There is no waste about it, no cooking-cost for you, no labor. Every can gives you two cans of substantial invigorating soup, all ready for your table in three minutes.

Have your grocer send a dozen or a case at a time. This is the practical way. And always serve it *hot*.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

both know." And Densie on the opposite side of the table would stop her sewing to answer, "Tell me who he was, dear!"

She shook her head. The contrast was indeed a vivid one. The bedroom had just been done over to suit Densie's latest notion—the chairs were Chinese blue with silver-thread embroidery and the dressing table and bed of gilt with handsome tapestry drapes and coverings. Her dressing table sparkled with silver-backed brushes and silver-topped bottles as gayly as any actress'—indeed, her make-up box quite resembled a Broadway star's. She had artificial roses in a handsome vase, and fresh cut flowers which the senator had sent her. Her costumer showed elaborate, daintily made garments. The pictures on the walls were artistically framed prints and a photograph of the senator and one of Kenneth. The rugs were small affairs, like velvet and of Persian pattern, and there was an elaborate hammered-copper chafing dish and vacuum bottle on a stand. This was all that remained of Densie's one-time well-ordered and hospitable kitchen! Bookcases were piled with reading matter and a dainty lamp was beside her bed. Her negligée was a creamy, silky thing with old-gold tassels and slippers to match, and she smiled with contented pride as she looked across into the pier glass, where she could see herself reflected.

"Oh, mum, are you in?" Kenneth's newly acquired lusty bass roared the words from without.

Densie's face brightened. "Oh, son, I am," she answered gayly

He burst into the room. "I didn't mean to disturb you," he begun—he was in the toils of getting dressed for the evening and was wrestling with that blight on masculine civilization, the refractory collar button—"only Sally is in one of her high-steppers and won't speak to me and I'm late now. Can you fix it? Ah, thanks, mummy." He sat on the edge of the bed while Densie rose and stood before him to fasten the collar deftly into place.

"There, my dear—you look very nice. By the way, did Sally tell you any news?"

She gazed at him fondly. Kenneth at twenty had the poised appearance of twenty-five. Contrary to his father's pessimistic belief that he was to be a man milliner or a tenor he had developed into a tall athletic person with very golden hair, much to his horror, deeply set dark eyes and a square firm chin.

"No; she just remarked I was naught but a low order of animal life, or words to that effect, so I beat it—I suppose she's rowed with Rex again."

"No—with mother," said Densie mischievously. These two were always a trifle closer than any other two persons, since they could discuss anything and be sure to remain friends.

"What was up—wanted another hat?"

"No; she's to marry Rex soon." Densie waited for his verdict.

He whistled softly. "If she's going to marry him—it's good-by, Sally. I can see it all now. Six months of Rex, and Sally will hate him." Kenneth frowned. "Didn't you tell her that?"

"I suggested that ten years is ample time for a middle-aged man to make up his mind to marry a girl—but it seems that it was all brought about by his being ill in a hotel and he felt he was getting old and it would be rather convenient to have Sally about. Ken, I wish you were older than your sister; you might have influenced her long ago."

"No one can influence anyone that's in love," Kenneth told her patronizingly. "It is Sally's problem—and a pretty dance she's led us all for a long time. Do you remember," he chuckled, "the day you came home from New York and Sally had just met him and I told you he reminded me of the wealthy black dog? I've never changed my idea, even if he is my future brother-in-law."

"We must make the best of it—and don't try to argue with her."

"Who ever argues with old maids?" Kenneth boldly helped himself to a little of his mother's best cologne. "Poor old Sally, that's what she is—I cannot see the fun of loving someone like Rex." Kenneth grew strangely dreamy.

Densie was quick to catch the expression. "Are you in love, dear?" And despite this new and shielding personality of hers and this wonderful ice coating as armor for her own warm heart and flowing current she felt strangely pained—and jealous of the girl whom Kenneth should love.

"I'm halfway in love"—he came to put his arms round her—"but I've watched Sally for a long time, and I made up my mind, mummy, not to go falling in love like she did unless the other chap is going to care just a little too. It is too tough on on everybody." He beamed down at his mother from his six-foot supremacy. "You've changed lots, mummy, because of Sally—more than you know; and because of father and that fool of an Iris Starr. I can understand now."

"Everyone Knows I Can't Pay the Bills, That You're the Head of the Family. I've Heard What They Say"

"Who is she?"

Densie's past problems and present readjusted conditions seemed like tissue paper against an iron wall as compared to Kenneth's loving someone more dearly than herself.

"She's a little blond girl—Geraldine Poole—very, very beautiful—but she's not given me much encouragement. She is twenty too. I can't seem to find out how I stand. I'm not going to make her love me unless she wants to—it does not pay for anyone to do that in the long run. I'm going right ahead and get my appointment through the senator and learn to be the best officer in the world, because I've the best mummy to be proud of me—haven't I? And I'm proud of you, mummy—and all you've done ——"

"You're only twenty, darling, and that is so young."

"Dad was married then," the boy reminded.

"But it was different ——"

"Well, is the new way of being different about such things better than the old?"

"I stopped wondering about it, my boy; it was ruining my complexion," she forced herself to say lightly; "and with a new romance in the making and Sally's wedding at hand I've a lot to do and think about."

"I wonder if you'll ever marry again?" he asked.

"Kenneth!"

"You know I mean the senator—he loves you very much," he told her in a confidential, modern fashion, as if he were telling a classmate; "but I don't believe—somehow—that you will. I don't know why. You've every reason in the world—I know dad hasn't made good—but ——"

Densie was silent. When a child and a parent begin to criticize and openly discuss the other parent the dignity of the relationship is shattered. So Densie was silent, standing tiptoe to kiss her tall young son.

"My day is over," she said softly; "I've other things I must satisfy myself with!"

"But if he asks you, mummy," the boy ended impulsively, "be good to him, because he cares so hard. It must be rough to let yourself care hard and have it end in defeat."

"It is," his mother supplemented quietly.

THAT night Densie found John sitting alone in the little salon—it was no longer disgraced by the title of living room—reading papers and tossing them restlessly on the floor. He wore a frayed dressing gown; he had others, but he clung without rime or reason as men do to one certain dressing gown or one particularly distressing necktie, refusing to abandon them until they are taken unawares by a scheming wife and a willing clothes peddler. His grizzled hair had turned quite white and there were more harsh new lines across his forehead. John had become gruff in manner, brief, almost sullen and seldom given to expressing an opinion.

"Oh, hello," he said tersely as she came in. "Sam Hippler is dead—I got a letter to-day."

"Really?" Densie sat in a chair opposite him, throwing back her evening cloak and showing a silver-brocaded geranium satin gown which suited her well. "I'm so glad—he's been childish a long time, his niece has written. What a wonderful constitution he must have had!"

"Poor old Sam, he tried hard to keep me in the old ways." John gave an unpleasant laugh. "I suppose you had a good time," he added lamely.

"No; a very serious time. The governor was there and I had a personal audience with him about pardoning the two boys sentenced to the chair. I think I shall win my point, but not without effort ——"

"I suppose the senator will help." John's lips folded into a thin line; it robbed his face of the last glimmer of pleasantness left to it.

"He will do everything he can; still, he is not the governor. I am particularly anxious to gain my point, because I firmly believe that one boy is a mental defective and that the other was intoxicated at the time of the shooting." Densie became lost in reflection.

"I had a good time to-day too—I got a cut in salary. I can't tote barrels into the cellar if a delivery man has suddenly left or attract the younger women's patronage! They'd like to get rid of me—so they're trying the best they can. Rotten, cheating firm and methods! Why, the stuff they sell people, Densie, is ridiculous to call by any dignified name such as tea and coffee, and Uncle Herbert would have considered their extracts poison. I don't see how they can get it across."

"Of course," Densie said in a very preoccupied manner. Any mention of the store or of John's affairs irritated her; she had once longed to be told any details, but the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. "How much did they cut you?"

"To fifteen a week—and in these times! Jolly, isn't it?" He threw the newspapers off his lap. "This is no age for an old man—or woman!" he said forcefully. "I wish I had Sam Hippler's wooden overcoat."

"Don't speak in such a fashion," Densie told him sharply.

Coming from a perfectly appointed public banquet at which she sat next to the governor and had been toastmistress, with the senator at her side to whisper the right thing at the right moment and to drive her home—to come into her own box of a place, supported by herself, and find as a welcome this disgruntled, unlovely husband, sullen and weary and jealous through no fault of hers, it seemed—was it quite fair? Ought she to continue such conditions?

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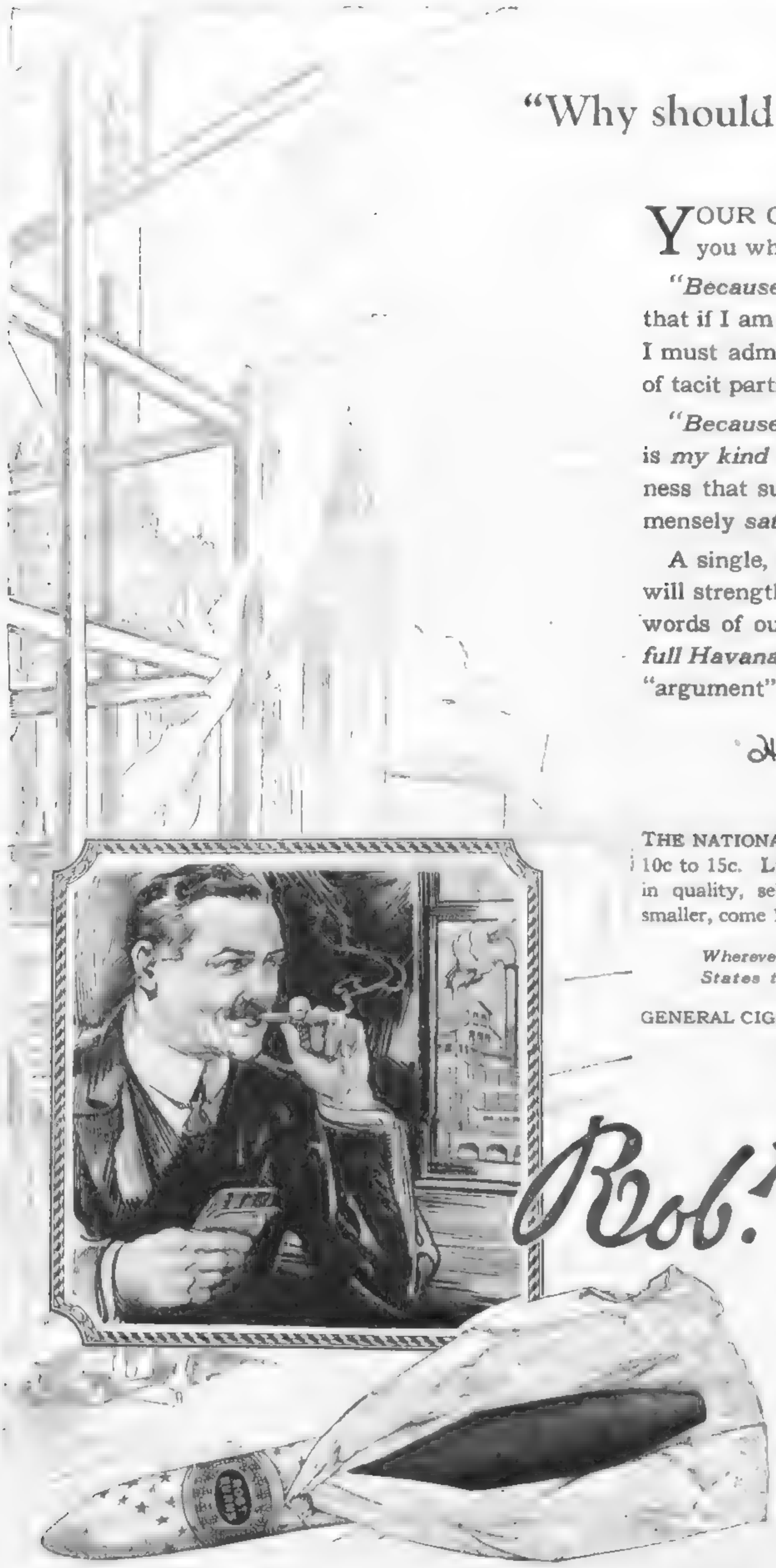

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"*Because:* I feel convinced that Robt. Burns is ***my kind of a smoke***—mild—with a mildness that suggests toned-down Havana; immensely *satisfying*—but not *overbearing.*"

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Robt. Burns
CIGAR

LONGFELLOW SIZE
15c straight
(Wrapped in foil)

(Continued from Page 24)

"I never speak in a way to please you, do I?" He turned to look at her directly. She had not really looked at John for a long time, and she saw that his eyes were dead looking—it rather startled her.

"We no longer agree, that is all. I speak to please other people, but never you—and it is the same with yourself."

"I'm in the way," he said coarsely, standing up before the mantel. "A shabby old clerk and a brilliant clubwoman were never meant to use the same latchkey. Once"—his face grew flushed and she knew what it cost him to say the words—"once I was a fool about a woman; a second-rate, cowardly adventuress—that's all she was. I asked you to divorce me when the boy was of age, and then I lost out in the firm and she promptly sent me packing. Gad, I went to her expecting sympathy and help, and she turned away as if I were a leper! Well, I don't say but what you've the right to ask for your freedom—do you want it?"

Densie hesitated. She was thinking of the senator's tender, fine face, the gentle voice with its latent power and understanding, the lonely mansion where he never lived because it had no mistress, as he had explained meaningly, the yacht, the motors, the hundred and one fleshpots after which Densie had come to hanker.

"I would rather not say to-night," she answered presently.

"You don't say, though, that you don't want your freedom!"

"No; I could not say I refused your offer. Let us wait a little."

"I'll clear out if you like. It's no pleasure to be the 'old man' in the eyes of the hotel, to sneak to my rooms and eat at side lunch shops rather than in the dining room. Everyone knows I can't pay the bills, that you're the head of the family. I'm an old clerk, way out of step with the times. They pity you—I've heard what they say. The children don't want to go out with me, and Harriet sends me a postal signed with an initial! O my God, I've made a mess of it!"

Without warning he turned and buried his head on the mantel, sobbing hoarsely.

The warm flowing current fairly beat against the ice-coated covering in battle—but the ice coating was the victor.

"I wish you would not speak like that; it is unnecessary. I choose to live in my own way and I am perfectly content to pay for it. I am happy. I have no wish to make you otherwise. As for the children"—she shrugged her shoulders—"they are beyond either of us. If you wish to go away, say what you want to do; I will help you. I also wanted to tell you some news if you are in a mood to listen."

He raised his wistful face.

"You're as human as a marble saint"; then said more to himself: "Little—Densie—Plummer!" He whispered this last, but she knew as she winced within of what he was thinking—the days at The Evergreens, the first rosy romance days at the Little House, the night that Harriet, new and very wee, lay in her tired happy arms and John knelt beside her in adoration.

"Sally is to marry Rex Humberstone very soon," she made herself finish without weakening. "She told me to-day." She did not add that Sally had fled from her also. "I shall be glad if it makes her happy. I thought you ought to know. You might want to talk to her—or to Rex—or something," she concluded vaguely.

"I'm damned sorry," was all he would say, turning back to his pile of rumpled papers and refusing to discuss the subject.

The senator took the news in like fashion. It annoyed Densie that the two men, so unlike, so different in her own estimate of their worth, should agree on such a vital issue. When a woman begins to disapprove her husband, to turn her rejected love into critical blame and gradual disinterest she takes occasion at every opportunity to drive home the truth to her own rather loyal but helpless heart that "here is another proof of his stupidity, his injustice, his idiocy," and so on, and ends a staunch convert to the line of argument that she originally set out to prove.

She was surprised when she went to the senator's office the next morning to learn further details as to pardoning the boys that the senator took the news of the pardoning lightly, but of Sally's intended marriage with seriousness.

"My dear girl," he began, "don't let her marry that old rascal. He is crawling to cover for some reason, for he would never marry anyone unless it was advantageous. Sad as little Sally's love has been it is a far saner sort of 'sad' than if she becomes his wife."

Densie demurred. "I've made myself think it the proper thing," she insisted. "We won't talk it over any more, only did you ever find out anything about him?"

The senator shook his head. "A downy bird—nearly my age if he is a day! Oh, I'm forgetting—he's only a boy, then, isn't he? And other people I could mention are only girls!" Densie felt herself flushing as she laughed.

"What's on your calendar?" he asked as she prepared to go. "Tell me what your day with Mrs. Densie Plummer is going to be."

"My days are all so crowded I haven't time to breathe." She was glancing in the mirror at her trim little self in a smart braided serge with a befeathered black hat. "First, I must drop in to order our wedding finery. Then I've a committee meeting at ten-thirty; at half after eleven I'm due at the school board, for we've tiresome detail to get out of the way. There is a suffrage luncheon to-day, and the afternoon is all eaten up by a greedy person known as James Gleason, who wants to take me out for a long drive. I must be back by five; the golf tournament finishes at the Park Club, and I'm one of the tea hostesses. The dinner to-night is at the hotel; I'm entertaining federation officers. They won't leave until late, and then, joy of joys, I've about fifty high-school essays to read, being a judge for the Humane Society's Prize Contest! That means midnight—some letters that must get off, and a glance through the New York papers. Heigh-ho, it's a gay life."

"Come In, Please," She Said; "I've Something to Say"

And waving a gay good-by she vanished through the doorway.

The senator ran into the corridor—quite after the fashion of Dean and Sally in the old days.

"One moment," he called; "I have an amendment to offer."

"Oh, do!"

Densie was in a reckless mood. In the old days such a reckless mood would have meant that she would coax John not to work in the afternoon, and packing a huge lunch, together with hammocks and endless wraps, the Plummer family would have adjourned to a near-by fishing grounds. To-day she lingered in the corridor to listen to the senator's amendment.

"When a certain mansion captures its mistress that mistress will not be permitted to peek her nose outside the door for any committees; she is sentenced to the rose garden or to glide about the big rooms dressed in proper pretties ——"

Pretending horrified disapproval Densie fled. But when she was packing out her own and Sally's clothes with a generous hand it occurred to her with a feeling of defeat and disillusionment that men were all alike, after all was said and done! Only one had wooed years ago by means of violets, poems and shy whispers, and another with appointments on committees, honor banquets and national fame simply wrapped up and parcel-posted to her. But—after the wooing the same drastic rule for women remained in both their blessed, domineering old hearts! And she was ashamed to say she forgot modern doctrines and felt delightfully comforted and protected.

XXXI

RELENTING enough to accept the trousseau and to bring Rex to see her mother, Sally decided on an early marriage date. As they would go to New York for their honeymoon it was not necessary for Harriet to come on. Rex told Densie with a too suave reverence and humble manner that he wanted to take Sally to the Bermudas, but the war made it unsafe—so New York and Washington would complete their modest trip.

With the magic of black imps, so Densie thought, Rex remained the same copper-faced, mocking-eyed person that had looked down scornfully at her years before. He was one of those persons who are born middle aged and stay so. He might grow more withered and copper colored, the mocking eyes a trifle blurred—but to the end he would be the blasé dandy, the man of the world who spoke with a drawl and walked with an air and succeeded in making everyone feel that everything which was useful was not beautiful and anything which was not beautiful was not to be considered the second time.

After a discussion as to the detail—no two women with the prospect of a wedding can possibly refrain from a little heated argument as to where they shall stand and white or black fruit cake; it is to be expected of even a modern police woman or a Hottentot belle—the wedding was solemnized in Densie's salon with only the family and a few friends, the senator among them, present.

It was not a solemn wedding, as weddings should be, but somewhat sinister. It was too perfect—like a stage wedding, with each one wearing a professional smile and most gorgeous raiment, and the little room overtrimmed with expensive flowers. Sally in her ivory satin with a rare Honiton lace veil and orchids in her happy trembling hands was really the most natural thing connected with it.

Even the minister was entirely too professional as he rushed through the old ring service, being in haste to catch a New York train, where he was to speak for some relief committee. The words sounded disconnected and rather uninteresting to Densie. Densie in apple-green velvet and silver lace looked like Sally's sister. "Younger sister, at that," the senator declared as he deliberately congratulated Densie before he did Sally. John in his new suit, which Densie had sent up without asking permission, seemed out of place, a cat in a strange garret, as he told Densie afterward.

Kenneth was the best man, silent and disapproving, but handsomer than anyone in the world, his mother thought as her eyes kept straying in his direction. Out of courtesy to Kenneth, and because Sally did not care who was asked and who wasn't, she was so happy, Geraldine Poole, Kenneth's object of adoration, was maid of honor.

Geraldine was a tiny ineffectual person with bright blue eyes set too closely together for character or intelligence and a mass of fluffy yellow hair combed according to the latest dictates. She wore lemon-colored satin with rhinestone trimming and ate a prodigious amount of salad during the breakfast—that was all Densie seemed to make out of her, she confided to the senator.

"Oh, no, there is a great deal more," he promptly supplemented. "She flirted with Rex right under Sally's nose and called your husband an old dear and managed to get away with the largest piece of cake and to be the center of attention. She is quite a young woman and I think rather mashed on your son. She would like to be known as Densie Plummer's daughter-in-law. Don't worry, the young dog has to have his day. He'll never marry her. She's the sort that uses tears as weapons, and he'll balk at that."

So Densie had tried to make her welcome and forget about her. Rex was the person who radiated the sinister atmosphere; he spoke his responses in quick, sharp fashion, as if eager to have done with it all, and he accepted the good wishes with a bored patronizing air, calling Sally "Mrs. Humberstone" even to her own mother.

The wedding breakfast was also the sort belonging on the stage of a society drama. After they left in Rex's car Densie philosophically went to work on a Red Cross report, the waiters being the ones to whom fell the task of cleaning away the débris and talking it over. John returned to his linen apron for the afternoon, Kenneth and Geraldine were left to bill and coo among the trampled flowers, and the senator sentimentally to forecast his own and Densie's future.

Thinking it over afterward Densie recalled one incident that had been natural. That was the senator's and John Plummer's greeting and treatment of each other. It was as if two rivals had been forced to leave their weapons outside the castle and sit in helpless agony during some long-drawn-out ceremonial. The only words they had exchanged, accompanying a curt nod, were "A fine day!"

Harriet wrote that Sally was evidently a happy woman and she did not feel at ease with Mr. Humberstone, but perhaps he might come to know her better. She had dined with them twice and gone to the theater once and then she left Sally to her husband's friends, of which there seemed a great many. She felt he had the first claim now.

Sally was rather older looking than she ought to be, but it was probably for the best, considering Mr. Humberstone's age, and she, Harriet, had given them a hammered silver tea service. The rest of her letter was devoted to the prospect of her mother's visit to New York during the conference of federated charities, in which both Harriet and Densie, from different angles, were to take important parts.

Preparing for her New York triumphal march, as the senator teased, Densie found her days filled with obligations and engagements; and when a few weeks later Sally and Rex returned and took an apartment at an equally fashionable hotel as Densie's, but some way distant, Densie said to the senator that she must be getting old; time no longer flew—it fairly cheated her!

Sally came alone to see her mother. Rex was very busy, she explained rather wistfully, and would be over Sunday. "Father will be home then," she added, "and you may have a few moments for us."

"I shall be in New York," Densie said impersonally. "The convention opens Monday. Come here, Sally dear, give me a kiss and tell me how happy you are."

The old warm current would assert itself at times.

Slowly Sally obeyed. "Are you glad I'm married, mummy?"

"Of course, we must all be glad. It is quite your affair. Ken is the only one who has had a distinctly bad effect from it. He has been making himself a slave to Geraldine. I cannot abide the girl—as shallow as a brook; a pretty, ruffly thing who pretends to adore him. The marriage completely upset any sane ideas Ken had; you know—orange blossoms, harp playing behind potted plants, endless wedding cake and kisses considered good form." Densie laughed.

Sally did not laugh. She sat down at the window seat and pretended to study the landscape. She wore one of her trousseau gowns—black velvet with white satin appliqué and a great drooping hat. Round her shoulders was a shining seal scarf which Rex had bought her in New York, and she had a new platinum wrist watch sparkling with diamonds. The drooping hat kindly hid the expression of her eyes.

"Oh, these weddings!" she murmured wearily. "I hope Ken is sensible and goes to West Point and then loves someone and marries her right away."

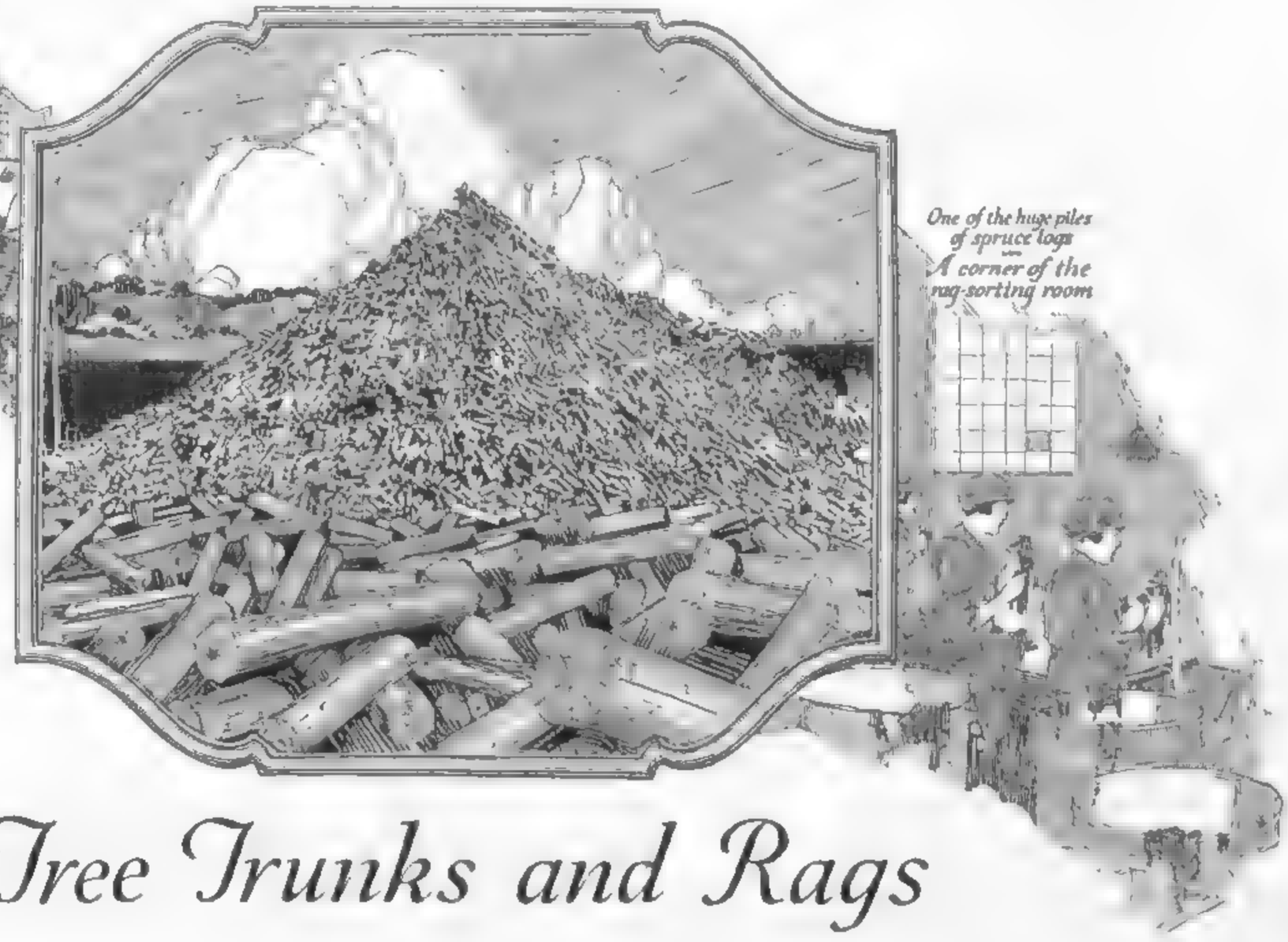
"He will." Densie purposely did not notice Sally's weary manner. "Geraldine will never wait four years for anyone—four months is her limit."

"Some women wait," began Sally. Then she gave a little laugh and changed the subject. "Who are the Pooles?"

"I don't know. Nothing very much; they have a flat somewhere. I never called. Her mother plays bridge and her father sings tenor." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Poor Ken is on the rocks if he doesn't watch sharp. I suppose I ought not to keep you from work. You're a mountain of energy, mummy; how do you do it? Remember hundreds of names and thousands of faces and always be well dressed

(Continued on Page 50)



One of the huge piles of spruce logs

A corner of the rag-sorting room

Tree Trunks and Rags

BACK of the crisp, quality-crackling sheet of Systems Bond are 300,000 acres of tree trunks and stored reserves of selected rags. These form the basis for our control of raw materials and enable us to maintain uniform from year to year the uniquely high quality of the pulp from which Systems is made.

Cut from our own great tracts of Maine forest lands, the spruce logs in four-foot lengths are floated down many streams in tossing, swirling thousands. At the mills they are piled in huge stacks—some seven stories high, spread over large areas.

Matching this great supply of spruce are the carloads of rags constantly pouring in. Hand sorted and picked—scrupulously cleaned—these rags furnish endurance, strength, the unmistakable feel and appearance of value that Systems Bond possesses. The forest holdings, the ample resources, the process-control from beginning to end—all these combine to give a guarantee of value greater than price, in the product of this paper making institution complete in itself.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript and Atlantic marks.

Ask your printer to use Systems Bond on your next order of letter heads. He can also obtain for you our book on "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue New York, New York

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

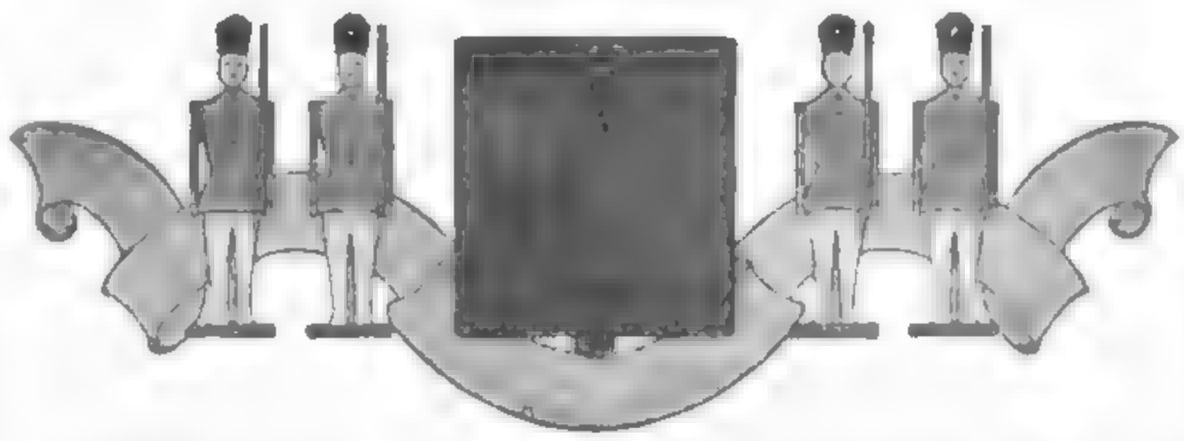
SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

A BETTER SCHEME

By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE day's mail brings several letters of much the same tenor. One of them concludes as follows: "If you have any better plan than the socialists, please let us have it. There are many young men, such as myself, who would read it with interest." The writer is evidently sincere. It is a fair challenge.

It is a personal sort of challenge too. I can easily imagine it coming from a young man in whom I was much interested, having watched him grow up from knickerbockers to high school and somewhat beyond. For two or three years I didn't see him, and when we next met he let me discover that he had become a socialist.

I laughed. At his age I had been quite a socialist myself. Socialism is a common enough youthful complaint—breaking out at the time when one swallows any generous-sounding statement without analysis and when the idea of revolting against anything, from the town marshal up, is naturally attractive.

Besides, I knew a number of socialists who got a great deal of satisfaction out of it. They were fortunately so situated that they received yearly a rather comfortable quantity of wealth without having to come into intimate contact with the industrial processes by which wealth is produced. My young man, however, was not an heir nor engaged in one of those somewhat detached callings, like writing, painting or teaching, from which radical "intellectuals" mostly come.

After a while I found that he wasn't getting along very well. He seemed never to have the same job six months at a time, nor any better job this six months than he'd had the six months before. He had all the patter of the creed—wage slavery, bourgeoisie, proletariat, class war; and in time I discovered that he was really taking it all seriously; actually believing it. Then it was not difficult to understand why he wasn't getting on very well.

By his creed capitalists were all ruthless exploiters, fattening on the robbery and the misery of labor. Of course if he worked for anybody at all he had to work for a capitalist. The scheme of the concern in which he worked was a master-and-slave scheme, a tyrant-and-victim scheme. No self-respecting young man can put himself in an attitude of cordial, hearty coöperation with such a boss and such a scheme. Broadly speaking, a young man isn't going to get on much unless he does have that cordial zest in his work. I have never personally known a man who succeeded at anything unless he believed in it and was heartily interested in his work. If he believes the work is essentially despicable he can hardly put his heart into it. My young man was all at cross purposes with the environment in which he was trying to work. The shop played Yankee Doodle, but he was playing Dead March in Saul. Naturally, he couldn't hit it off.

The Remedy Worse Than the Disease

OF COURSE if a great world-saving principle is at stake every proper young man should lay himself on the altar and touch off the sacrificial fire. Socialism says—on the front cover—that it is such a principle, capable of abolishing poverty and greed, of meliorating strife among men and leading mankind into universal prosperous brotherhood. Anybody ought to sacrifice almost anything for those objects.

But when you turn the page to find out how it is going to accomplish those things you find that the crux of its plan is far bitterer strife—class war; in fact, splitting society asunder in two irreconcilable and implacable camps. It says there can be no peace between capital and labor, because one by its nature is the inveterate foe of the other, prospering only at the other's expense.

"The larger the share of profit the smaller that of wages," says an accepted American spokesman of the party. "The workers move forever in a vicious circle of misery and oppression." It says about all the social afflictions of the common man are due to capital—even war. The party platform puts it this way: "The great war which has engulfed so much of civilization and destroyed millions of lives is one of the natural results of the capitalist system of production. Hideous as they are, the horrors of the far-stretched battlefields of Europe are dwarfed by the evils of the capitalist system even in normal times. . . . Hence there exists a conflict of interest, a social war within the nation, which can know neither truce nor compromise."

That sort of typical preachment is an odd way of unifying men and getting them into a brotherly frame of mind. If a man is your implacable enemy, if his chief object in life is to injure you, if he has you down and is choking the breath out of you—why, you ought to do anything and everything to get rid of him. Fighting him by any and every means ought to be your chief object in life.

That is what socialism proposes as the present relation between capital and labor—two mortal enemies fighting it out to a finish. As it happens the front page of to-day's newspaper contains a couple of illustrative dispatches. One is from Berlin. It says the provisional government of Germany was in session struggling with that country's heavy problems—Allies on the Rhine, Poles invading the East, disorder at home, demobilization, depreciated currency, unemployment, vast indemnities impending—"when suddenly the lights went out and the session was forced to adjourn in darkness." Electrical workers had chosen that propitious moment to strike, thereby suddenly plunging the city in darkness; no signals for trains at the terminals; everything paralyzed. The provisional government itself was socialist, but that was immaterial. The workers were pursuing the tactics of a class war.

The other dispatch is from Winnipeg. It says radical socialists attempted to hold a mass meeting. Returning soldiers heard about it, fell upon them, beat them black and blue and threw them out of doors. Also tactics of a class war from the other side. Of course socialists are not going to have the war all to themselves. There will be two sides. Some time before the Winnipeg incident soldiers and sailors raided a radical meeting in the heart of New York and manhandled it. Regrettable, yet a perfectly natural reaction according to the unsophisticated natural law of a punch for a punch.

Candid socialists admit that this doctrine of class war, irrepressible strife, division and hatred which seeks to divide society into two hostile camps between which there can be no enduring peace, brings highly inconvenient results for the time being. But they say they had nothing to do with making the class antagonism; they merely pointed it out. According to their account of it there were two dogs and a mess of bones. The labor dog didn't understand that there were only bones enough for one dog and it would famish unless it licked the capital dog and got all the bones. Socialism points that out to it, and sicks it on. Thereby, socialism says, it will eventually save the dog's life; but it admits that both dogs will get considerably chewed up meanwhile—which it regrets.

The logical-minded French, or some of them, have carried this socialist idea of inveterate enmity between capital and labor to a logical conclusion by developing a well-reasoned extension of Marxian doctrine which is known in English by the name of syndicalism. Majority socialists, broadly speaking, look to political action and expect to convert so many people to their creed that they can elect a government that will put their ideas into practice. So their movement on the political side is democratic enough.

But socialists of all shades substantially agree that wage earners are slaves, oppressed, robbed of their rights. Why should slaves wait for a majority before striking for freedom? Of course they should not. They should seize any means likely to accomplish their freedom. That is what the syndicalists say. So they renounce and denounce political action altogether; will have nothing to do with it, but rely wholly on "direct action."

Now direct action means, in fact, raising so much hell with the current system of production that it cannot be worked at all—strikes, interference, sabotage, finally the general strike until the country's industry is so hampered and bedeviled that society will say in despair, "Take over the industries and run them any way you please."

In this way, syndicalists say, emancipation of labor will not wait upon a majority. A vigorous minority can bring it about by simply starving and frightening society into acceptance of it. One of its prophets declares, "Syndical action is the negation of majorities." No politics for him! And of course no patriotism, no nationalism.

Slaves need not be scrupulous about the means they take to free themselves. If a tyrant is choking you you are right in hitting him below the belt. So sabotage is one of the weapons of syndicalism. That means hampering production and injuring the capitalist—working at a slow stroke, taking a part out of a machine so it will not run, spoiling the goods one is engaged upon. The American I. W. W. is—or was—a syndicalist direct-action organization. One of its leading spokesmen defends sabotage this way:

"The instruments of production rightfully belong to the workers, from whom the capitalists have wrested them. If these instruments of production are ours they are as much ours now as they will be in a hundred years. Being our property we can do with them as we please. We can run them for our own good, but if we so choose we can smash them to pieces. It may be stupid, but it is not dishonest. . . . Sabotage is the most formidable weapon of economic warfare which will eventually open to the workers the iron gates of capitalistic exploitation and lead them into the free land of the future."

The above, by the way, was written in a county jail. The writer is entitled to that extenuating circumstance. Also, he and other defenders of sabotage are careful to explain that it must never be used for permanent destruction, but only to put a machine out of commission temporarily and then only in a just cause when the workers cannot get redress any other way. But one may entertain some doubts as to how far these official limitations would impose on a man who had been brought up on syndicalist doctrine. There is a good deal of dynamite in that doctrine.

Children With Tin Swords

NOW a great majority of socialists, I believe, reject syndicalism. But they teach class war, irreconcilable conflict between capital and labor, that the workman can be nothing but a slave so long as capitalism endures. Certainly syndicalism is a perfectly logical consequence of that doctrine. J. Ramsay Macdonald, a prominent socialistic leader of British labor, has written an interesting little book on syndicalism. He points out that the movement is squarely based on the doctrine of class war and an irreconcilable division of society into exploiter and exploited.

"Other people," says Mr. Macdonald, "have played with this expression as children play with a tin sword; but it has been left to the syndicalists to construct from it an appropriate and logical program of action. No one who believes in the class war as the fundamental fact of society to-day has any refuge against syndicalist logic. Given the class war, syndicalism is a necessary corollary."

So he discards the class-war idea, which Marx made the foundation of his dogma and to which orthodox socialists still adhere—"playing with the expression as children play with a tin sword." That tin sword can do a lot of harm. Logical minorities, like the French syndicalists and the I. W. W., will not be content with merely flourishing it from a soap box. But above that, preaching this class war and irreconcilable enmity between two great factors of society simply sows discord. And there is no irreconcilable enmity. The stock socialist picture of society as consisting of two great groups, employer and employee, with clear-cut, mutually antagonistic and irreconcilable interests is not a true picture of society anywhere. All employers and all employees have dozens of interests in common.

They have the same interest, for example, in competent government administration. They share alike in the big social achievements of science. The two outstanding things that happened to the United States last year were war and the Spanish influenza. Not even the socialists, I believe, sought to make a class issue of the latter. Their attempt to make a class issue of the former was vigorously rejected by the universal common sense and common instincts of the nation. Not only do capital and labor have dozens of vital interests that run on parallel lines but they have many interests that run independently of the capital-and-labor line.

Capitalists have their own differences. Labor has its own differences. Socialism pictures it as a checkerboard marked off in plain squares, all the red pieces on one side, all the black on the other. In fact, it is a spider web with innumerable lines running every which way.

Moreover the chief economic interest of employer and employee is a common interest. Socialists agree that industry produces a certain dividend which capital and labor divide. They say capital hogs the lion's share—or lions the hog's share, whichever faunal expression is fittest; but on the admitted fact that they share the dividend, the chief interest of both of them is to increase the dividend, however they are going to share it. Whether capital is to get three-fourths and labor one-fourth or labor is to get three-fourths, or even to get it all, the size of the dividend is a common interest for both of them.

(Continued on Page 30)

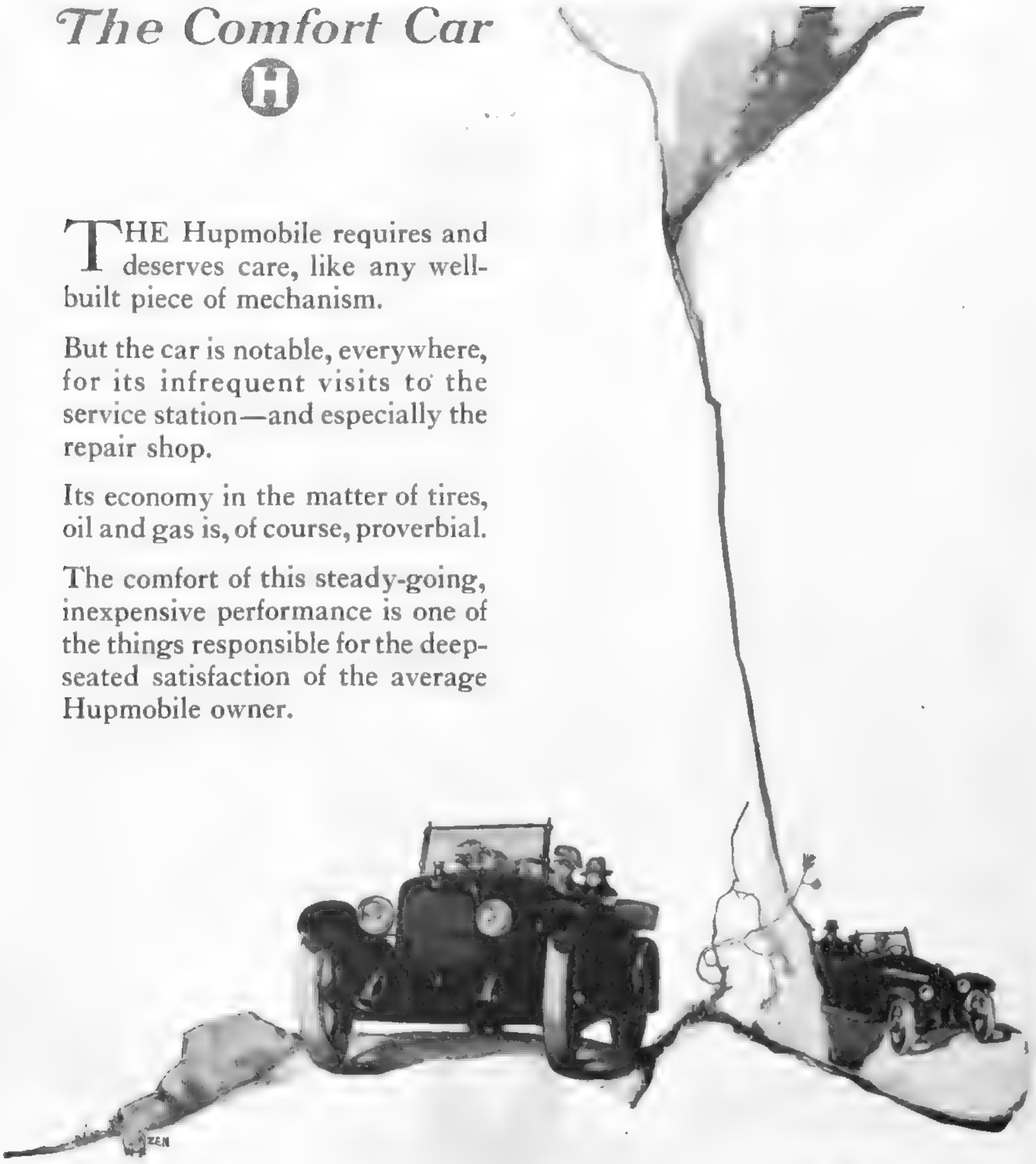
The Comfort Car

THE Hupmobile requires and deserves care, like any well-built piece of mechanism.

But the car is notable, everywhere, for its infrequent visits to the service station—and especially the repair shop.

Its economy in the matter of tires, oil and gas is, of course, proverbial.

The comfort of this steady-going, inexpensive performance is one of the things responsible for the deep-seated satisfaction of the average Hupmobile owner.



Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 28)

We know absolutely that the better capital and labor pull together the bigger the dividend will be. A strike, and the dividend immediately disappears. The paralyzed industry produces nothing. Eight hundred syndicalist strikes a year in France certainly greatly reduced the product of industry in which capital and labor share. They would have reduced it as much if the whole product had gone to labor. Under that heading Germany at present is raising an interesting question, to wit: How far would socialism itself prevent disputes over the division of the dividend?

The provisional government of Germany is wholly in the hands of socialists. But it has had dozens of strikes on its hands. Only the other day, as mentioned above, electrical workers struck, threw the whole city into darkness and paralyzed transportation. The product of industry has got to be divided somehow. Under socialism exactly as much as under capitalism there is ample opportunity for a quarrel over the division. Of course socialists say each workman will get what he produces—which is a mere nursery phrase, a child's playing with words. Under modern conditions how can anybody tell what any given workman or any given group of workmen produces, as compared with the product of any other given group? Miners produce ore, which goes to a blast furnace, where it is converted into pig iron, which another plant makes into raw steel, which goes through half a dozen processes before it is finally embodied in the form in which it enters into consumption. That final form may be an office building, a ship, a railroad car, a printing press, a jackknife—to the making of which many other groups of workmen have contributed. Who is going to say what the miner's share shall be, what proportion it shall bear to the share of the man who wheels slag at the iron mill, or the man who keeps the books in the shipyard, or the girl who runs the telephone switchboard? And if you pay them all at the same rate who is going to prevent the rolling-mill man from thinking he ought to get more than the stenographer and striking to get it?

A Doctrine That Rejects Compromise

WHILE the world stands there will be plenty of opportunity for disputes over the division of the product. It is notorious enough that labor unions have their own quarrels among themselves and sometimes go on strike in a family feud. As to the unifying, harmonizing effects of socialism, we can only judge by what we see. For more than a year in Russia one brand of socialism has been bitterly fighting another. A socialist government was scarcely proclaimed in Berlin when another socialist school was attacking it with machine guns. The little Socialist Party in the United States cannot live in peace. There will be differences of opinion—most decidedly—when it comes to the intimate question of what one man should get in the way of money, goods and services as compared to another man. So far as we can judge by what has happened wherever socialism has gained the upper hand its doctrine of irreconcilable strife and social war doesn't promise well for harmony under its auspices. It teaches revolution. That is the basis of its creed. Naturally, when it sets up a government dissatisfied socialists immediately revolt.

Teaching irreconcilable strife, class war, revolution—certainly doesn't help to conciliate and harmonize those differences of opinion and of interest that are inevitable in human society. A doctrine that rejects compromise doesn't fit very well in a world where men can live and work together only by compromising. Socialists say that as soon as they take control men will stop rowing over their differences, but wherever they have taken control the differences have been more violent than ever and factions have promptly fallen to with hand grenades and sawed-off shotguns—which is a rather natural result of the socialist creed of strife and revolution.

Back in 1900, according to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, locomotive engineers on railroads and train conductors averaged three dollars and forty-six cents a day, while station agents, other station men, section foremen and other section hands averaged one dollar and fifty-six cents a day. The best-paid railroad labor got considerably more than double the wage of the worst-paid. By 1914 average daily pay of engineers and conductors had advanced one dollar and thirty-nine cents a day, while the average pay of the four lower classes had advanced only forty-six cents a day. In other words the advance for the best-paid labor was three times that for the worst-paid. Everybody knows the reason. Engineers and conductors were strongly organized and occupied a position of great strategic importance in the railroad industry. They were able to enforce their demands—which they did, with no particular regard to the low-paid labor in the same industry.

Does anybody imagine they wouldn't use the same advantage in substantially the same way under socialism? For under socialism or any other conceivable scheme there will be the same opportunity for differences of opinion as to how the industrial dividend is to be divided up. And if you divide it equally—every man exactly the same share—there will be differences of opinion about that too, for an engineer who contributes his special skill and experience to the operation of railroads will think he ought to get more than the raw young hand who contributes merely untrained physical strength. If you abolish money and pay him in pink commodity checks on the general store he will still think he ought to get a greater return for his labor.

Socialists—both those who admit the fact of being socialists and those who camouflage it under an academic title—talk about the altruism of labor as though capitalists had a monopoly of all the selfishness in the world. Everybody who looks about with open eyes knows that a wage earner is composed of the same faulty human stuff as anybody else. You may remember that in August, 1916, the railroad trainmen threatened to paralyze transportation by a nation-wide strike, whereupon Congress hastily passed the Adamson eight-hour act to meet their demands. The railroads took the act into the courts, however, to test its constitutionality. In March, 1917, when the country was holding its breath for the declaration of war that was sure to come in a few days, the trainmen again threatened to strike. Under pressure from Washington and from the public the railroads surrendered.

Vitally important war work was interrupted many times by strikes as purely selfish as the old corporation rebates. Just now the north of England is experiencing industrial paralysis from extensive strikes which are condemned by the duly elected officers of the unions involved; evidently a touch of syndicalism—direct action without regard to the unions' accredited representatives or the government or society. Socialism spends half its time pointing to the selfishness of capital; but capital is merely men, and labor is composed of exactly the same material.

If capital were eliminated altogether there would still be the same play of self-interest. The old question of apportioning the industrial dividend would remain. Capital and labor differ over that now, but their first interest is a common interest—namely, in the size of the dividend. We know absolutely that profits and wages rise and fall together. Any poor time for labor is a poor time for capital also. Any flush time for labor is a flush time for capital. In 1893 the number of business failures rose to fifteen thousand, from ten thousand the year before. The pay roll in that and the succeeding year shrank correspondingly. In 1908 the number of failures increased about one-third over the preceding year, and payments to labor fell off also. In 1916, when wages were rising rapidly, the number of business failures dropped by more than five thousand as compared with the year before.

Now everybody knows all this—that flush times and hard times affect both capital and labor in the same way. The great fluctuations in labor's share of the dividend—in the total pay roll—correspond exactly with expanding and contracting periods of industry which affect capital and labor alike. The chief interest of both of them lies in keeping up and increasing the industrial dividend. In the long run that question for both of them is more important than any question of the division of the dividend between them. Their first interest is a common interest.

Lessons From the Garment Trade

THERE is a strike in the garment trade in New York at this writing. That has been on the whole a trade of notably low wages—formerly a sweated trade, with a mass of ill-paid, ill-housed workpeople. Before the war it drew its labor supply mainly from immigration—predominantly Russian and Italian aliens. The foreigners, coming in by the hundreds of thousands yearly, landed in New York. Often they had no money to go farther. Often they had friends or relatives in New York who had preceded them by a year or two. They settled down there. The clothing trades offered them an immediate livelihood of a sort. Little capital was required for setting up a small shop to make men's or women's garments.

Stimulated by this mass of cheap labor small shops multiplied. Finally in the making of men's garments alone there were twenty-five hundred of them, employing sixty-five thousand workers. The manufacturers were in keen competition with one another, cutting the margin of profit to the minimum. If one of them reduced his labor cost by paying less wages or working his force longer hours his competitors followed suit or found themselves undersold. At the same time there was this mass of helpless, foreign labor fiercely competing for jobs. Of course wages fell to the point of barest subsistence. But it was not a profitable trade for capital either. Strikes were pretty nearly a chronic condition—thereby making the industry less profitable than ever for both capital and labor.

Finally, with a good deal of despised bourgeois assistance capital and labor got well enough organized to sit down and treat with each other. They made an agreement the gist of which was that wages and shop conditions should be left to arbitration and there should be no more strikes. The result was a decided improvement for both of them. Then war shut off immigration, caused a general labor shortage and set up a great demand for garments to be worn by soldiers. When the agreement ran out the workers felt themselves to be in a position sufficiently strong to warrant demands that the employers would not grant. The result is a strike, which stops both wages and profits and which no doubt will be settled by a compromise.

The basic trouble with the garment trade at its worst was no capital-and-labor trouble. It was much less a question of how the dividend was to be shared than of getting a bigger dividend. A bigger dividend was brought about by a more intelligent management of the whole situation and a compromise.

Several years ago an automobile manufacturer announced that the minimum wage in his big plant would be five dollars a day. The New York clothing manufacturers couldn't have paid any such wage. They didn't have it to pay. No doubt the manual labor employed in the automobile plant was on the whole more skillful than that employed in New York clothing shops. But that circumstance falls infinitely short of accounting for the fact that ten thousand laborers in one position produced but a comparative pittance while ten thousand laborers in another position turned out a product that enabled their employer not only to pay them a minimum of five dollars a day but to roll up an enormous profit for himself.

(Continued on Page 65)

Hudson Super-Six Prestige Grows with the years

The Super-Six gained instant popularity three years ago because of the records it established for performance and endurance.

Endurance could then only be shown through some such test as was made when a stock car chassis was driven 1819 miles in 24 hours, or as in its twice across the continent run from San Francisco to New York and return in 10 days and 21 hours.

Countless other records established Super-Six reputation for endurance.

But the records it has made with 60,000 users are now the most convincing proofs that can be offered for any car.

You do not have to refer to the official records to learn what the Super-Six has done as a hill climber, in trans-continental touring, in racing events, in acceleration, or in any of the tests that prove performance.

The answer is on the lips of every Super-Six owner.

Its reliability is firmly established. Every year has brought new hosts of users for Hudson.

Its leadership, however, does not rest alone upon its mechanical excellence. Hudsons are the pattern cars for other makers. Every Hudson has influenced subsequent designs throughout the industry.

Note how the Super-Six speedster of two years ago is now reflected in the current offerings of sport models.

The Super-Six Touring Limousine of two years ago is recognized as the guiding influence of new models just announced.

And so with other Hudson types—the Sedan—the Cabriolet—the Phaeton—and others.

There are Seven Hudson Models

Two open and five closed

The 7-passenger Phaeton sells at $2200

There Is Always a New Super-Six

Hudson has led so long as a creator of new body types that everyone, particularly other makers, regard its current models as an indication of what to look for as the trend of design for the next year.

It is bound to be months ahead of others and it is just as certain to be accepted as a standard type.

Hudson has created no freak types. Hudsons that were built years ago do not look out-of-date now. That, and its mechanical endurance, accounts for the always high prices they bring as used cars.

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HUDSON SUPER SIX

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

(1021)

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"The Utility Business Paper"

PAINLESS EXTRACTION

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"S'posin'," Clinched Herring—"S'posin' My Patient Should Get a Fractured Jaw—What Then?"

THE patient was exquisitely miserable. He lay tensely in the chair, popping eyes focused on the plump hand of Miss Corena Clemmins, trained nurse. Miss Clemmins' fingers were wrapped competently round a pair of shiny cowhorn forceps, recently rescued from the steamy depths of the sterilizer. She stood by in efficient silence, waving the forceps gently, and professionally deaf to the gurgling protests of the prospective victim.

Dr. Brutus Herring, dentist, glanced in a brief and satisfied manner toward his trained assistant; tested his hypodermic, and slowly sucked into its innards the local anæsthetic he was about to inject. Then he turned calmly toward the patient.

"Open yo' mouth, Brother De Lee."

"Wh-what you gwine do?"

"Jes' on'y a little nerve blockin'. One jab an' it's all oveh."

"With me?"

Dr. Brutus Herring nodded to the nurse, who placed a strong capable hand on the patient's forehead and forced him back against the headrest. The dentist inserted his needle and jabbed. Mr. De Lee promptly responded with a wiggle of agony and a long-drawn whooshy howl. Then he relaxed. "That don't hu't no mo'," he admitted.

Doctor Herring stepped back.

"Co'se not! Ain't I done said it wa'n't gwine hu't on'y fo' a secon'? Now we'll wait ontwell it gits 'næsthetized tho'ough."

Two minutes later he relieved Miss Clemmins of the forceps and turned again toward the chair. Cold beads of perspiration stood out on the chocolate forehead of Mr. De Lee.

"D-Doc, you shuah it ain't gwine hu't?"

"Not a bit! Not a bit! Open yo' mouth."

The mouth opened slowly, reluctantly. Then it closed again and the man in the chair sighed with prayerful relief.

"Doc, they is someone rappin' at yo' do'."

The knocking sounded again—an insistent nervous tattoo. Miss Clemmins crossed the room and the door swung open.

The man who stood in the doorway teetering on the balls of enormous feet was very short, very thin and unbelievably black. Small as he was, his clothes fitted him a trifle soon. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles and a portentous frown. His voice, startling in its volume, boomed across the room:

"Mawnin'! Mawnin'! Busy, Doctor Herrin'? Busy?"

The dentist nodded.

"Mawnin', Doctor Atcherson! Yes; I is ve'y busy."

"Doin' whut? Whut?"

"I is 'bout to puffo'm a extordonta."

Dr. Elijah Atcherson, M. D., snorted.

"Huh! Nothin'—on'y tooth pullin'. Nothin' a-tall but that. Guess you don't require Miss Clemmins' service fo' sech as that."

Doctor Herring stiffened to his full six magnificent feet of light-brown manhood.

"Reckon I is the bes' judge of that, Doctor Atcherson; an' I judges I needs her."

"Simple little thing like ——"

"If'n you was a dentis', Doctor Atcherson, you'd mebbe know that a extordonta is a se'ious operation. I needs Miss Clemmins an' I is gwine have her."

"Fumadiddles!" bellowed the little man. "Whut you need her fo'?"

"S'posin'," clinched Herring—"s'posin' my patient should get a fractured jaw—whut then?"

"You'd call in a M. D.—tha's whut!"

Mr. De Lee sat up very straight in the chair, a light of inquiring horror in his eyes.

"Oh, my Gawd! Doc ——"

"Lay back down, Brother De Lee. I ain't gwine hu't you—but I hires a perfessional nu'se to insuah my patients the bes' intention whut is possible, case'n things goes wrong." He turned huffily toward the little man in the doorway. "I is got to ast you to scuse me, Doctor Atcherson. I ain't holdin' no clinic."

"But I need Miss Clemmins—now! I is got a compoun'-fracture case out near Potterville, an' ——"

"I employs Miss Clemmins much as you does, Doctor Atcherson. W'en I completes with her se'vices you c'n have her, an' not befo'."

Dr. Elijah Atcherson banged the ground-glass door and went into his own handsomely furnished office. He slapped himself down in a swivel chair, cocked his big feet on the desk, lighted a panetela, and puffed great clouds of smoke into the room.

From this point of vantage Doctor Atcherson gazed through the open doorway of his office into the large ice-cream parlor on which the suite of offices occupied by himself and Doctor Herring abutted. Behind the marble-topped fountain a tall, slender yellow negro concocted fizzy drinks with an expert hand, and two energetic little colored boys scurried from crowded table to crowded table waiting on the press of colored humanity that sought solace from the sweltering heat of the July day in the delectable cool specialties obtainable only in the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor.

Visible evidence of the Gold Crown's prosperity, which was owned jointly by Doctor Atcherson, Doctor Herring and March Clisby, the tall soda dispenser, was too much for the ebony physician. He bounced his skinny wizened figure from the chair, shoved his hands into his trousers pockets, and strolled magnificently forth to inspect the cash register. March Clisby greeted him with a genial grin.

"The ol' Gol' Crown been cashin' in th'ough the hot spell, Doc."

"That so? That so?"

The huge voice rumbled through the store and customers looked up hastily to seek its source. Many bowed to the great physician; but he condescended to return only a few of the obeisances, and those thus noticed swelled with pardonable pride. Dr. Elijah Atcherson, leading colored surgeon of the state, was the acknowledged bellwether of the city's Afro-American flock.

A large throaty yell, emanating from the office of Dr. Brutus Herring, split the buzz of conversation in the Gold Crown. Doctor Atcherson shrugged and minced back toward his office for hat and Boston bag.

"Call it tooth pullin' or call it extordonta," he philosophized, "Ise bettin' they ain't no diff'ence in the way it hu'ts."

The door of the dentist's office swung back and Mr. De Lee, sadly the worse for wear, staggered weakly into the hall and out through the side doorway. Behind him came the cool, competent Corena Clemmins. She presented herself before Doctor Atcherson.

"You want me to go with you into the country, Doctor?"

"No!" roared the great man testily. "I was jes' aimin' to take you joy ridin'—tha's all. Get yo' hat, an' get it quick!"

Miss Clemmins got it. Five minutes later she seated herself beside him in the high-powered expensive roadster. He let in his gears and they rolled away into the heat.

The city sweltered in the merciless blaze of a midsummer sun. It was such a July day as can only come in the South after a cool pleasant June. The heat waves danced crazily above the steaming road; the sidewalks received the rays of the sun, intensified them, and radiated them back into the heat-saturated atmosphere. The big office buildings, rising high in the air, were peopled at every window by clerks seeking the zephyrs which were that day nonexistent.

Corena Clemmins relaxed in the luxurious upholstery and closed her eyes. It was an immense relief after the strain of maintaining a semblance of neatness in the stuffy offices. Unconsciously her body inclined toward the skinny little doctor. The heat, the arduous labors of the past few hours, the exhaustion begotten at a barbecue the previous night, the natural drowsiness of the day—they conspired diabolically; and Miss Corena Clemmins dozed. Dozing, she slid closer to the doctor and her head rested lightly on his right shoulder—lightly enough to fail to disturb his preoccupation.

And with that tableau in the car they passed a slow-moving city-bound trolley. On the street car was an exceedingly ample, flamboyantly dressed lady of color, who saw the automobile. More, she glimpsed the contented smile that played about the lips of the doctor and the blissful expression of the nurse. She did not know that at the moment the doctor was rehearsing a recent and eminently successful operation for ruptured appendix, or that the nurse was asleep. She saw only the beatitude of the couple. She cared to see nothing else. The fire of a vast and righteous wrath flamed in her eyes.

The Amazonian creature was Mrs. Dr. Elijah Atcherson!

For seventeen miles Dr. Elijah Atcherson headed into the country. He passed through two or three scattered suburbs resplendent with cozy bungalows nestling behind green velvety lawns. Children romped about in defiance of the humidity. Even the stately pines seemed to have wilted before the vicious attacks of the sun, and only a

few gray clouds, hovering over the crest of Red Mountain, on the south, gave any faint promise of relief.

The doctor and nurse reached the home of their patient, a drab, unpainted ramshackle cabin, perched precariously on the side of a steep rocky hill. The unfortunate, a little negro boy twelve years of age, screamed with terror at sight of his visitors; and the doctor forced his distracted parents from the room. Then he seated himself beside the bed and conversed quietly with the pain-racked youngster. The quick querulousness of his big voice was gone.

At length the triple fracture was set, the arm in splints, and the boy smiling brightly. In his palm was a bright new half dollar—a gift from Doctor Atcherson. The man of medicine and his nurse stepped out on the tiny veranda, and just as they did so a clap of thunder reverberated across the valley.

A pale gray haze had come over the sun. The fleecy gray clouds had blackened ominously. A jagged lightning flash punctured the gray pall and Corena Clemmins instinctively sidled closer to the doctor. That individual shrugged philosophically, put up his curtains, roared instructions to the grateful parents, and signaled Miss Clemmins to a place at his side.

They had gone little more than two miles down the valley when the storm broke, with a fanfare of heavy thunder and blinding lightning. Then the heavens opened and the rain came down—heavy swishing sheets, which transformed the red-clay road into a sea of slimy mud and battered in through the slit between the halves of the windshield. The car skidded dangerously from one side of the road to the other. One curtain ripped loose, with a noise like the cracking of a black-snake whip, and the torrent poured in, drenching the nurse to the skin.

Doctor Atcherson handled his car in grim-jawed silence. Then, without a word, he swung in from the road and braked down in the lee of a little cabin. He alighted and knocked. There was no response. He tried the door; it yielded to his touch and he entered. The cabin was deserted. He beckoned to the nurse and she joined him.

"They ain't no use tryin' to git home in this," he commented loudly.

She shook her head.

"We'd git bogged, shuah!"

One hour passed; two—three. Heavy dusk settled swiftly into black night. At six o'clock Doctor Atcherson took his place at the wheel, started his motor, and tried to move the car. But the machine had other ideas regarding the propriety of driving under such adverse conditions. It refused to budge. The motor roared and the rear wheels whirred angrily as they picked up a stream of red clay. The doctor alighted and rejoined Corena Clemmins.

At eight o'clock the rain stopped as suddenly as it had started. The clouds scudded from the face of a brilliant full moon and the sky became peppered with bright twinkling stars. By nine o'clock the doctor had put on his chains and extracted the car. But the going toward town was slow and heavy. At half past ten they pulled up before the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor.

The Gold Crown was ablaze with light. The crowd within was dense and extra help had been impressed to wait upon the voracious patrons. The bedraggled doctor and nurse crossed the sidewalk. Then, with his hand on the screen door, the doctor paused suddenly and would have turned away. But he was too late. His wife had seen him!

She swept grandiosely toward the door from the rear of the Gold Crown, redolent of cheap perfume, a-jangle with ornaments, and with an expression of intransigent venom on her heavy black features.

"Lustisha looks like trouble—an' heaps of it!" soliloquized the doctor weakly.

The crowd was quick to scent good sport. There was a sudden cessation of chatter and a general craning of necks toward the scene of the impending domestic drama. No one knew exactly what was coming, but there was no mistaking the ample militancy of the little doctor's large wife.

Elijah Atcherson stepped within and strove vainly to summon to his aid the ponderous dignity with which he subjugated everyone in the world, with the single exception of his consort. But it was no go. He was too small, too skinny, too bedraggled, too woebegone. His clothes were plastered with wet sticky mud; his spectacles awry, his huge feet mud-coated and resembling a pair of ditch-digging instruments after a hard day's work. The voice of Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson cut nasally through the crowded store:

"Is you have a good time on yo' joy ride?"

Doctor Atcherson gazed beseechingly into the eyes of his wife. "Now, Lustisha ——" he wheedled.

"Don't you staht Now-Lustisha-in' me, 'Lijah! I asts you ag'in an' fo' the secon' time: Is you have a good time on yo' joy ride?"

"I been out on a perfessional call."

"Huh! Pow'ful funny perfession you is got! Where you go to?"

"Two miles this side of Potterville."

"How long was you at yo' patient's house?"

"'Bout—'bout an hour."

"An' you been five hours gittin' back, huh?"

"The sto'm, honey ——"

"Don't you go tellin' me no malorna bout'n you got stuck in the mud, 'cause I is been married to you too long to stan' fo' any sech a story as that."

"The roads was slipp'y ——"

"So was you! I is had enough of these heah goin's-on, 'Lijah Atcherson. I is bringin' all these folks to bear witness I is stood my las' insult at yo' han's."

"What you mean—insult?"

Lustisha struck an attitude: clenched hands resting on that portion of her anatomy possessed of greatest beam.

"If'n 'tain't a insult fo' a married man to go traipsin' roun' with a yaller hussy ——"

Corena Clemmins, up to this moment a passive though angry spectator, stiffened. She shoved between the harried man of medicine and his gloriously angry spouse.

"Tha's 'nough of that, Mis' Atcherson!"

The crowd eddied closer about the prospective combatants.

"'Nough of which?"

"Stradoosin' me!"

"I ain't got no words fo' you, gal!" Lustisha sniffed her disdain.

"Yo'd better have words fo' me Mis' Atcherson—an' lots of 'em," snapped Corena firmly; "'cause if'n I ain't git a 'pology and git it mighty quick Ise gwine have you 'rested fo' criminal liable!"

"What I Knows I Knows. An' I Know She Ain't Nothin' 'Ceptin' On'y a Perfessional Wampire"

"You is on'y jes' talkin' with yo' mouth."

"You is the one been talkin' with yo' mouth, Mis' Atcherson; an' less'n you 'pologizes quick you is gwine be mighty sorry you done same."

Lustisha gazed first at Corena; then at the cowering figure of her husband; then back at Corena again. There was no hint of lenience in Corena's attitude and Lustisha experienced a vague doubt as to the wisdom of her public diatribes. She hedged.

"I ain't on'y said my husban' ——"

"You done call me a hussy. 'Pologize—an' 'pologize quick!"

"Well—I'll admit I ain't know it."

"You is gwine admit I is a lady!"

"All right; be a lady if'n you wants. You cain't make me mad." Lustisha tossed her head angrily.

With that, she turned away, signally defeated in the first open clash with her husband's office assistant and keenly conscious that she had become a laughing stock. Corena, smiling triumphantly, sailed through the store toward the offices in the rear. Elijah Atcherson followed fearfully in her wake. In the sanctity of his office he faced her, his expression a masterpiece in concentrated lugubriosity.

"We is done played hell now, Miss Clemmins!"

"Mebbe so you is, Doctor Atcherson. Me—I ain't got nothin' whichever to do with yo' dimestic affairs."

"Yes, you is."

"How come?"

"You is done made a fool outen my wife ——"

"The Lawd done that."

"I ain't 'sputin' with you. But what you done out in public she is gwine git revenge fo'."

"I ain't skeered of her."

"But I is," he postulated dolefully. "She is gwine take it out on me w'en we gits home."

"Humph! If'n I was a henpecked man like whut you is—which I ain't, bless Gawd!—I'd puffo'm a operation fo' the removal of a weddin' ring."

"Not a chancet to d'vohce her."

"How come not?"

"She won't let me!"

Once in the bedroom of their pretentious home on Eighteenth Street, Lustisha opened fire. Elijah, stripped of his pomposity, sank supinely into a chair and listened limply. Lustisha said everything about him she could think of and many things regarding Corena Clemmins that she dared not say in public. Finally, however, she ran out of breath. Elijah looked up meekly.

"That all?" he inquired.

"No—'tain't!"

"Go ahead! Might's well finish, 'count you got such a good staht." He sighed resignedly.

"You is got to make public respitution."

"Fo' whut?"

"Fo' the insult you an' that hussy made on me t'night."

"How we insulted you?"

"Nev' mind how; fac' is, you done it! An'—like whut I is said—you is got to make public respitution."

"How? How?"

"You is got to decharge that woman."

He sat up straight in his chair, the one surviving spark of belligerence flaming.

"Won't!"

"Will!"

"I say I won't!"

"You got to!"

"Cain't!" he clinched.

"Whut you mean—cain't?"

"Ain't got no cause."

"Joy ridin' ——"

"I is tellin' you I ain't hahdly knowed she was with me."

"Lis'en heah at whut I is sayin', 'Lijah Atcherson: I seen that gal ridin' with you—seen her with my own eyes; an' she had her haid on yo' shoulder! An' don't you go tellin' me a man don't know w'en a good-lookin' gal has her haid on his shoulder!"

"You is all wrong."

"I seen it from the street car."

"You is the seein'est woman, Lustisha!" he exclaimed impatiently. "You sees things which ain't never was."

"That they woman is got you fooled, 'Lijah Atcherson. Ev'y man an' woman in our sassiety set is laughin' at you."

"Whaffo' they laugh at me?"

"Fo' how that woman is makin' a monkey outen you. She's a nachel-bohn wampire, an' you ain' got sense 'nough to see it. She is wampin' you on account you is rich; an' pretty soon they is gwine be some blackmail."

"Huh! Lustisha, you is been gwine to too much movies."

"Whut I sees I knows," she retorted hotly. "An' whut I knows I knows. An' I know she ain't nothin' 'ceptin' on'y a perfessional wampire."

"Haw! I is a swell specimen fo' a wampire to pick on, ain't I?" He laughed heavily.

"Skinny little no-'count runts, like whut you is, is the easiest pickin's whut they is fo' wampires, 'Lijah."

He waved his hand shortly.

"They ain't no use makin' no mo' talk 'bout'n it, noways, Lustisha. Corena Clemmins is under contrac' with me an' Doctor Herrin' ontwell nex' April; an' I an' him ain't gwine th'ow away no eight hund'ed dollars by lettin' her go, even if he was willin'."

"An' he ain't?" Lustisha's lips compressed into a straight red line.

"No."

"He likes her?"

"Shuah does!"

(Continued on Page 37

HANSEN GLOVES

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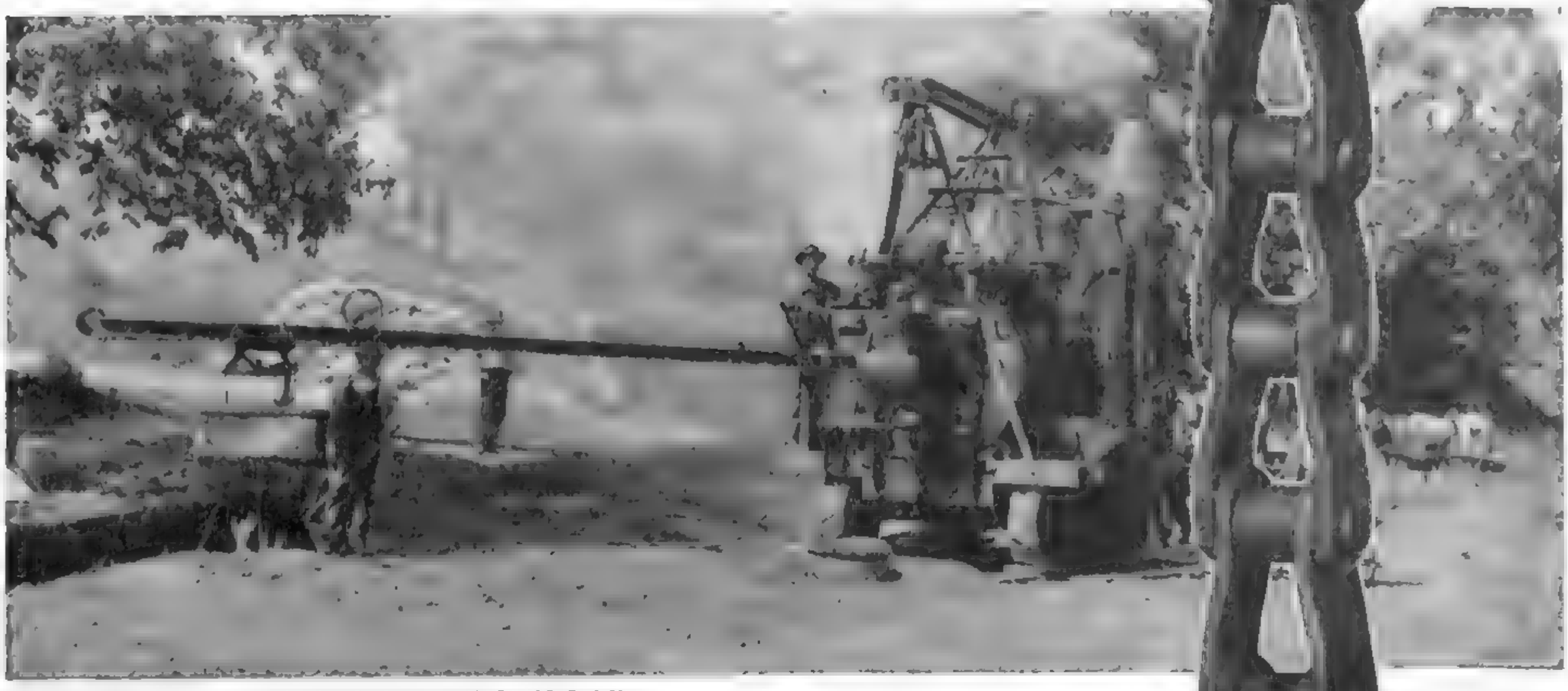

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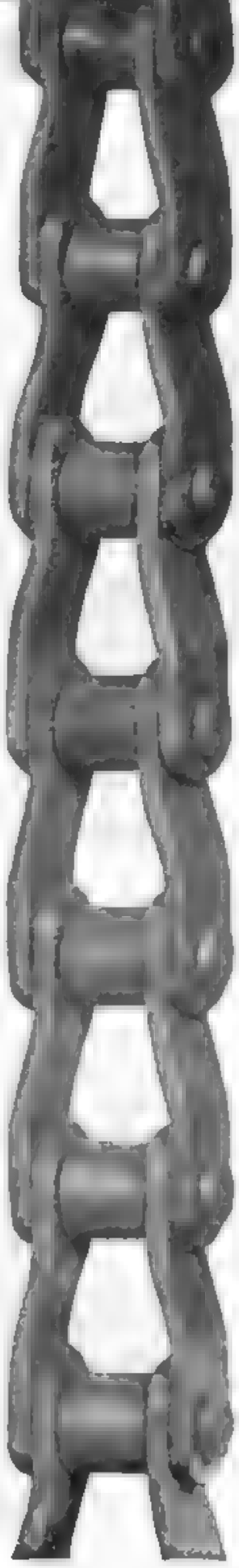

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All Rex Pavers, and Rex Building Mixers Nos. 7S, 14S, 21S and 28S, are chain driven with all-steel chain—Rex Chabelco Roller Chain.

(Continued from Page 34)

"Humph! An' him a engage' man!"

"My Gawd! Lustisha, ain't you nev' gwine believe us'n don't ragahd her noways 'ceptin' on'y as a nu'se?"

"I ain't nev' gwine disrumgahd the fac' that a man c'n git all the medical degrees which is, an' they ain't no guaranty wrote on his diploma which says he is gwine be blind to a pretty face an' a good figger. Ise jes' tellin' you this: You is got to get rid of her or they is gwine be trouble aplen'y! Heah me?"

"Heahin' you is the easiest thing they is."

"All right! Now I is th'ough."

Elijah Atcherson nodded. "Bless Gawd!" he said under his breath.

For several day thereafter Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson maintained a strange and unnatural silence toward her spouse regarding the radiant trained nurse. At first Elijah was darkly suspicious; but finally he became philosophically reconciled to the temporary peace. He was not given to anticipating the to-morrows of his domestic life. Too well he knew that they were certain to come—and come kicking. His wife was a veritable genius at discovering new reasons for and methods of household torture. But the seed of doubt had been planted and Dr. Elijah Atcherson did a little watching on his own hook.

Thinking it over in the light of the recent ultimatum, he decided unanimously that Corena Clemmins was entirely too pretty a person for the workaday world. He decided further that there might—only might, mind you—be some ulterior motive in her assiduous attention to duty. She was always willing to hold private confabs with the doctor or his dentist friend.

True, they were no exceptions—she was popular with all men. She seemed to strive for such popularity. She even spent a great deal of her time in the company of the sartorially perfect Mr. March Clisby, manager of the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor and owner of a one-third interest therein.

Doctor Atcherson knew considerable about medicine and surgery, but his ideas of vampiring were hazy. He fancied that all vampires worked this way; having many men on a string—men of money and influence; men whose standing in the community was a commercial asset.

Of course it was ridiculous that she could see anything attractive in his shriveled self; yet it was undeniably true that she never shirked an opportunity to be with him. Ergo, she must have an ulterior motive—or two or three of them.

Personally Doctor Atcherson wanted nothing to do with her or any other woman. He desired nothing so much as the complete elimination of the sex—starting with his wife. His experience with woman had been in the singular number, possessive case; and it was productive of a large gloomy gob of unrelieved misery. Still, until his wife's tongue again dripped vitriol, he was content to let well enough alone, and went his way with such contentment as he could summon—not, however, entirely free from doubt of Corena Clemmins' motives

But if Elijah succeeded in hypnotizing himself into the belief that, because his wife had suddenly become tight-lipped on the subject of vampires in general and Miss Corena Clemmins in particular, she had forgotten her humiliation in the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor, or her hatred of Miss Clemmins, he was wrong.

Lustisha Atcherson became a snooper. And she did her snooping usually round the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor, where from her vantage point in a certain seat at a certain table she could see much of what transpired in the offices at the rear.

Lustisha, too, quickly learned that Corena was a charmer of men. It was she who noticed two important things—first, that Corena was openly striving to insnare the affections of Dr. Brutus Herring; and, second, that she was not unwilling to practice on smaller fry, the potential victim in this case being the immaculate March Clisby.

Finally Lustisha's patience was rewarded. Early one sultry July afternoon she swept indignantly out of Doctor Herring's office and made her way, with all the speed her bulk permitted, to the home of Miss Mayola Kye, fiancée of Doctor Herring.

Mayola's demure little face and tiny rounded figure gave no hint of the battle spirit that smoldered within her.

At heart she was a fiery little thing, intensely in love with the handsome, debonair, Herculean Dr. Brutus Herring—and insanely jealous.

At sight of her visitor Mayola experienced a qualm—and then another qualm. She didn't like Lustisha, because Lustisha's visits invariably boded trouble of some sort. And trouble was something Mayola avoided whenever she saw it first. Now, however, there was no escape; so Mayola made the best of a bad situation.

"Evenin', Mis' Atcherson!"

"Evenin', Miss Kye! How you is this evenin'?"

"Tol'able; tol'able, thank you. How you is?"

"Mis'able!" snapped Mrs. Atcherson in her nasal high-pitched tones. "Jes' plain mis'able!"

"'Count of which?"

"Men!"

"Meanin' ——"

"All men—an' mos' pertickler my husban'."

"Sho' now, Mis' Atcherson, they ain't nothin' wrong with you' husband'!"

"Lot you know 'bout'n him!"

"Don't he treat you good?"

"He'd better!"

"I is shuah, Mis' Atcherson, that you is misundumstood sumthin'."

"I is been a innercent, trustin' fool; an' w'en I fin's out whut I fin's out t'day, Miss Kye, I says to myse'f, I says: 'Us wimmin is got to stan' together!' Tha's jes' zac'ly whut I says."

"I Cain't 'Low Nobody to Talk 'Gainst My Pianney, Mis' Atcherson—Not Nobody!" Mayola's Lips Came Together Firmly

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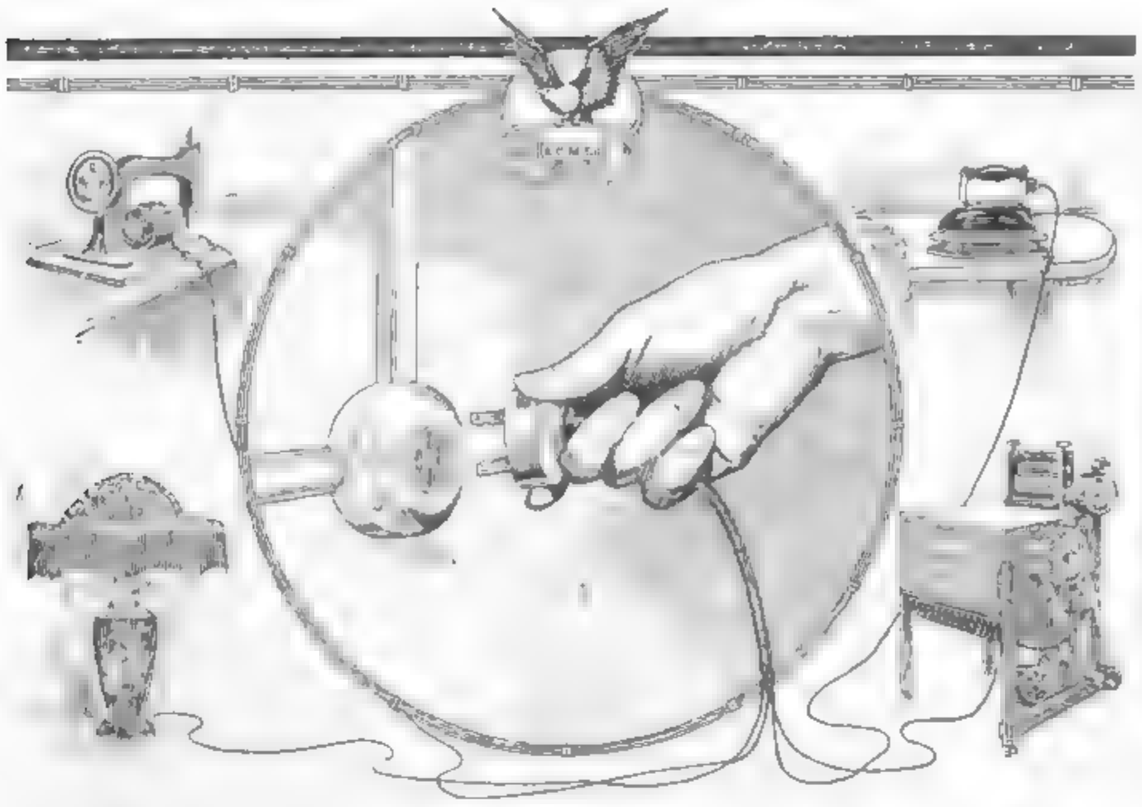

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Mayola had no desire whatever to stand together with Mrs. Atcherson, but she nodded approvingly.

"Ain't it the truth?"

"So I come right to you, Miss Kye, 'cause you is the one pusson ought to know 'bout'n it, even if it hu'ts to heah it. I feel it's my bounden duty, Miss Kye ——"

"You needn't go worryin' yo'se'f ——"

"I knows it. But I is a cha'itable woman, Miss Kye, an' I wou'n't go seein' no lady—'specially a lodge sister—git into sech a fate. An', seein' as you is a'ready engage' to him ——"

Mayola grew rigid. Her eyes dilated.

"Engage' to which?"

"Brutus Herrin', in co'se! Who else?"

"Wh-what 'bout Brutus?"

"Him an' that woman!"

"I ain't quite on'erstan', Mis' Atcherson."

"That nu'se which him an' Doctor Atcherson is got down to they office. She is a'ready ruint my husban'. Ol' wampire!"

"I cain't 'low nobody to talk 'gainst my hansay, Mis' Atcherson—not nobody!" Mayola's lips came together firmly.

"I ain't said nothin' ag'in' him, is I?"

"You has 'sinuated ——"

"I ain't 'sinuated nothin' I ain't know is fac'."

Mayola was impressed, in spite of herself.

"What you is drivin' at?"

"If'n you ain't interes' ——" Lustisha rose.

"I is. 'Deed I is! Set down—please!"

Somewhat mollified, Mrs. Atcherson reseated herself.

"They ain't nothin' I is sayin' 'bout'n him I ain't sayin' 'bout my own husban'. That wampire nu'se—that Corena Clemmins—is wampin' them men ——"

It looked like mere spiteful conjecture to Mayola, and she could not, in duty, sit idly by while this stout creature traduced her beloved.

"You know whut the poeck says in Latin, Mis' Atcherson—'*Honey swat key molly panta!*'"

"I ain't interes' in whut no poeck says in Latin, Miss Kye. I is interes' on'y in whut niggers says in English. An' whut they does! An' w'en a good-lookin' young man gives a han'some woman a solid gol' ring of eighteen carrots I reckon they ain't no poecks gwine make me think they ain't sumthin' mo' to it than jes' on'y Plutonic frien'ship."

"Who give which a gol' ring?"

"Brutus Herrin' give Corena Clemmins one. Nor neither that ain't all, Miss Kye. 'Twas a ring he made his own se'f outen gol' which he had in his office; an', jes' fo' the pussonal sediment of it, he set it with a beautiful false tooth, 'stead of a di'min'."

It was too much for Mayola. Some things she might have overlooked, but not this infamy. The idea that her dearly beloved had with his own hands created a ring and, by way of exquisitely delicate sentiment, set it with a false tooth prostrated her. Her trim little figure grew tense and she leaned forward in her chair, hands tightly clenched.

"You c'n prove that, Mis' Atcherson?"

Lustisha shrugged indifferently.

"Ain't got to prove it. You go ast him!"

Mayola was galvanized into action. She rose determinedly.

"I is gwine do jes' that!" she snapped, and vanished within the house. When she emerged, dressed for the street, Lustisha had disappeared.

Mayola went immediately to the offices in the rear of the Gold Crown Ice-Cream Parlor. March Clisby beamed at her from behind the fountain. "Evenin', Miss Kye!"

"Evenin', Misto Clisby!" came the frigid answer. "Where Doctor Herrin' is at?"

"In his office."

"Alone?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Where Miss Clemmins is?"

"In the office with Doctor Atcherson. Why?" March Clisby glanced at her peculiarly.

Mayola's tense nerves jangled. She swung on the unoffending soda king.

"I knows a heap of folks, Misto Clisby, which makes a good livin' by mindin' they own business!"

What display of lovers' passion there was in the meeting between Dr. Brutus Herring and the desirable Mayola had its source within his breast. She was frigidly aloof. And she came to the point with a directness that fairly flabbergasted him. For a minute he was too startled to reply. She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Did you or di'n't you give her a gol' ring which you made yo' own se'f, an' set with a false tooth?"

"Why why Mayola ——"

"Is or ain't?"

"It it wa'n't on'y jes' a trifle."

"Then you did—huh?"

"Jes' a li'l' trifle, Mayola. On'y jes' ——"

She was perilously close to tears.

"I is th'ough an' done with you, Brutus Herrin'!" she railed passionately. "You an that no-'count 'Lijah Atcherson—both. Ain't you got sense 'nough to see that woman ain't nothin' on'y a plain, common, o'dina'y ev'yday wampire, which is came heah to work you an' 'Lijah Atcherson on 'count you is rich? Ain't that plain? Sho' 'tis! An' you is done fell fo' it—that's how come you come to give her that ring which you made yo' own se'f.

"I reckon I is been a fool, Brutus Herrin'; but I ain't gwine be no fool no longer'n whut I is a'ready been. Heah!" She ripped from her finger the handsome diamond engagement ring he had presented to her a few months before. "Give Corena Clemmins this heah ring too. Reckon it'll look pow'ful good 'longside of the one you made."

She swung toward the door; but he stopped her.

"Mayola!"

"I ain't gwine make no mo' talk with you!"

"Lemme splain."

"Splain to her! If'n you ever wants to splain to me, Brutus Herrin', the fust thing you is got to staht off with is to tell me you is done fired her."

For perhaps five minutes after the door slammed behind the girl of his heart Dr. Brutus Herring stood staring at the mute mocking panels. The ring —— Of course he had given Corena the ring!

Corena was a good scout; at least he had always so thought. She had assisted wonderfully in his work. She—dawg-gone it! she was the first nurse with whom he had ever worked who was able to give gas successfully. And the ring had been an innocuous token of his professional esteem—just because she had helped him.

Corena! Why—dad-blame it!—the woman was a hant. He realized suddenly that she was the shoal upon which Dr. Elijah Atcherson's bark had foundered. Into the mind of Doctor Herring there leaped an old saying: "Where smoke is at they is boun' to be a blaze!" What if —— Well, both Mrs. Atcherson and Mayola Kye had unqualifiedly dubbed Corena a vampire!

Doctor Herring sank weakly into a chair. He felt ill. In a second his well-ordered cosmic scheme had gone flooie. Down the hall a door opened, closed again, and he saw the fair Corena cross the hall and enter the Gold Crown. March Clisby edged ingratiatingly round the counter and Brutus plainly saw the dazzling smile with which she greeted the elongated man of business. There was no misunderstanding that smile. It was the smile that a woman reserves for the man she desires to bewitch. Brutus recalled distinctly the number of times she had bestowed such a smile upon him.

Was there no limit to the perfidy of a vampire? He knew she must have made capital of the ring he had given her; else how did Mayola know about it? The woman —— First, skinny, bloodless Doctor Atcherson; then himself—and now March Clisby! Decidedly the vampiring business was on a boom.

He felt an impelling urge to talk it over. And as co-employer of the pulchritudinous Corena he sought Elijah Atcherson. The doctor looked up testily as he entered.

"Busy doin' nothin', as usual!" he roared in greeting. "You dentis's is got a graf'."

Brutus swelled with such mite of pride as he was able to muster.

"I is got a patient comin' in half a hour," he retorted. "Epocoectomy an' orthodontia case—both."

"If'n you got all that on yo' min'," discouraged the M. D., "what you come botherin' me 'bout? I is a busy man. Git out!"

Brutus sank forlornly into a chair.

"Atcherson," he opined gloomily, "sumthin' is got to be did."

"Right—fust off. An' that sumthin' is you is got to git outen my office while I is busy."

"This is impo'tant."

"I guess I is got sumthin' mo' impo'tant than whut you is got."

"I is mentionin' Corena Clemmins."

(Continued on Page 41)

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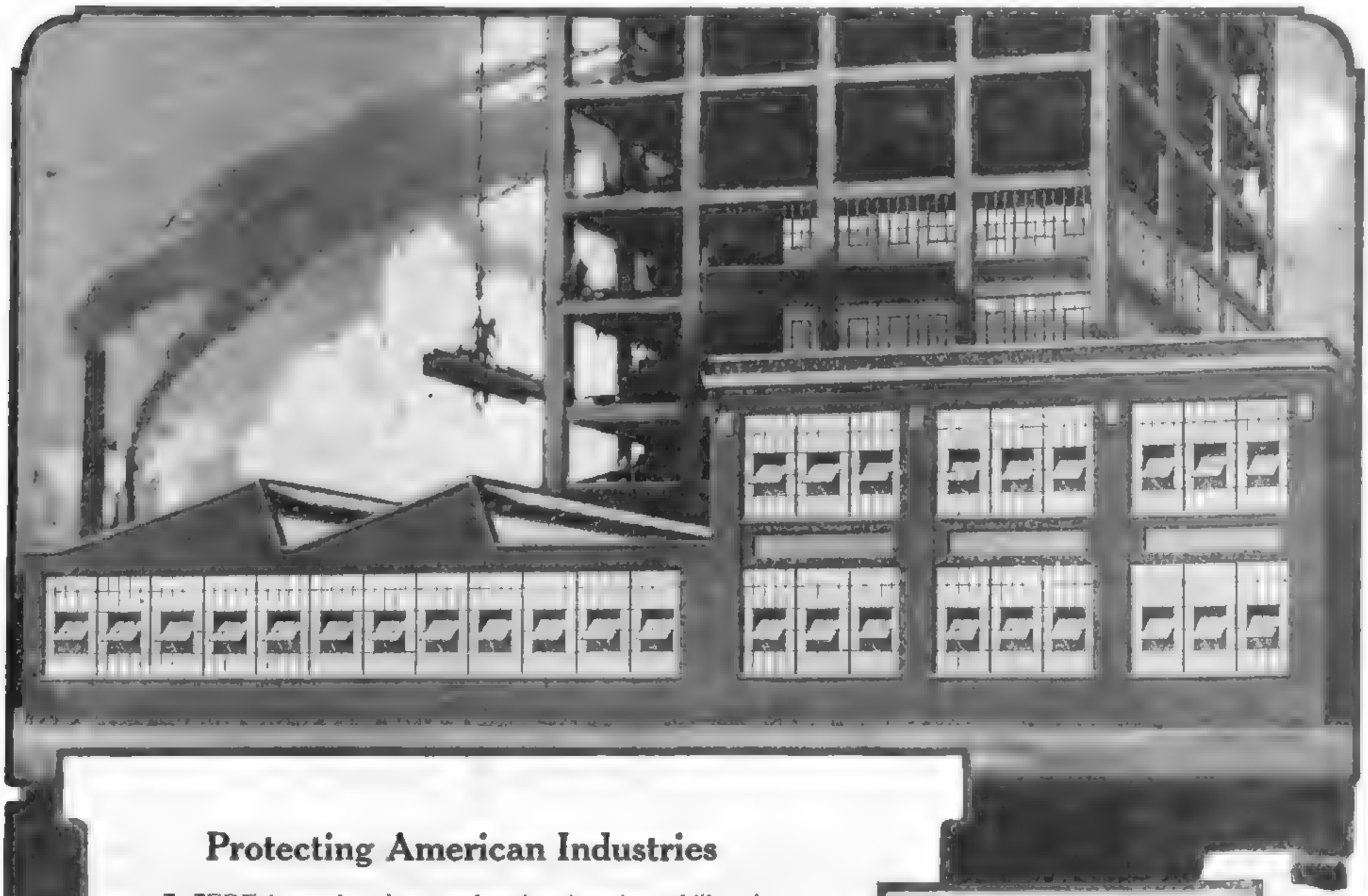

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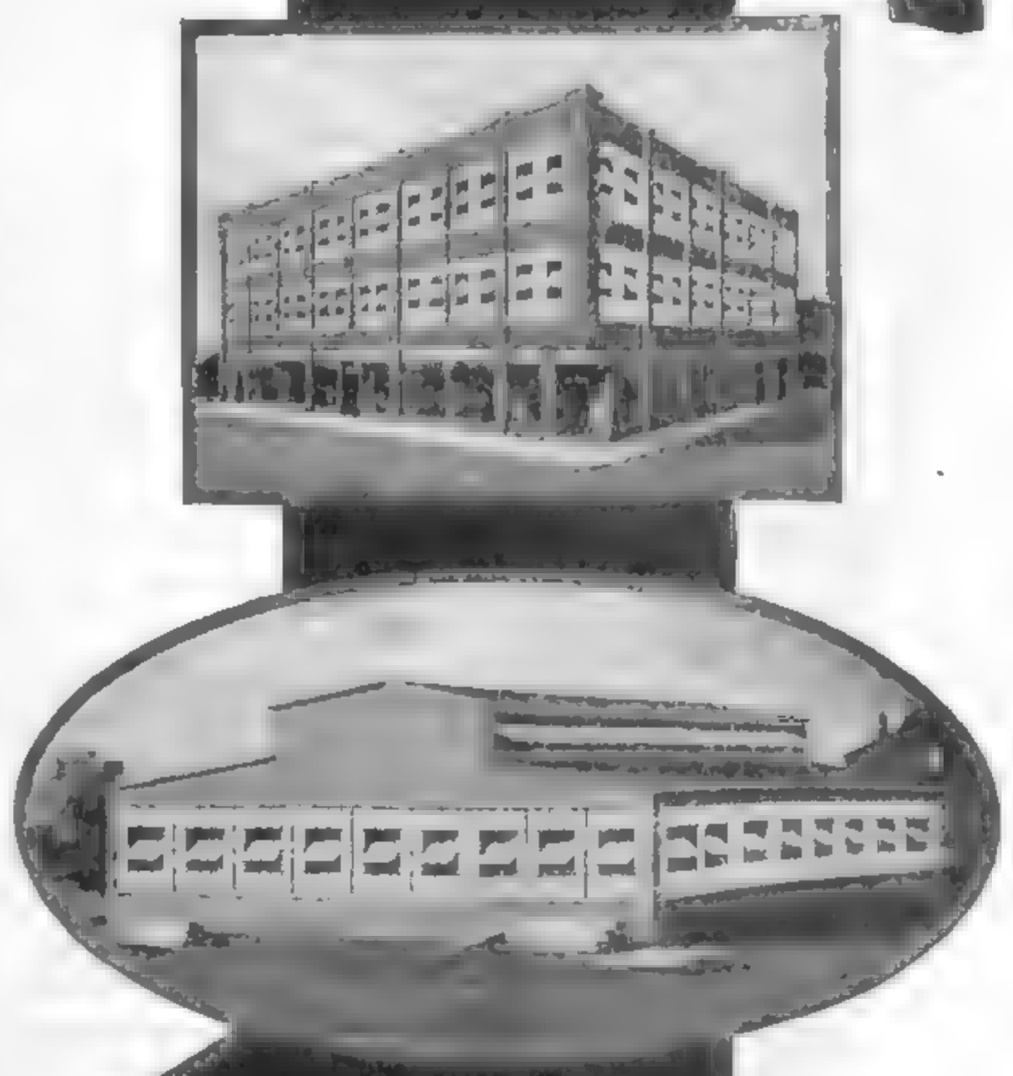

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Fenestra
SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

(Continued from Page 38)

Doctor Atcherson abruptly laid aside the microscope slide he had been preparing. His narrow-lidded little eyes glittered.

"What 'bout her?" he bellowed. "What 'bout her?"

"She's a wampire!" returned Brutus with all the courage of his new-found conviction.

"Now lis'en heah at me, Brutus Herrin': If'n you is come in heah to dip yo' oah into my pussonal an' dimestic affairs ——"

"This heah is my own affair, Atcherson. Mayola Kye is done bust up our 'gagement skallyhootin'!"

Elijah chuckled with unholy glee.

"Guess you ain't gwine laugh at me no mo' 'cause of whut Lustisha done that night—huh?"

"I 'pologize," returned Brutus humbly. "To you an' Mis' Atcherson—both."

"Huh! Wha's that? Whut you is sayin' now? You 'pologize to Lustisha too?" Atcherson was roaring bellicosely and waving his skinny arms in violent defense. "I is tellin' you now, man to man, Brutus Herrin', whut I is tol' you heahtofo'—I ain't nev' looked at that woman no other way than ——"

"'Tain't how you looks at wampires, Atcherson; it's all in how they looks at you." And Brutus plunged into a detailed and heartrending recital of the circumstances leading to the ruination of his might-have-been matrimonial bliss. "The result of all of which is," he wound up, "that, fo' our own sakes an' fo' our dimestic peace an' happiness, we is got to fire that gal."

"Contrac'!" raved Atcherson. "She is got a contrac' ontwell nex' April."

"We could offer a bonus ——"

"All right—offer a bonus, then. I ain't said nothin' 'gainst it, is I? It's wuth a hund'ed dollars to me to have a li'l' peace in my home oncet in a while. Give her a bonus an' let her go."

"You is gwine help?" Brutus glanced nervously round the office.

"Not me!"

"I is skeered to make talk with her alone. I is li'ble to git comprimised."

"Huh! Seems like you cain't git comprimised no comprimiser than whut you is a'ready. But"—valiantly—"if you insis's ——"

Dr. Brutus Herring timidly summoned Corena from the Gold Crown and in a still small voice offered her two hundred dollars cash in exchange for her copy of their written contract.

Corena listened in tight-lipped silence. Absolutely innocent, she was bulwarked with the fighting sense of outraged virtue. She swung on Brutus.

"How come you to make me this heah proposition now, Doctor Herrin'?"

"Jes' happen so."

"Shuah?"

"Absotively!"

"Miss Mayola Kye—yo' fiansay—wa'n't she in heah a few minutes ago?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Whut she said 'bout'n me?"

"Nothin'."

"Not even mention my name?"

"No—that is, not perzac'ly."

"Humph! I reckon she is been joinin' in the chorus of the song which Mis' Atcherson stahted, ain't she?"

"Now, Miss Clemmins ——"

"Whyn't you 'fen' me when she said things 'gainst me—huh? Ain't neither of you men got no gumption? Whyn't you 'fen' me when Mayola Kye talked 'gainst me jes' now?"

Brutus tumbled into the trap.

"How you know she said things 'gainst you?"

"I know it now. An' I might's well tell you both sumthin', so's they ain't gwine be no misundumstandin'. W'en Mis' Atcherson stahted in on me that night I been out in the sto'm with Doctor Atcherson I knowed she was gwine try git rid of me. An' I knowed if I quitted I'd say good-by to my repitation as a lady. So I done saw Lawyer Evans Chew an' showed him that contrac'. He says that contrac' cain't be busted; an' that, 'cause of its perfessional nature, you is not on'y got to keep on payin' me my salary but you is also got to keep me workin'."

The eyes of the unfortunate pair met and held. Corena's attitude confirmed their worst fears. She had them in her power—just how and why they didn't know; and she had no intention of releasing them.

"Two hund'ed dollars bonus?" tempted Brutus.

"Th'ee hund'ed?" dared Atcherson, the bellow gone from his quivering voice.

"No! Not th'ee hund'ed, n'r neither a thousan'. Yo' wimminfolks is set out to ruint my repitation; an' they ain't gwine do it. I wants you both to undumstan' I is a lady, an' I is a nu'se also; an' I is got a contrac' which says I work heah ontwell nex' April. Tha's all! If'n you wan's me, gen'lemen, on a perfessional matter I will be findable in the Gol' Crown Ice-Cream Pa'lor."

The door closed firmly behind her. For five minutes there was nothing to be heard in the room but silence. Finally Dr. Elijah Atcherson sighed. It was a deep, fervent, harried sigh, which rattled the windowpanes.

"Wimmin is plumb hell!" he remarked.

"Admittin' that," rejoined Brutus argumentatively, "we is still got to consider how this heah wampire is to be got rid of."

"Ain't you jes' heah her say she ain't gwine be got rid of? Ain't you?"

"What she say ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's plumb mad now an' she is got sumthin' up her sleeve which we ain't want her to perduce. We is got to get rid of her—like a wisdom tooth which is decayed."

"You do it, then; you is a dentis'."

"You claims you is got mo' brains than whut I is got."

"'Tain't no lawyer brain. An', even if 'twas, they ain't no lawyer gwine help us out."

"If'n she'd on'y lef' of her own accord ——" Brutus cogitated.

"If'n I ain't nev' had no su'gical cases 'ceptin' simple appendectomy, my reco'd would look awful good."

"Even wimmin like her falls in love—or sumthin'."

"Mos' usuamly sumthin'! Co'se we is got to git her to lef' us."

"How? If'n we on'y had one good frien' ——"

"We is; but he coul'n't be no help."

"Name which?"

"March Clisby."

The men looked at each other. Then they both started to speak.

"March is pow'ful han'some ——"

"An' him an' her is good frien's ——"

"They been knowin' each other sencet befo' she come to work fo' us ——"

"An' he'd do a heap if'n we ast him."

They waited until Miss Clemmins had completed her day's labors and departed for the sacred precincts of her boarding house on Seventeenth Street. Then March was summoned into conference. He eyed askance the fragrant perfecto Elijah forced upon him, and shied from Brutus' eagerness to light it. After much verbose preamble they got down to brass tacks.

March listened pop-eyed to their tale of woe, puffing great clouds of smoke into the room and shaking his head from side to side, as though it was too heavy for his long thin neck. Finally the collaborated story was completed and the professional men eagerly awaited March's decision. It came hesitatingly.

"Ise bettin' you gen'lemen is all wrong," he declared.

"Mebbe one of us'd be wrong," answered Atcherson in a voice as free from a roar as his nature permitted, "but never both on us. Not never both! It jes' coul'n't happen."

"But I been knowin' Corena ——"

"So is we; tha's the trouble."

"She must of had some reason fo' refusin' to quit."

"My Gawd! March Clisby, ain't that what we is been tellin' you fo' the past half a hour? Co'se she is got a reason; an' the reason is us. She ain't nothin'—on'y jes' a wampire!"

"An' you claims to be my frien's?" March's eyes narrowed.

"We is yo' frien's."

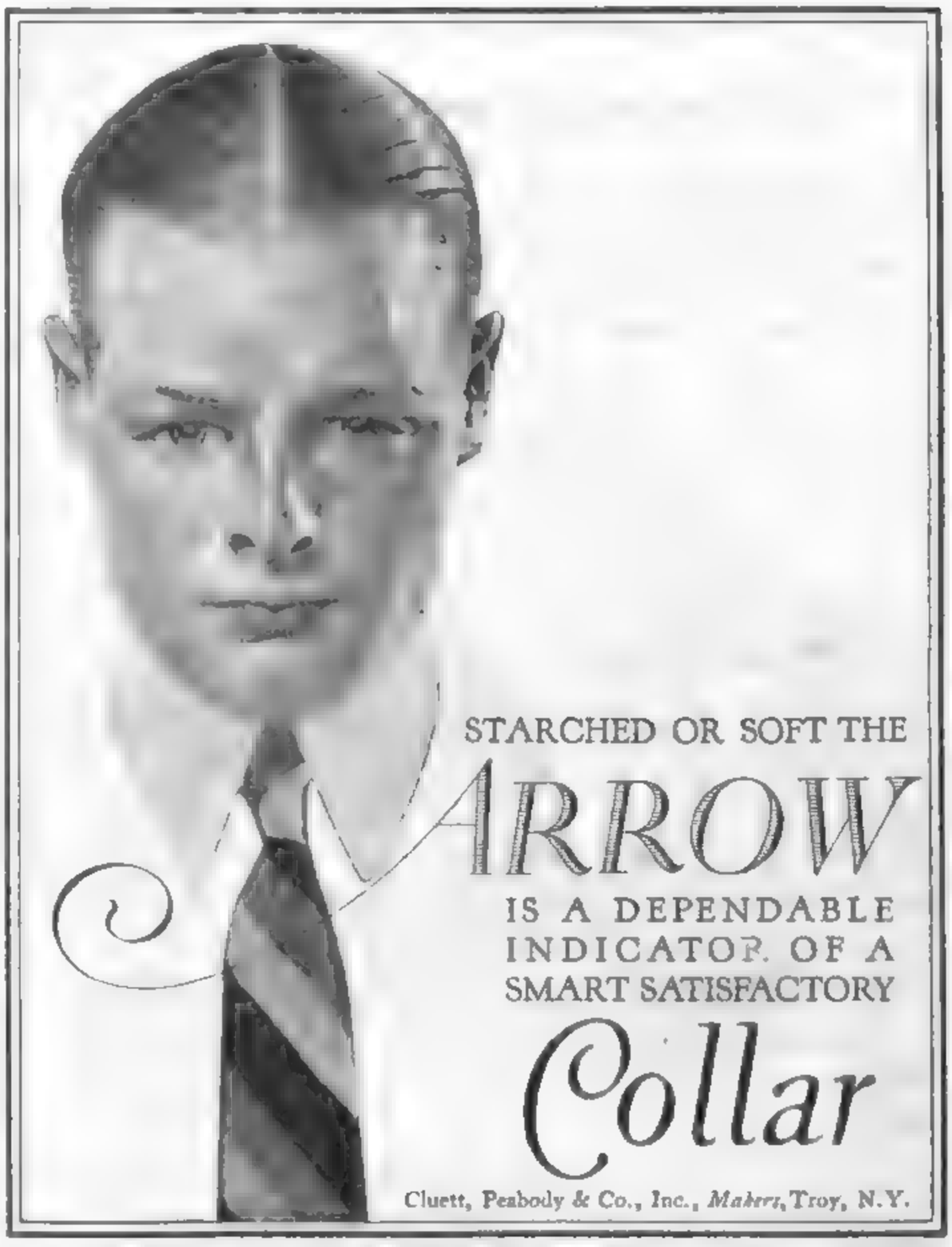
"Yet you is wishin' me onto a woman which you says is ruint you both?"

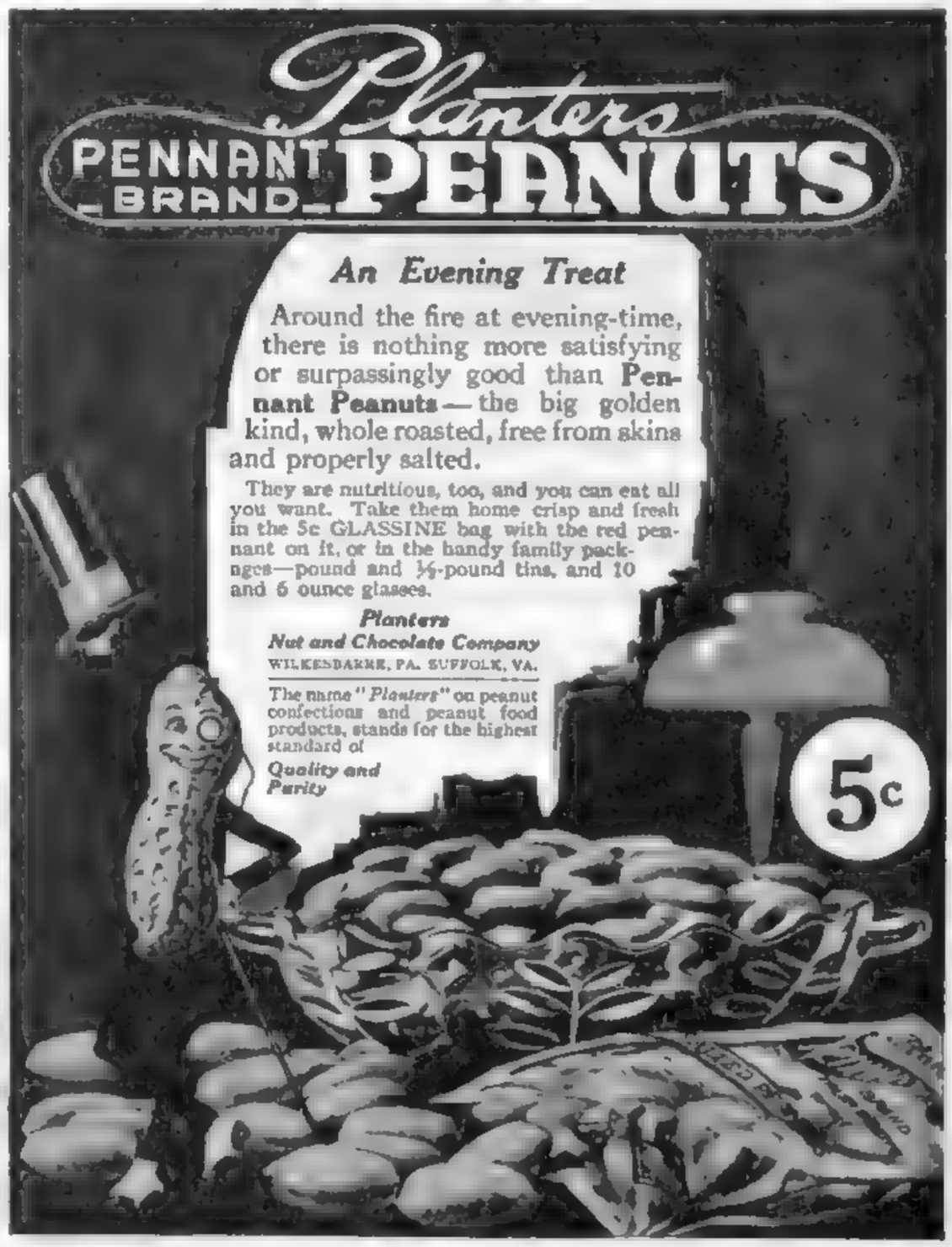
"You ain't engage'—neither married."

"I—I know that ——" March hesitated—and was lost.

Brutus and Elijah opened a verbal bombardment before which better men than March would have fallen. They fairly overflowed with persuasive logic. According to their arguments March Clisby would assure himself a private golden throne in heaven by this act of charity; he would become a benefactor to the human race by setting up as an eliminator of vampires.

"B-b-but," stammered the dazed March, coming up for air, "whut is they in it fo' me?"

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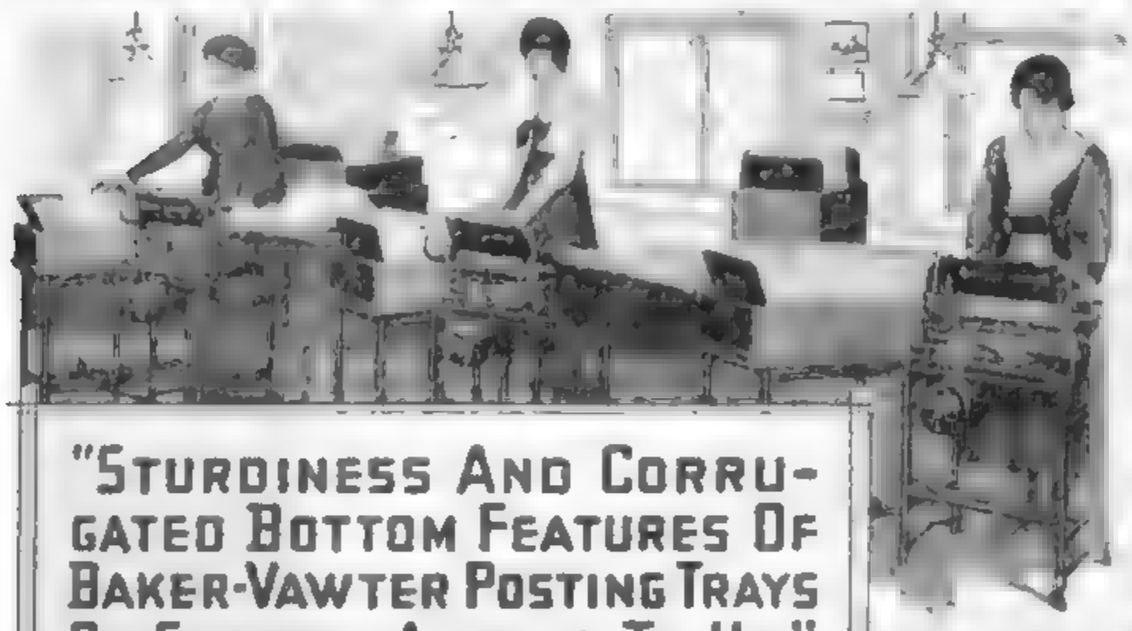

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"Oh!" There was a sudden let-down in enthusiasm. "Sumthin'!" answered Atcherson vaguely.

"Whut?" persisted March cannily. "Co'se, pervidin' I succeeds."

The bare mention of success proved the open sesame to their wallets.

"How much you want, March?"

March Clisby hesitated. He knew these men needed his help; yet, understanding the soreness of their straits, he hesitated to voice his demands.

"I is a young man," he opened timidly; "an' I ain't got nothin' befo' me—on'y a future."

"Yeh! Yeh!"

"An'—an' —— Well, I was thinkin' if'n I c'n do this heah thing fo' you gen'lemen you-all ought to be willin' to give me another thi'd of the Gol' Crown Ice-Cream Pa'lor, so's I'd own the cumtrollin' interes'."

The price was steep, but not sufficiently steep to beget any great amount of hesitation. The Gold Crown was a good paying proposition as such propositions go; but both doctors were too well fixed in the goods of this world to require the little they received as a two-thirds share of its revenue.

"Tell you whut we'll do," compromised Elijah: "T'morrow mawnin' we'll go down to Lawyer Artopee Gaillard an' draw up a contrac' which gives you cumtrol as gene'al manager, no matter whut we says, an' also gives you two-thi'ds of the profits a'long's you stay with the business. That gives you-all whut you wants an' pertec's us case'n you ev' got sore an' wan'ed to sell us out."

March Clsby beamed beatifically. He extended both hands comprehensively. "You is both gen'lemen of the fust water!" he proclaimed. "An' I is proud to sacerfice myse'f on the altar of my frien'ship fo' sech."

By noon of the following day Elijah and Brutus were all smiles. There was no gainsaying the fact that March had no intention whatever of shirking his end of the bargain. He spent every available minute in the immediate vicinity of Miss Clemmins, smirking and smiling ingratiatingly—a fish angling for the bait. He brought to the reception room—when it was vacant—foamy, frothy ice-cream sodas, samples *par excellence* of his own handiwork.

That night he begged off and, leaving his assistant in charge, escorted Miss Clemmins to Champion Moving Picture Theater Number Two—Colored Only, where they sat tensely through the ninth bloodcurdling episode of The Hounding of Hattie.

During the days that followed March intensified his efforts. Nor did Corena Clemmins register any violent objections. Her attitude toward Brutus and Elijah, however, was cold and aloof—much to the delight of those gentlemen. She was icily professional and stonily distant. The doctors attributed it all to March's effective work and gave that earnest young man due and liberal credit.

Brutus made two attempts to get back into the good graces of Mayola Kye. Both times the door was slammed viciously in his face. As for Lustisha Atcherson, she maintained her menacing attitude of potential belligerence. The doctors waited impatiently for concrete developments. And the developments were not long in materializing.

Twelve days after the original conversation March Clisby drew them into conference in Brutus' office. He reclined luxuriously in the dentist's chair, lighted a cigarette and made his report.

"Gen'lemen," he announced, "you-all shuah did han' me out a tough job."

"Huh? You ain't mean ——"

"I mean I is tried 'suasion an' ev'ything else whut they is to try, an' 'tain't no use!"

"Oh, Lawdy, March, you ain't quittin' on us, is you?"

"No-o; not perzac'ly."

"What you mean—not perzac'ly?"

"They ain't on'y one way to remove Corena away f'um heah."

"Come which?"

"I is got to marry her!"

Brutus looked at Elijah and Elijah looked at Brutus. Their consciences were suddenly troublesome. It was plain that March had succumbed to the lure of the siren, and also patent that the trustful young man little understood the halter he was calmly proposing to place about his own neck.

"Marry her?"

"Uh-huh!"

"But, March, they sho'ly must be some otheh way."

He shook his head in positive negation.

"I been knowin that gal longer'n what you has, Doc. An' w'en she's sot on a thing she's sot on it tho'ough an' complete. They ain't no movin' her a-tall. An' if'n I is any jedge she is sot on remainin' where she is at ontwell she is married."

Brutus sighed. He was a tender-hearted man and hated to guide his friend to the slaughter. But his own happiness meant much. He spread his hands wide in a gesture of grudging consent.

"Well, go ahead an' marry her."

Elijah cleared his throat and bobbed his head.

"Guess you is got to, March."

March Clisby unctuously rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"That brings on mo' talk ——" And he hesitated modestly.

"Which?"

"A gal like what Corena is—she ain't gwine stan' fo' no six-bits weddin'. She is gwine deman' all the trimmin's an' a reg'lar sho'-'nough honeymoon."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"An' I cain't 'ford it."

"Oh!" Elijah was beginning to see a light. "We is gave you 'nough a'ready, March."

"If'n tha's how you feel 'bout'n it, Doctor Atcherson, I reckon I ain't got to marry her, is I?" March started to rise.

Brutus forced the victim back into the chair.

"Yes, you is!" he grated. "How much this heah swell weddin' an' honeymoon gwine cos'?"

The prospective bridegroom set his figure at a minimum:

"Th'ee hund'ed dollars."

"Make it two hund'ed an' fifty."

"Th'ee hund'ed is the rock-bottom price; an' I is losin' money at that, gen'lemen. Remember I is the one got to live with her all my nachel life."

Elijah sighed ponderously.

"Bein' a married man, March, I know sumthin' 'bout'n whut that means. S'far's I is concerned at, the th'ee hund'ed is satisfactory." He tentatively produced his check book. "You is shuah she is gwine marry you?"

"Soht of."

"Soon as the 'gagement is publicly announce', March, you gits the th'ee hund'ed. We'll write the checks an' hol' 'em ontwell then."

"Tha's easy!" grinned March. "I is bettin' I c'n cash in by to'night."

And he did! Immediately on the heels of the announcement Brutus was received once again into the arms of the adoring Mayola, now thoroughly contrite for the manner in which she had treated him. As for Lustisha, she actually beamed upon her husband across their dinner table; and just before his departure after the evening meal she implanted a warm moist kiss upon his unwilling lips.

The wedding, which occurred three weeks later, marked a social epoch. Even Lustisha Atcherson, who could not have been kept away by a team of wild horses, admitted that the bride presented a thoroughly entrancing picture. Mayola Kye, intoxicated by the festive atmosphere, unbent so far as to kiss the bride.

A large portion of unalloyed bliss had settled upon the shoulders of each of the guests. Supreme hilarity held sway and raucous humor ran rampant. Professor Alec Champagne's string-and-reed orchestra furnished an amplitude of raggy, itchy dance music. Even Elijah Atcherson allowed a corner of his mantle of dignity to slip as he circulated through the crowd, his bellicose basso rising triumphantly above the din.

Finally the midnight hour approached and the blushing bride retired to her boudoir to don traveling garb. Brutus Herring and Elijah Atcherson cornered the bridegroom in the hallway and pressed a thin envelope into his willing hand.

"They's fifty dollars, March. Tha's ovah an' above whut we is a'ready gave you. You is shuah done yo' work tho'ough, an' we wants you to know that we 'preciates it."

March was overcome with emotion.

"You is both too good. Doin' whut I is done did ain't nothin' a-tall fo' such fine fellers like whut you-all is."

"Humph!" grunted the pessimistic Elijah. "Jes' wait ontwell you is been married a yeah!"

Meantime, in the sanctity of her room, the bride had divested herself of veil and bridal gown. She stood proudly before the

(Concluded on Page 45)

THE full, creamy lather of Goblin Soap produces wonderful results. It dissolves the most obstinate grease and dirt and leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy. It is good for home or office, workshop or garage; it is a wholesome, healthful soap; and is especially good for children's play stained hands.

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"WE have found out that Diamond I bottles really *are* better bottles.

"First of all, they are strong—dependable. They stand the racket of shipping better, they go through the handling they get in our own plant—washing, filling and packing—more successfully.

"On top of that, they are more accurate in capacity; and their uniform corkage is another benefit.

"Besides, they are attractive bottles—a credit to any product. They speak well for us with jobbers, retailers and consumers.

"We've got to look upon bottles as an investment—and the record of Diamond I bottles proves them to be a profitable investment for us.

"FURTHERMORE, the company behind Diamond I bottles means a lot to us.

"The Illinois Glass Company has the facilities, the ability and the intelligence in its organization to produce bottles of superior quality—and has been doing that for forty-six years.

"That's why good business judgment, common sense and pride in our own product guide us to the choice of Diamond I bottles."

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Dallas
New Orleans
St. Louis

(Concluded from Page 42)

dresser mirror in all the pristine glory of white satin ribbon and fluffy lingerie. There came a light tap on the door and it cracked open tentatively.

"C'n I come in?"

Corena looked up into the tiny contrite face of Mayola Kye. There was no resisting a penitent Mayola. "Shuah, Miss Kye! You is mos' welcome."

Mayola entered and stood uncertainly before the other woman.

"I is done you dirt, Corena," she blurted; "an' I is sorry."

Corena impulsively kissed her.

"Tha's all right, Mayola; tha's jes' all right! You—you"—she cast about for some symbol of forgiveness—"you c'n he'p lace up my travelin' boots."

From her post of honor at the feet of the bride Mayola glanced up.

"It took me all of a heap, Corena."

"Which?"

"Yo' weddin'—comin' sudden, like it done."

The bride shook her head.

"They wa'n't nothin' sudden 'bout our weddin'."

"But—but you ain't hahdly knowe I March Clisby real well fo' more'n th'ee or fo' weeks!"

Corena's lips expanded into a broad grin. The grin became a chuckle, and the chuckle a full-blown throaty laugh.

"Sho' now, Mayola—you is plumb wrong there! Why, me an' March Clisby is been engage' sencet even befo' I went to work fo' the doctors!

"Co'se 'twas a secret 'gagement; but we was on'y waitin' ontwell our feenancial affairs looked brighter." She paused briefly, then smiled again. "An'—believe me, Mayola -things is shuah been comin' March's way right recent!"

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 19)

Waterford, Maine, on the 26th of April, 1834. His father was a state senator, a probate judge, and at one time a wealthy citizen; but at his death, when his famous son was yet a lad, left his family little or no property. Charles apprenticed himself to a printer, and served out his time, first in Springfield and then in Boston. In the latter city he made the acquaintance of Shillaber, Ben Perley Poore, Halpine, and others, and tried his hand as a sketchist for a volume edited by Mrs. Partington. His early effusions bore the signature of "Chub." From the Hub he emigrated to the West. At Toledo, Ohio, he worked as a "typo" and then as a "local" on a Toledo newspaper. Then he went to Cleveland, where as city editor of the Plain Dealer he began the peculiar vein from which he later worked so successfully.

The sobriquet "Artemus Ward" was not taken from the Revolutionary general. It was suggested by an actual personality. In an adjoining town to Cleveland there was a snake charmer who called himself Artemus Ward, an ignorant witling or half-wit, the laughingstock of the country round. Browne's first communication over the signature of Artemus Ward purported to be from this person, and it succeeded so well that he kept it up. He widened the conception as he progressed. It was not long before his sketches began to be copied and he became a newspaper favorite. He remained in Cleveland from 1857 to 1860, when he was called to New York to take the editorship of a venture called Vanity Fair. This died soon after, but he did not die with it. A year later, in the fall of 1861, he made his appearance as a lecturer at New London, and met with decided encouragement. Then he went on tour, returned to New York, hired a hall and opened there with "the show." From that time forward all went well.

The first money he made was applied to the purchase of the old family homestead in Maine, which he presented to his mother. The payments on this being completed, he bought himself a little nest on the Hudson, meaning to settle down and perhaps to marry. But his dreams were not destined to be realized.

Thus, at the outset of a career from which much was to be expected, a man possessed of rare and original qualities of head and heart sank out of the sphere in which at that time he was the most prominent figure.

There was then no Mark Twain or Bret Harte. His rivals were such humorists as Orpheus C. Kerr, Nasby, Asa Hartz, The Fat Contributor, John Happy, Mrs. Partington, Bill Arp, and the like, who are mostly forgotten.

Artemus Ward wrote little, but he made good and left his mark. Along with the queer John Phœnix his writings survived the deluge which followed them. He poured out the wine of life in limpid stream and was possessed of rare individuality. It may be fairly said that he did much to give permanency and respectability to the style of literature of which he was at once a brilliant illustrator and illustration. His was a short life indeed, though a merry one, and a sad death. In a strange land, yet surrounded by admiring friends, about to reach the coveted independence he had looked forward to so long, he sank to rest, his dust mingling with that of the great Thomas Hood, alongside of whom he was laid in Kensal Green.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of reminiscences by Colonel Watterson. The fifth will appear in an early issue

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merit your decided preference because they give you the utmost in garter comfort and service. You can choose from styles at

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Would you enjoy much self-respect in clothes you had worn for two years, day and night, in mud, rain and dust? Then how can you take real pleasure in a car that badly needs a new dress?

Go to a professional painter if you can spare the car for a couple of weeks. His fine work is worth all it costs.

But a Da-cote finish, applied by yourself some afternoon, will please you immensely. You'll be proud of the job and proud of the car. It will sell for a good price if you are willing to part with it.

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THE BEST-LAID PLAN

Continued from Page 15

the bonds and their numbers. The leaves of his own canvas-covered book which contained a like record he cut out and burned. So there was nothing left by which the bonds could be identified. That was vital, for each bond bore a number on the bond itself and one on each of its interest coupons. If a coupon bearing a number concerning which warning had been given were presented for payment to the county treasury or the city treasury it could be traced back to its owner through the bank in which it had been deposited. But there was now no way of tracing Kluge's bonds.

The murder created its due sensation, but there was not the slightest clew pointing to the murderer. As to how the long-sealed street door came to be open and the dog came to be chained the police speculated at random. Knowing the miser's deeply suspicious habits they were loath to believe that he had voluntarily admitted anyone to the premises. Yet someone perfectly familiar with the premises and knowing where the bonds were concealed had gained admittance.

Rather naturally the police constructed a theory that implicated the dead man's sister. But investigation at once showed beyond doubt that she had been in the Wisconsin village all the time, and the shock of the murder sent her to bed so ill that she could not even come to the unceremonious funeral, which the public authorities directed, as there was nobody else to give a direction. This left the police at a loss. They would as soon have thought of suspecting the mayor himself as H. Lederer—who, as a matter of fact, was personally quite unknown to the mayor.

Yet H. Lederer could not be at ease. That great shock which descended upon him when he first stood at the street door after the murder left an incurable wound. When he had thought it all out so carefully, why should he have bolted away without securing that vitally important book containing the numbers of the bonds? And he hadn't done it at all as he had planned—using the chance poker instead of the implement in his bag. Why should his brains have failed him in the most crucial moment of all his existence? He had risked his life upon an implement that gave way in his hands. That was the incurable wound. He could not make sure of himself. He thought it all over and over and over again, striving to recall every step and motion. Had he blundered anywhere? Once sweat broke out on his forehead at the thought that he might have bespattered himself with the corn meal. Somebody in the station might have noticed it on his wet overcoat. He might have gone home in the street car that way. He strove to remember exactly how he had emptied out the meal—whether a dust of it had risen and flown about. But he could not remember that.

Still the days went by—six of them.

Then he was visited by a brace of burly detectives. The police, of course, were seeking clews to the miser's wealth. They had finally induced Miss Kluge—who was very ill and who shared Tilly Street's very ill opinion of the police—to divulge that her brother had bought his bonds of H. Lederer. The detectives wanted a description of the bonds. Lederer had rather expected that. He explained with unwonted blandness that he had no description of them. Kluge, he said, had never kept an account at the bank—had merely appeared there from time to time, bought a few bonds, paid cash for them and carried them away. So the banker had kept no record whatever; he had supposed Kluge would do that. The detectives went away disappointed, leaving Lederer comforted by the thought that he had triumphantly passed the only ordeal in sight.

A fortnight went by without a ripple on the surface of the waters. Then he was further comforted by news in his evening paper that Miss Kluge had departed this life at the Wisconsin village.

He waited another fortnight to see whether that event would start an inimical ripple; but it did not, and by that time the busy city was well in the way of forgetting the tragedy of Tilly Street. All the while Kluge's bonds lay in Lederer's private safe. That troubled him. Also, the affairs of his bank were in as precarious a state as ever. So he began disposing of the bonds—very cautiously, selling seven of them to one bank, eight to another bank, five to one broker and five to another. He took his time about it. Two weeks passed before the last of the bonds was safely out of his hands and his bank, replenished by the proceeds of the bonds, was in a position to defy all assaults. Alone in his room he grinned feverishly, disclosing his ill-preserved teeth.

The next afternoon a young woman and a young man presented themselves at his office door, the young woman in the lead. Lederer would have judged her to be twenty-five or twenty-six. She was not very tall, and slim and had soft brown eyes. Probably one would not have thought whether she was pretty or not. One would have thought she was nice. Casually glancing her over on the street one would have rather banked on her to assay true ore of womanly constancy and affection. Such was Lederer's reaction to her. Her suit and hat were neat, but the experienced old-clothes man wouldn't have offered more than five dollars for them. One-fourth the retail price was always his limit for garments in the best of condition.

The young man seemed hardly older, and was tall and lank, with the appearance of a shy, awkward, dreamy sort of person. He took off his hat on approaching the door. Three dollars would have been Lederer's limit, in the old days, for his outer garments.

"Mr. Lederer?" the young woman inquired.

The banker merely gave an indifferent nod.

Standing at the threshold, waiting to be asked in, the young woman explained: "I am Mrs. Pearsoll. This is my husband. Probably you don't know; but Katrina Kluge was my aunt—my mother's half sister. She told us to come to you."

So that was who they were! H. Lederer's indifferent mental attitude instantly changed. He invited them in, invited Mrs. Pearsoll to a seat at the desk; asked the husband to close the door behind him and called his attention to a vacant chair.

Seated at the time-stained desk, her soft brown eyes fixed seriously on the banker's face, speaking in a sweet voice—a waft of youth and spring in the grim office—the young woman explained that they had come down to the city to see about the inheritance. They had consulted a lawyer who had been recommended to them—found what steps it was necessary to take. But Aunt Katrina had said they must consult nobody but Mr. Lederer about the bonds. Aunt Katrina was very suspicious of lawyers and of the police. She had said they must go to no one except Mr. Lederer. She had thought Mr. Lederer could help them recover the securities. She had given them a paper containing a description of the bonds, with injunctions to place it only in Mr. Lederer's hands.

From her hand bag she drew a cheap envelope and from that extracted a folded sheet of paper, which she gave to the banker. He saw at a glance that it contained the numbers of Kluge's bonds—county bonds on one side, city bonds on the other—set down in Kluge's handwriting. Evidently the landlord had given it to his sister before she left for Wisconsin—a forethought upon which the banker had not reckoned. With this sheet, tracing the bonds was merely a matter of time.

In spite of himself Lederer's fingers trembled as they held the paper. "It's a good thing you brought it to me," he said. "I'll see to it for you." He wet his dry lips with his tongue, bent toward her and lowered his voice: "We got to be careful. There was something queer about that—over there." He nodded in the general direction of Tilly Street. "That police lieutenant—he had an appointment with Kluge. He says he went up the back stairs, pushed the door open and found the man dead. Nobody downstairs had heard a sound. The dog hadn't barked. Then the police say they found the street door with the bars all taken off. They say the man must have come in that way. But why should Kluge have taken the bars off the door? Why should the dog be chained up only he was always chained up when the police lieutenant came? Something queer about it. In Chicago a man don't dare say such things—don't dare whisper. The police can do anything. I advise you to be careful."

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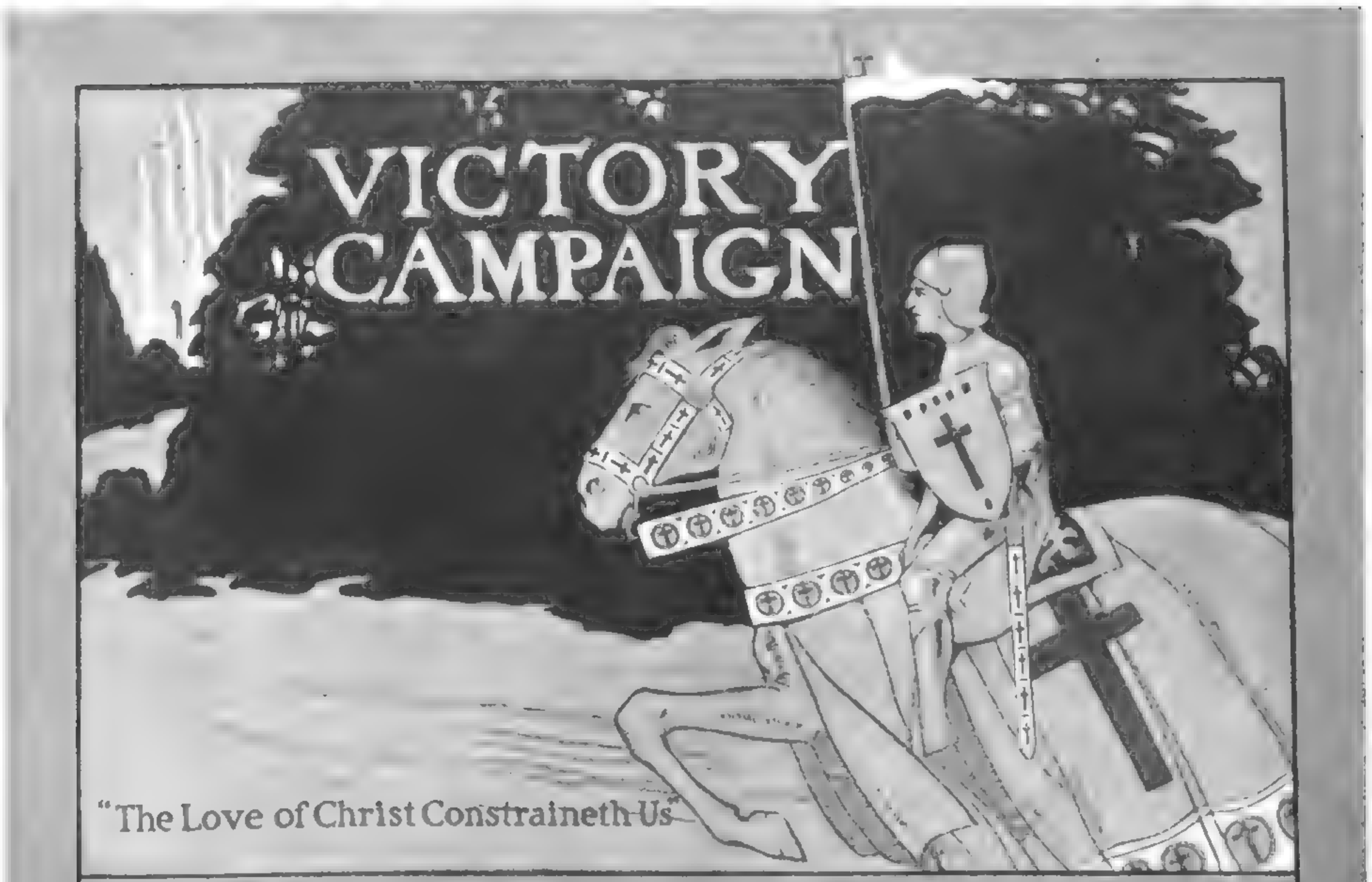

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This is a summons to every Baptist.

It is also addressed to every one who has no other agency through which he is working for the great moral objects which can be accomplished only through united action.

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WK

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CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA

(Concluded from Page 46)

Bending toward her, his dark eyes boring at her face, he had spoken rapidly in a kind of husky half whisper, with a bad breath. It was aggressive, something as though he were clutching her. She had to exert herself to keep from shrinking back.

"I know," she murmured. "That's what Aunt Katrina thought. She told us to come to you—nobody else." A line appeared in her forehead and her face drew with a kind of incredulous repulsion. "Chicago is a horrible place!" she flung out in high indignation. "Those horrible things over there!" She, too, nodded in the general direction of Tilly Street and affirmed with spirit: "We're going to have every one of those terrible houses pulled down! Every one of them!"

The idea was so novel to Lederer that it took him a moment to grasp it. His conservative instincts rose in protest automatically. Besides, he had perceived that it was very necessary for him to retain the confidence of this nice little person from the Wisconsin village; and he could save her from a shocking folly. So he expostulated warmly. At present the Tilly Street property brought in a very good income. There was no possible use for it except the use to which it was then devoted. If she pulled down the houses she would have only the bare land on her hands, eating her up with taxes, for people were not making improvements on realty in that neighborhood. There was no inducement for them to.

She listened to him in astonishment, which still showed in her wide eyes and in her voice when she replied: "Why, we're poor people, Mr. Lederer. My husband's business hasn't been doing as well as we expected. We're anxious enough to get money, goodness knows." She hesitated a bit and the line reappeared in her forehead. "I don't know how we're going to get the money for all this expense about the estate. . . . But that money!" All her horror of Tilly Street was in the tone. "Why, I've got a little girl two years old myself. I wouldn't touch it if I was starving!" She paled slightly and sort of gathered herself like one about to plunge into icy water. "Far as I can see, I might just as well go over there myself."

And the lank young husband—who had been leaning forward listening in surprise to H. Lederer's expostulation—put in with a sort of amiable incredulity, as though the banker had been proposing that they blow up the city hall: "Why, of course, Mr. Lederer, we couldn't do that!"

Lederer perceived that he was in the presence of a strange but fixed rural aberration; something beyond the reach of reason—like Moxy Groat, whom nothing in the world could induce to ride on a street car through the tunnel under the river. It nettled him, because it dashed the atmosphere of confidence he had been striving to create. He shrugged his shoulders and mumbled "Well, if you've made up your minds to it," and began speaking of the bonds.

He would take steps, he said, to trace them—very cautiously. It would take time and patience—above all, profound secrecy, for the police had their spies everywhere. He hoped to be able to recover some of them, at least—in time. They must leave it all to him. It was a good thing that they had the numbers of the bonds and that they had come to him. Before their eyes as he finished speaking he folded the sheet, replaced it in the envelope and put the envelope in his breast pocket—prepared to defend it even to using force. But they made no objection whatever to his keeping it. Evidently they had expected that.

When they had gone the banker took stock of himself, as a man picking himself out of a railroad wreck might. And his spirits rose. A narrow shave, but he had weathered it! He took the sheet out of his pocket, looked at it and exulted. It was a sign that luck was with him.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Pearsoll had silently made their way down to unfamiliar La Salle Street and turned north. Often they spent half hours or whole hours together in silence, for she would be thinking of something very concrete and very near at hand, such as fashioning a two-year-old dress out of an older garment, while he would be thinking of something rather abstract and far off.

Presently she looked up at him and remarked abruptly, with a trace of astonishment: "What a rotten old man! He wanted us to keep those places! Didn't he give you the creeps anyway? He did me!"

And half absently, with an indulgent smile for her fervor, the young man replied: "He did look sort of spidery."

She had a great deal to think about—getting her mother down there to claim the inheritance, for the lawyer had said that would be best; and about how they could find the money for the cost of the court proceedings; and whether it would be worth while to find it if they were only going to have some vacant land on their hands eating them up with taxes. First and last, there was much to be thought about.

And some of her thinking came to this as they sat the next forenoon in their small and shabby bedroom at the inexpensive hotel to which a townsman in Wisconsin had recommended them: "Walter, I don't care what anybody says, I like that lawyer! I know he's a good man! I just know he is. And I don't like Lederer—old reprobate! He wanted us to keep those horrible places. A good man wouldn't have done that. I bet he's an old shark and skinflint. He looks it. If Aunt Katrina hadn't said so I wouldn't trust him the length of my nose. I don't believe Aunt Katrina was anybody to judge, anyhow. Would you trust a man who talked the way he did about those dives—and looks the way he does?"

It was an idea that had never occurred to her husband, he had so many pleasanter ideas to think about. Being thus directly challenged he did consider it—to this effect: "Why, he did talk like an old reprobate, Kate—that's a fact. But Aunt Katrina knew more about it than we do. . . . I don't see as there's anything in particular we can do about it."

"All the same," Mrs. Pearsoll replied firmly, "I'm going back to the lawyer. He understood us when we talked about those houses, and Lederer didn't. I'm going to the lawyer."

Which she did. So that afternoon as Lederer, about to leave the bank, unfolded the last edition of his evening newspaper his eye was at once caught by this headline:

KLUGE'S STOLEN BONDS

The article beneath said that John Hamden, attorney, acting on behalf of the dead miser's heirs-at-law, had come into possession of a list giving the numbers of the bonds stolen from the murdered landlord of Tilly Street, which numbers were therewith published, so that any persons who had purchased county or city bonds since the date of the murder, or to whom county or city bonds were offered for sale, might compare their numbers with those published in the newspaper and so give a clew to the murderer. The numbers, it said, had been posted with the county and city treasurers, so the bonds could be traced when the coupons were presented for payment.

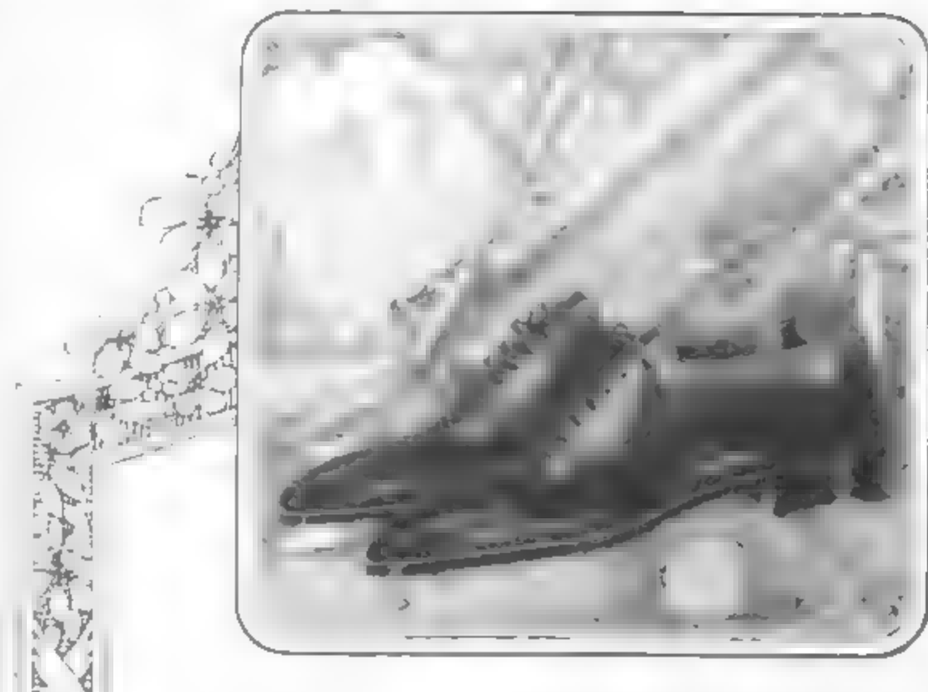
There the numbers were in plain black type. It might be a day or it might be a fortnight before all the various persons to whom Lederer had sold the bonds would check them up and discover that they came from Kluge's hoard. But it would be only a day before some of them would do that checking and so start the skein to unraveling. If he escaped hanging the purchasers of the stolen bonds would demand their money back and he would be ruined.

As dusk was thickening to dark that evening H. Lederer went rapidly down a crazy stairway at the abutment of a bridge over the river—went down very much as he had descended the dark stairs to the Tilly Street door. Having gained the water's edge he stepped out on a timber six inches above it and threw himself in. He hadn't supposed it would be so cold or the current so swift. The greasy water gave off a noxious smell. Being cumbered with an overcoat he came up only once.

About that time little Mrs. Pearsoll was sitting in the bedroom of the inexpensive hotel, her hands clasped in her lap, gazing down at the strange city street below. She looked round and exclaimed to her husband—with a kind of wondering, joyous, doubting lilt in her voice:

"Oh, Walter! Do you suppose we might—sometime—get all that money? Or any of it—only a quarter! So we wouldn't have to worry—and you could give all your time to writing? Do you really suppose we might?"

For the lawyer had said he could recover every bond for them as soon as the bonds could be traced. It had been just her own prudent little notion that she ought to make a copy of the list that her Aunt Katrina had given her; one list might get lost. And being sensible of her own lack of experience she would have trusted Lederer but for what he said about the Tilly Street habitations.



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The CROSSETT SHOES carry the CROSSETT name branded on the soles. This name assures all that you can look for in a shoe, fine-wearing qualities, handsomeness, comfort.

The strict care in maintaining quality during trying times has made the CROSSETT name more looked for than ever by wearers and responsible shoe dealers.

Look up the dealer nearest you who sells CROSSETT SHOES.

CROSSETT SHOES are made for both men and women, a dealer in most every town.

Lewis A. Crossett, Inc., Makers
North Abington, Mass.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

The Hosiery of Sustained Reputation

There is such pride of craftsmanship goes into every pair of Monito Hosiery that the established standard of its superiority varies only to reach a higher degree of perfection, developed by experience.

The flawless thread, the shapely fit and the consummate comfort are conspicuous features alike of the sturdy lisles, the attractive combination of silk and lisle and the dainty silks, for

Men and Women

Whether at 30c or $3.00 the pair, Monito Hosiery will give full measure of satisfaction. We ask your dealer to guarantee them unqualifiedly.

In all the wanted colors and in novelties that good taste will approve.

For Sale in All the Best Shops Everywhere

Made by

Moorhead Knitting Co.,

Incorporated

Harrisburg, Penna.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

and gracious at all those awful Prison-Gate Mission teas and things—I should think you'd go mad. I have nothing to do but dress myself and order my meals, and Rex wanted me to bring a maid back from New York to do even that. Yet I am perpetually tired if I have to write a note I have a headache, and if anyone calls on me I want to cry, cry, cry as soon as they are gone!"

Densie looked at her shrewdly. "My aunt showed me how to work," she said; "that is the difference."

"You tried to show me," Sally corrected honestly.

Densie invited her to some meetings for the next day, which she refused listlessly. She started asking about her father, but they became engrossed as to the style of fur boas to be worn next winter, so he was forgotten except for Sally's leaving him a little gift.

"Tell me about Harriet," Densie had asked.

"Same old Harriet—thinner, paler, blacker eyes, keener mind and colder heart—more devoted to that idiot Leila, who is deceitful, I'm sure—and more careless of everyone else. She bored Rex, so we saw little of her."

"And Rex?" Densie's voice was very earnest.

Sally's face went white. "He is well," was all she answered, "and very good to me."

But after she had left, fairly dragging her tired, beautiful self down the stairs and into her cab, Densie sat, forgetful of duties and honors and engagements. She was wondering—no bride has that dead look in her eyes without some cause. John had somewhat the same look. Could Densie explain the cause?

XXXII

THE war definitely crowded all of Densie's other activities aside. She was officially given the responsibility to organize societies and handle funds, and when she left for the New York convention she took with her a secretary and traveled in a drawing-room, that she might dictate letters on the journey. Once, during a lull, she recalled that other trip to New York, when she had timidly obeyed her husband's dictates and become disillusioned as to Harriet's education, besides being snubbed conscientiously by the entire convention.

This time she had said good-by to John in her matter-of-fact way, not noticing whether or not he responded. The senator was to be in New York also; he had made Densie promise she would step down from her pedestal and play with him some of the time. Harriet also expected to be with her mother; altogether Densie's days would be crowded to overflowing, and she decided she would not wire Kenneth to join her as she had halfway promised. Some other time she would give up a week and take Kenneth to New York, at which time she would not speak before a single club or meet anyone who would ask her to sign a petition or use her influence with such and such a personage.

One other time during the journey she recalled her family. A bride had entered the car at some small station, rice and roses dripping from her in profusion and a nice-faced young husband solicitously trying to carry all the bags and the bride as well. Something about the bridegroom reminded her of Dean Laddbarry. Woman fashion she could not resist taking a look at the bride, a pretty country girl, ill at ease in her new gown, but as Densie passed down the aisle she smiled at her, a clear lovely smile of pure happiness. Densie felt a pang of mother envy that this girl's eyes were such joyous things to look upon while Sally's had been tired and haggard and her smile nothing but a clumsy mask for overwrought nerves and bewildered heart.

Densie would have been surprised had she known what was happening at Sally's apartment at this identical moment. Dressed for a country-club tea, at which Rex had ordered her to appear, Sally had been putting on her gloves when a bell boy brought up a card. For a moment she read it without allowing herself to believe the name she saw engraved: Dean Laddbarry.

She read it again, wondering if the boy saw how she trembled; then she said she would see him. Dropping her gloves on the table she stood with her hands outstretched waiting for the door to open.

A tall lantern-jawed man came into the fussy little room and seemed to overcrowd it just by his presence. If Sally Plummer had changed, so had Dean Laddbarry. The boy was gone; he was a strong, sober man, the honest eyes were keen and piercing, and his body had developed from muscular work until he seemed a stranger giant rather than the former slender Dean. He wore the unconventional dress of a man who is making good and has no time to bother with flubdubs. His boots were not highly polished and the suit was of gray and speckled red, undeniably store bought, while his tie was a bit rumpled and its style and color nondescript.

He looked at Sally without speaking. As Sally was thinking of the change she saw in her old boy friend so Dean was thinking that he had left Sally Plummer a beautiful frivolous girl and he found her a tired yet beautiful woman. Her gown of pink satin with bands of black fox and the French hat of jet emphasized the impression. It seemed as if she were "too tired way inside" to bother wearing such gowns and hats and doing them justice; as if she would rather be in some simple white thing, free to wander off to a garden nook and sit watching growing quiet things, and rest. He noted the rings, the bracelet watch, the collar of pearls, the corsage of orchids.

Then he said slowly: "Well, Sally, has it made you happy?"

She did not answer. It seemed as if she were momentarily hypnotized and could not stop staring at this rugged out-of-door man who had looked deep into her heart and read its secret

"Won't you sit down?" she asked presently.

He straddled a frivolous gold chair, leaning his arms across the back of it and watching her carefully. "I came East on business; I'm only here two days. I went to your father's store." He paused to think of the great change he had found in The Golden Rule Tea Store with the beaproned clerk.

"He said you were married to Rex. I would not have hunted you up, only your mother was out of town and Ken not to be found. I couldn't go away without seeing some of you, so here I am; and how are my chances for a real welcome?"

"I see," Sally answered dully. "You look well—and happy," she added timidly.

Dean's eyes kept staring at her without mercy. "What a ghastly change!" he murmured.

"Stop!" She tilted her head in characteristic defiance. "What right have you to come and tell me any such thing? If—my—my husband ——" She tried to say the words with joyous assurance of her husband, but it was a miserable failure. Her head drooped.

"I have the right of someone who has loved you a good many years; and that's a right no one can take away from me. How you have changed; you seem to me just to be making yourself keep up the game. It isn't the real you, Sally. Pal, don't you remember how you used to tell me everything good or bad—can't you tell me again? Can't you trust me? Tell me what is bothering. I'll be three thousand miles away from you within a few days—I'll never come back, it is likely. Sometimes it's a relief to talk; want to?"

Her lips quivered. "Don't make me hate myself any more," she begged. "There is nothing to tell—nothing that is anyone's concern but mine. Please let us talk about the West and your work, anything but my own wretched self. Oh, I cannot bear it!" She struck the palms of her hands together sharply.

"Have you told your mother?" he insisted.

Sally smiled. "You have not seen mummy, so you can't understand. Only standing committees tell mummy things; or the senator, or the President, or—I can't make you realize how changed it all is. Mummy lives for herself, Dean, not for her family. She isn't a woman's woman any more."

"So I surmised. And the home?"

"We have no home. We lived at the hotel until I married and came here. Rex hates a home. I would not know how to manage one if I had it. A home is quite impossible for any of us." And she laughed so shrilly that Dean's nerves began to assert themselves.

"What made him finally marry you?" he asked brutally.

Sally started to her feet. "I will not listen to you—an intruding stranger!"

Dean rose and grasped her hands in his strong kindly ones. "I always loved you, Sally Plummer, and I always will. I'd fight your husband for you now if he would fight—but he's a coward. I've had to stand by and see you pass me up and let yourself be a slave to that cad. I had to go away with no promise of you, no incentive to make me make good—and yet I made good anyway, because I stole you in my thoughts and had you for my incentive. Yes, I did—just that. I couldn't have stood it if I hadn't let myself pretend that you cared, that some day I could come back and listen to you say 'Yes.' It wasn't such a bad thing to do, was it, Sally darling? Look at me—not away from me. There, don't cry. Sally, it could be worse. If you had forgotten how to cry—that would be a degree more hopeless. Let me hold your hands another minute while I finish. Shall we sit here together?"

Like a child she let him lead her to a little tête-à-tête, her hands clinging to his.

"I wanted to come back, Sally, and see if you would still say 'No.' I hadn't heard of the marriage, for I'm rather out of the way of civilization and your mother doesn't write me any more. I came here hoping dreams might come true. I found out the worst before I'd been in town an hour. I, who really know you both, ask you to tell me why you married him—you wretched, lovely woman."

The grip on her hands tightened.

"If I could tell anyone, Dean, it would be you," she answered. "I married him because all my starved woman's heart wanted the revenge, the satisfaction of marrying him after the wasted years—and I loved him. Not as I once loved him, but with the same infatuated blindness by which he won me. I was happy to marry him. But I thought of you, Dean, many times. Odd, wasn't it? And so—and now—oh, I cannot go on!" Such a look of terror came into her face that Dean dropped her hands as he bent closer to peer into her eyes.

"Tell me, Sally. I'll do anything you say. I'll forget the word discretion; or remember it—just as you like. Tell me—shall I carry you off like a bandit—will you come—tell me? I'll fight him like a man—I'll ——" He had forgotten himself, for he was holding her in his strong tender arms.

She let her cheek rest on his shoulder while she sobbed "Dean—oh, mummy!"—in some unexplained anguish of the soul. "Let me alone; it is too late—too late; but I did not know. I did not dream."

Then she broke away from him and walked to the window, trying to compose herself. Dean stood back, abashed, remembering that after all Sally was another man's wife. After years of loyal and unreturned love, tempered only by his stolen dreams, the truth had crashed in relentlessly and for all time. Whatever the secret it was Sally's—Sally Humberstone's, to be exact.

"I'm sorry I've stirred all this up," he said gently. "I didn't mean to when I came in. Only I've loved you so hard, Sally, I always hoped you'd care some day."

"I know." Sally was her old tired but poised self. "I understand." She turned and faced him. "But we must not forget that it is too late." A tender expression crossed her face. "Have you never met anyone you could love?"

"No one, Sally—for you see I loved you in dreams." He picked up his hat and fumbled with it boyishly.

"You'd make some woman so happy," she added wistfully. "You must try to love someone and forget me. I've been my own worst enemy, Dean, as well as disappointing you."

"I'm afraid it will always be Sally. But that's neither here nor there." He straightened up with an effort. "I'm sorry to have made a scene. Remember me to Ken, won't you? Your father is changed he's an old man, and yet he really isn't old, is he? Tell your mother I still remember her cake and pie."

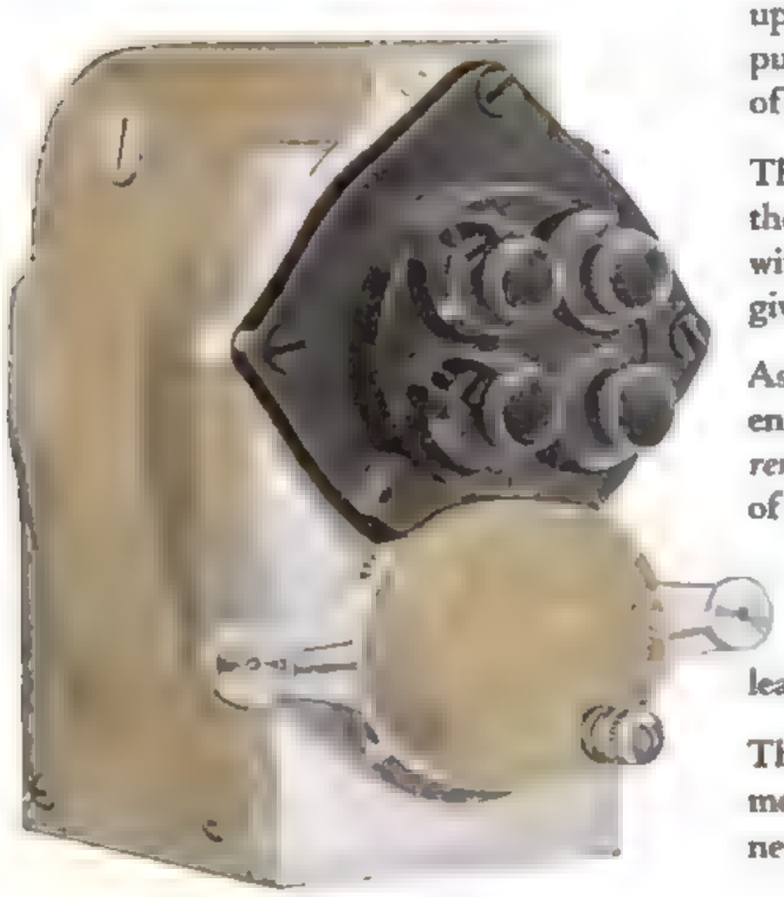
Sally shook her head. "If you do, mummy doesn't. We're all changed now, Dean. Only you seem to be the same. Now tell me about your work."

Dean outlined his enterprises. There was such a vigor, such a clean-cut honest way about him and about his plans that

(Continued on Page 52)

Publication of this advertisement authorized by the War Department.

Why did General Pershing cable Instructions to send trucks equipped only with magneto ignition to the fighting front in Europe?



Acting on orders from General Pershing, reliable, efficient magnetos were depended upon exclusively for complete ignition purposes on Class B Trucks, the standard of the U. S. Government.

This action was decided upon after thousands of commercial trucks, equipped with DIXIE Magneto ignition only, had given supreme satisfaction.

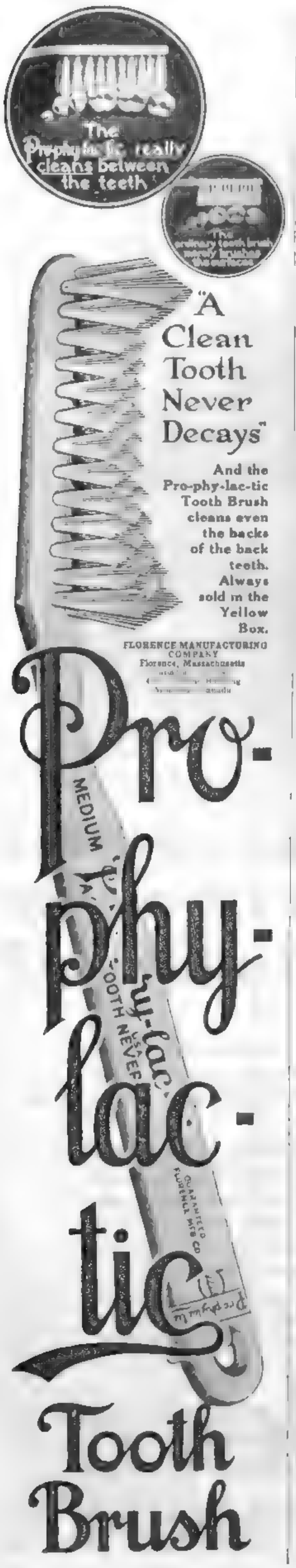
As standard equipment on Hispano-Suiza engines—the airplane of *actual fighting renown*—as well as other airplane engines of the U. S. and Allied Governments, our AERO type Magneto surpassed all previous records for reliability and efficiency and won for itself the leadership of all ignition systems.

This AERO type Magneto is a development brought about by the extreme needs of wartime service. It can be used on any internal combustion engine, thus making it possible for every gas engine to be equipped with the most reliable form of ignition.

The greater reliability, continued fuel economy and heightened power effected by the AERO type Magneto, have made it the choice of many manufacturers in the automotive field to whom low first cost is not a primary consideration.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
Sumter Division, 1466 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Aero
MAGNETO


The Prophylactic really cleans between the teeth
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
And the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush cleans even the backs of the back teeth. Always sold in the Yellow Box.
FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Florence, Massachusetts
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
MEDIUM

(Continued from Page 50)

Sally listened with eager admiration. Finally he glanced at the ornate room with its smart furnishings and artificial setting, a painted parrot on a white-and-red stand being the only attempt at a companion.

"So this is Sally Plummer's home," he said soberly. "Oh, I can't remember you here—but as you were back at the Little House where we had such good times. Good-by, dear. Promise that if you ever want or need me you will send." He laid an address on the table.

"Good-by, Dean. Good luck—and may love come to you," she answered unsteadily, holding out her hand.

He took it with a disinterested gesture, and then without warning drew her to him and kissed her fiercely, whispering, "I'm not stealing this—it is my right to kiss you once. I've kissed you so many times in dreams. Tell him if you like. I'd like the whole world to know."

Before she could answer he had left the room and Sally was alone—the painted parrot looking over with a mocking expression. She took off her hat and went into her bedroom. It was impossible to go to the tea, even though absence would anger Rex. There are limits to endurance. She picked up Dean's card and address and put them carefully away. Then she tried to read some frivolous story, tossing it aside in despair. She went to her desk to answer notes, but she misspelled words and blotted the paper. She began walking up and down the room, the parrot staring at her every time she made a turn.

Finally Rex came in. His copper-colored face was a trifle flushed and his eyes had a look of keen displeasure.

"I waited an hour for you," he began without any other greeting. "Eunice Hunt took your place at the tea table. Why didn't you have the grace to let people know if you were not going to honor them with your presence?"

"I meant to come," she said dully. "I am dressed for the thing, as you can see. I had a headache. I did not think it necessary to telephone."

"I explained to you why it was necessary." He hissed the words a trifle; Sally had learned this was a forerunner of rage. He threw down his coat and hat and came toward her, pointing his finger at her with meaning. "See here, young woman, the next time I arrange to meet you anywhere and you don't want to come because you're in one of your moods or sulks—you come or you let me know! I'm not to be made a fool of—not at this stage of the game."

"Are we always to go on like this?" asked Sally wearily. "You are no more like the man I first loved than I am like the child I once was. I'm tired of it; it is like painted films—flat, monotonous. I almost get to hate ——" She was about to finish the sentence, but she controlled herself.

"It makes no difference what you think—just now," he reminded in a peculiarly soft voice. "There is every reason in the world to make us work together." He hissed the words more loudly. "See here!"

He drew something from his pocket and made her read it.

She gave a cry of protest. "Stop it—stop it—before it is too late! No, I'll have none of it ——"

His thin cruel hand took her wrist, the nails deliberately cutting into her flesh.

"If you turn on me," he said with deliberation, the whites of his eyes emphasizing their maliciousness, "I will kill you." Then he dropped her wrist and gave a little laugh as he pushed her away. "Come, let us be normal, my dear," he finished sardonically. "I'm sure you'd rather have a box coat of sables than a bullet—eh?"

Sally fled from the room, locking her bedroom door and refusing to answer. All through the night she sobbed in helpless surrender—and thought of Dean Laddbarry's kiss!

XXXIII

DENSIE'S New York trip was a distinct success. She rode in a motor with prominent statesmen in the patriotic parade and was given every possible attention; her picture was printed in all the papers with complimentary headings.

Harriet marveled at her mother's success, at her way of dressing, the girlish fashion in which she received her attentions and compliments. Densie found a greater change in her daughter than she had fancied could occur. She had rather settled in her own mind that Harriet was always to stay dark-haired and pale, clever and satisfied with impersonal views of life.

But she noted a strange restlessness beneath the veneer of content, a nervous irritability when work pressed too hard. When she ventured to ask the reason for this Harriet answered almost rudely that it was nothing, and never to bother her with such questions again. But after four very busy days—with the senator coaxing her to play and herself trying to attend to her duties and not succumb to temptation—Densie understood the reason for Harriet's new manner.

She was to take dinner with the girls, as she called Leila and Harriet, and then go on to her evening affairs. It was to be the one informal dinner she had found time to have—even the senator was restricted to drives and brief cups of afternoon tea.

Coming up the apartment-house stairs Densie began to reorder her mind. She found it necessary to have several mental compartments into which certain sets of persons and circumstances were placed and definitely made to remain. It was the only way in which she could successfully carry on her various lines of work—and her family. The family mental compartment corresponded to that one corner of the old-style attic that was house-cleaned once a year.

So Densie began to think of Harriet's nervous manner, the almost bitter way in which she spoke of even trivial affairs. She rang several times before Harriet in an unheard-of frowzy state answered, her face so white that Densie wondered if Harriet might not have weathered through some hard illness without writing home.

"My child"—she put her hand on her shoulder—"what in the world is wrong with you? I shan't stay for dinner—you must go to bed."

Harriet jerked away. Now it would be hard for a manikin to come to life suddenly and show emotion naturally, as flesh-and-blood persons have long been accustomed to do. The manikin would have to strut about, bend awkwardly, speak absurdly and have peculiar expressions. So it was with Harriet. From the long period of repression and impersonal living it was not possible for her to express any real sorrow in natural fashion.

"Come in, please," she said sharply; "I've something to say."

Wondering, Densie followed her down the hall and into the living room. "What in the world is it, Harriet? I don't like the way you look and act."

Harriet gave a shrill laugh. "Don't you? Neither do I." Her thin pale fingers began smoothing her hair. "I'm sorry not to be dressed—rather upset." She spoke the words begrudgingly, as if she hated herself for showing how she felt and hated her mother for being present to see it. "Leila married—she eloped with some silly idiot of a student—ten years younger than herself—never liked him—told her so—tried to break it up—she lied to me—said she never would marry." Her fingers kept twisting and untwisting a loose strand of hair. "Said she was wedded to work—never hinted of what she was going to do—worried me a long time—ran off like a servant girl—noon to-day. Oh!"

She gave a strangled cry of grief and left the room.

Densie followed. "There is nothing to go to pieces about," she said sensibly. "If Leila wished to marry someone it is her affair. There are plenty of other girls to room with or keep house—I'd be glad for her if she was glad."

Harriet turned to glare at her mother. "Knew you'd not understand," she said sharply. "Wouldn't you feel the least bit knocked—if she had been your chum all along? She ——" Then she stopped and refrained from the rest of the truth, being too much of a thoroughbred. For Leila had steadily and deliberately borrowed Harriet's money with no intention of repaying, and she had eloped not only with a boy student but with the greater share of Harriet's earnings.

"Now, Harriet, please wash your face and comb your hair and get some tea." Densie was annoyed this should have happened when she was so busy and needed all her strength. "I'm sure I cannot see what a terrible tragedy it is. You have lived so long alone that you are not used to having anyone do anything except just as you say ——"

Harriet interrupted her mother with an ugly little laugh, merely indicative of her nerves, but to Densie it seemed insolence.

"I want you to let me alone!" she declared, beside herself with anger and grief. "I'll live by myself and never have another friend—don't worry! I'm through trusting people. I'm no child to be ordered about I'm tired."

And on the verge of hysterics she left her mother standing in the bedroom doorway while she vanished into her little dressing room.

"You need a vacation and new clothes," Densie insisted. "When America enters the war, Harriet, you are certain to go to France, and you must be fit."

Harriet began whistling loudly, her manikin fashion of showing emotion. She did not know how really to cry.

"I wish you'd stop whistling while I am trying to talk." Densie's temper asserted itself. "You ought to live in a hotel like any sensible woman—and for goodness' sakes, send Leila word that you congratulate her! How very silly you are about some things!"

"Only kept the place up for Leila—she didn't have money enough for a hotel." Harriet reappeared in the doorway. "I'll never keep house again—or try to save a cent—never! Please go, mummy; I can't talk to anyone who doesn't understand."

Densie gave a sigh of relief at her dismissal. "I'm sure you are as great a problem as your sister once was. I've only Kenneth really to rely on." And turning she deserted the apartment and its forlorn mistress with alacrity.

If she could have seen Kenneth at that moment she might not have felt she could rely on him to the extent she had permitted herself to believe. He was to take dinner with the Poole family. He was so busy turning the pages of Geraldine's asinine father's asinine tenor solos, pretending to be in ecstasy at the reedy voice informing one that the birds would come north again, that Densie would scarcely have known him for her sensible son. He had bought Mrs. Poole and Gerry handsome corsages and was going to take them all to the theater the following night.

Gerry and her mother, evidently satisfied with the way things were turning out, waited impatiently until Pater Poole delivered himself of the last tip-top note.

Then Mrs. Poole said complacently: "Kenneth dear, I'm afraid we must talk very plainly to you about our little girl."

At which Mr. Poole whirled round on the piano stool and pretended to be startled, while Gerry, a swirl of white lace and ribbons, blushed and said: "Oh, mamma, don't scold Ken. He wanted to tell you. We—we're engaged!" And then she ran to her father to hide her head on his shoulder.

Trembling with terror lest the verdict be unfavorable Kenneth tried to say all in a moment, that he had brilliant prospects and he certainly loved Gerry as no one had ever loved before and always would and he was not one-tenth good enough for her and he hoped they would not think him too young and if they would only let him try to prove worthy he would be too happy for words—or dinner!

"Our little girl is very young herself," began Mrs. Poole in proper fashion, concealing her inward delight; "yet she seems to care very deeply—I have always dreaded the day when she would choose a stranger before her papa and mamma."

Kenneth gave way to another profusion of promises.

"I shall not stop true love—no matter how this old heart of mine bleeds, Kenneth," Mrs. Poole asserted nobly. "Harold, what have you to say?"

Mr. Poole turned to the piano after disengaging Geraldine and played a bar of How Can I Leave Thee—Geraldine looking coyly at Kenneth and smiling her encouragement. Then her father added with characteristic dramatic pathos, having once been a trouper, "I've nothing against you, my boy—only that you have taken our prize. Cherish her tenderly. Ah, me, the nest is empty."

Geraldine sidled across the room to put her hand in Kenneth's while they received a prolonged and admonitory blessing. Later in the evening the Pooles left the young things alone while they departed to tell their best friends that Gerry was engaged to Kenneth Plummer and wasn't she lucky? Everyone knew that Mrs. Densie Plummer had more prestige than the mayor's wife!

In unrestrained rapture Kenneth signed his very soul away in answer to Geraldine's demands that she never keep house but live like his mother, have lovely clothes to wear, and that if America went to war he

(Continued on Page 55)

"Let us put our own House in Order"

SOME seven or eight years ago, a number of manufacturers met for their annual convention at a city in the middle west.

After the usual routine business had been disposed of, the meeting drifted into a discussion of labor problems. A number of speeches were made, most of them emphasizing the word "fight"; all of them proposing to let somebody else do the fighting—either through associations, committees or special legislation. The last speaker to get to his feet was especially bitter, although it was well known that he had been anything but fair in his treatment of his own men.

Suddenly, a big, wholesome specimen of a man jumped up. "This is all damn rot," he said. "It gets us nowhere. I happen to know that three or four of you fellows who have done the most talking don't know the first thing about conditions in your own plants—or else you are side-stepping. You can have all the meetings and committees you want—I'm through. I'm going home to 'put my own house in order'—to make dead sure that my superintendents and foremen are as square with my men as I want them to be. If every man here will take the trouble to find out what a square deal to his own men means, and then see that they get it, we won't have to listen to many more speeches like we have heard here today."

* * * *

WE went home from this meeting, deeply impressed. We looked ourselves squarely in the face—and found shortcomings.

Through an earnest and increasingly successful application of this simple suggestion, in our relations with our own people, we have come to have an utter faith in it. It has paid us—and by us we mean our men at the forge and the hammer; the men who work at their desks and the men and women who own our stock. It has paid in quality and quantity of product. It has paid in added profits. It has paid in daily growing content.

To all those whose interests lie in Industry, we can say with confidence born of experience, that the principle of the square deal with your own people, *based upon a thorough knowledge of all conditions affecting them*, works—and works well.

If there was a brush big enough, and a hand big enough to wield it, we would like to paint across the face of the heavens, "*Is Our Own House in Order?*"

This is the third of a series of articles in this publication
On April 19 will appear "What is a House in Order."

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

UNIVERSAL Home Needs for the Dining Room
UNIVERSAL HOME NEEDS
WITH the dawn of peace comes reconstruction not only commercial and industrial reconstruction but reconstruction in the home as well. New furnishings and new supplies are needed and tasks perhaps neglected in the greater work of winning the war must now be resumed.
TO the thinking women of America the lessons in economy taught by the war are still remembered and still practiced. The thousands who with the aid of "Universal" Food Choppers, Bread Makers, Electrical Appliances, etc., helped in the great work of Food Conservation will hereafter turn instinctively to "Universal" Home Needs.
THE "Universal" Line includes a variety of household aids each one of which is designed to perform in a better and easier way some service in the dining room, kitchen or boudoir. In the office, factory, school and out of doors "Universal" Vacuum Bottles and Lunch Kits serve you appetizing food and beverages steaming hot or icy cold as desired.
NO doubt one or more of the "Universal" Home Needs are already giving satisfactory service in your home. There are probably many others you could use to advantage. With food and domestic help scarce and high in price it takes but a short time for any "Universal" item to pay for itself — and what comfort they bring into your home.
Ask your dealer to show you the UNIVERSAL Line next time you shop. Every piece is guaranteed to do all we claim for it.
On sale at Hardware and Housefurnishing Stores. Electric Appliances also at Electric Lighting Companies and Electrical Dealers.
Write for free booklet No. 10.
Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
UNIVERSAL Home Needs for the Kitchen
UNIVERSAL Vacuum Specialties for Home, Outing and Factory use.
UNIVERSAL Home Needs for the Boudoir
UNIVERSAL CUTLERY for every purpose
The Trade Mark Known in Every Home
UNIVERSAL

(Continued from Page 52)

would try to get something to do in the censor's office, that he would always love her and tell her so once a day, and he would raise a mustache and begin to wear cloth-top shoes.

Densie left New York a few days later than she had planned, due to extra work. She had lost time trying to deal with Harriet, only finding herself set aside as completely as when years ago she had tried to convince Harriet of the folly of leading her own life.

Harriet refused any sympathy and was irritated by the mere mention of Leila's name. She began to dismantle the apartment and planned to move to a good and expensive hotel. It did not matter, Harriet argued, whether or not she lived up to her income or a tiny ways beyond it—what was the use in ever saving? She also, to Densie's disappointment, refused to have the senator help her to a better position—that was Harriet's form of a horsehair shirt—and she told her mother good-by in very formal fashion, talking glibly of the book she was to write on The History of Philanthropy.

Densie looked forward to seeing her boy; she could make herself numb regarding Sally's listless self, John's sullen person with his inevitable query, "I suppose you've had a good time—you look it." But her boy—he could never fail her.

Even the senator was jealous of Kenneth, he had declared. "Wait until some girl makes Kenneth part his hair in the middle and dress like an actor," he had warned; "then you'll be glad enough to have me about."

Blushing, Densie had denied the prophecy, but the senator had persisted.

"I can tell by your eyes when that has happened," he said; "and then I shall make the most important speech of my whole life."

In her heart Densie knew she would be glad to listen. She wondered, just at the time the senator was telling her this, and much against her inclination to wonder, as to what John had been doing during her absence. Her mental compartments did not always work according to her desire!

XXXIV

KENNETH met his mother at the train; he could scarcely wait until the greetings were over and they were in a whirling taxi to confide: "Mummy, Gerry Poole has promised to marry me and I'm the happiest chap alive!"

Densie looked at him in humorous dismay. The news did not impress her as serious.

"My dear boy, when your mother was gone did you have to get into mischief? You babes in the woods." She put her hand on his affectionately.

"I've spoken to her father and mother," Kenneth insisted, "and they are willing to give Gerry to me. It rather knocks the West Point plan, because four-year engagements are not the thing. I knew you'd understand. Gerry wants to be married soon. You tell the senator. I'm going into business as soon as I find an opening." He did not add the rest of the truth—that Geraldine dreaded America's advent into the war and Kenneth's possible enlistment.

Densie frowned. "I don't want to be the proverbial ogre in fairy tales, but I cannot approve this. All very well for you to be engaged but I want my boy to go to West Point as we planned It is a greater opportunity than to marry Geraldine Poole," she said rather hastily.

At this Kenneth took exception. "I'm afraid you think of love last, mummy. You forget I love Geraldine and she loves me. We are not going to let any stupid career break through to spoil happiness. I can be just as much use in the world in business as in the Army."

"But when we enter this war?" Densie suggested gravely.

"Then I'll talk to Gerry and make her see that I must go. Of course, I'd go!" he added almost angrily. "You didn't think I'd try to hide behind your and Gerry's skirts, did you?"

"Not Kenneth." She patted his hand gently. "I know you would never shrink from duty. Only it hurts to see the West Point commission so lightly given up. Think well before you do so. Such chances come but seldom."

"Does a great love come but once?" He was so serious and so boyish with the threadbare little mustache and pink-and-white complexion that Densie longed to draw him over to her and kiss him regardless of his twenty-one years and the newly found love of a lifetime!

"Darling, you are so young," she murmured evasively. "I cannot take it quite seriously. Do look about a bit—both you and Gerry."

"Well, were you any older?" he retorted.

Then he paused, for they had just passed the Golden Rule store and the driver had not been given notice to stop.

"We'll talk about it later. Bring Gerry to me this afternoon. She's a pretty little thing, but has she any brains?"

Densie took the affair as a joke. She could not convince herself otherwise. She did not intend Kenneth should marry Geraldine Poole, but she was wise enough not to forbid his engagement; there were far better, more gradual methods, she fancied.

"Oh, she has a wonderful mind!" Kenneth championed. "She can—why, she can—well, she's the dearest girl in town," he ended in self-defense.

They had reached the hotel and he helped his mother out and carried in her bags. When they were in their rooms Kenneth lingered about.

"Was there anything else, dear?" Densie was looking at her accumulation of mail.

"Did you have a perfect blaze of glory? I read the accounts."

"Rather! Everything successful save Harriet. She's a nervous wreck, but she's moved to a hotel and I think it will work out splendidly. Harriet never should have kept house. Have you seen Sally?"

"I took dinner with them last night," he grumbled. "I can't go Rex. Awful pill! Beastly to Sally—that quiet cold sarcasm handed to you on a silver platter."

Densie dropped her letters. "You don't think she is happy?"

Kenneth looked very grave, as a newly engaged young man should look when questioned on matters of the heart.

"I'm afraid not; she bucks up pretty well. Now I wouldn't want Gerry to suspect they were unhappy because she—er—well—she might think it sort of runs in the family, you know"—he avoided Densie's eyes—"and she would not marry me."

Densie coughed discreetly.

Then Kenneth added: "I'm off to the office now, mummy, and it's jolly you're back. I missed you worlds; and don't worry about my not doing my bit over there when the time comes. You know my old dream of being a captain'"

Densie smiled. "My boy, after all." She blew him a kiss. "Bring Gerry for tea—good luck, dear."

At the four o'clock tea with her future daughter-in-law Densie felt she was wasting a precious hour with this frizzle-haired girl in her saintly frock lavishly embroidered with gold. Kenneth was the only happy person of the trio; with blind masculine conceit he now felt his women were united, and he looked first at Gerry with blindly adoring eyes and then with proud admiration at his mother, and then fell to demolishing the sandwiches with a perfectly normal appetite.

Geraldine regarded Densie as her natural foe, though she simpered pretty nothings and agreed to everything. She was afraid of Mrs. Densie Plummer just as she rather envied Mrs. Rex Humberstone and had a contempt for Mr. John Plummer. There was something about Densie that inspired her awe—her dignity, her gowns, her clever fashion of finding out what one really thought no matter what one said. As for Densie, she regarded Geraldine as an overdressed wild little American and regretted that calf love was necessary in this day and age. How much better if Kenneth could have fallen prey to some other person—any other person, in fact, than this affected creature with no ability for real sentiment. However, with the approaching war and Kenneth's absence it would all blow over, for he would return to find Geraldine some other man's prize, and in youthful disillusionment he would seek out his mother and be set right again. As Densie planned it it promised well!

Geraldine told Kenneth that she was afraid of his mother, she was such a stupid little thing, and his mother did not want him to marry her—making great tearful eyes all the while. They were in Geraldine's home and she felt more at ease than in Densie's little salon.

"She's so clever—and I'm not; and neither is my mamma. But then, my

(Continued on Page 57)

The Law of the Garden

Lend Mother Nature a seed that comes from a long line of perfect flowers or prime, luscious vegetables and she will return offspring full of the sweetness of the morning. But cheat her with seeds from blighted plants and she will measure them back to you in plants that bear all the ancestral blemish—this is the law.

FERRY'S SEEDS

are the direct descendants of generations of vegetables of exquisite flavor and luscious tenderness, of flowers famous for beauty and fragrance.

Now is the time to plan to plant. Your copy (free) of the beautiful 1919 Ferry "Seed Annual" is waiting for you. Write today. Ferry Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere.

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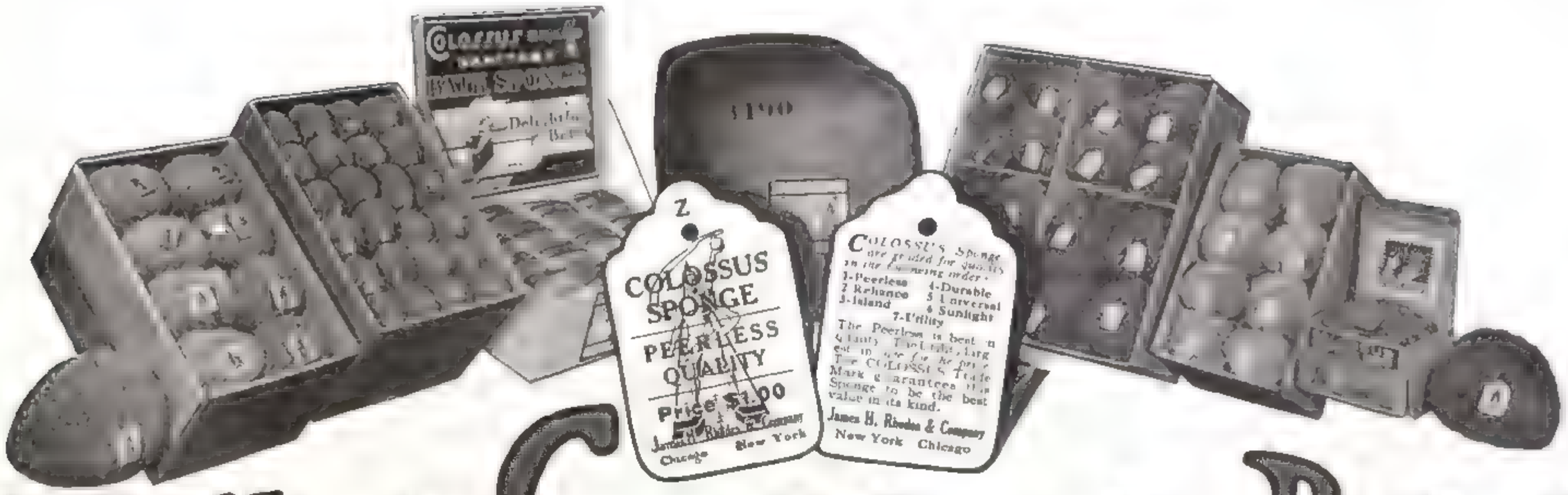

Your Kind of Sponge Wears this Badge!

LOOK for this tag! Remember this "Colossus of Rhodes" trademark! They will help you get real value when buying a sponge—or a bale of sponges!

This "Colossus" tag is the sign of full value to every buyer of sponges. It enables anybody anywhere to get from his dealer *standard sponges at a standard price.*

Your druggist used to display his stock of sponges in the old, green wire rack—big and little—tough and brittle—good and bad, all piled in together.

You came and "took your pick." Most people chose by size. But one smaller sponge that's *right* will outlast a dozen big, flimsy ones!

So Rhodes & Company have standardized and graded sponges of every size and sort. Now you can buy *just the right sponge for your purpose,* certified by our "Colossus of Rhodes" trademark and printed price to you.

For Every Purpose There's a "Colossus" Sponge

Colossus Automobile Sponges—soft, tough, deep-sea sponges for long, hard service.

Colossus Painters' and Decorators' Sponges—standard with the trade

Colossus Household Sponges—for washing floors, walls, furniture and windows; cleaning about kitchen and bath.

Colossus Sanitary Bath Sponges—bleached as clean as sunshine

Colossus Face and Baby Bath Sponges—a luxury to the skin.

Colossus Sponges by the Bale for every business and industrial use

Sponges are not manufactured—they grow on the ocean's floor. Hundreds of varieties, sizes and grades exist. Sponge buying was once as difficult and risky as horse trading. Now that is past! No more guesswork—the "Colossus of Rhodes" trademark on a sponge assures you the best value that money can buy.

A sponge is the most perfect instrument the world has produced for washing, rubbing and rinsing—and for every purpose there's a Colossus Sponge!

At leading paint, hardware, drug and auto accessory stores. Buy by the "Colossus" Tag.

Colossus Sponges

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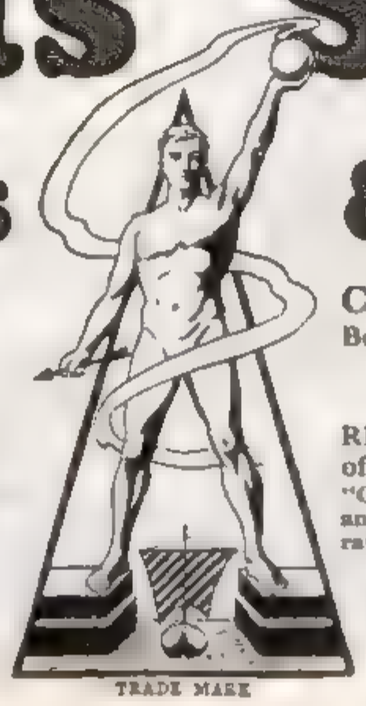
Sponges Chamois Abrasives Cleaners

Progressive Merchants

HAVE been quick to appreciate the advantages of "Colossus" Sponges—standard goods in fast selling case assortments or individual wrappers, graded, priced and guaranteed by the producer under a trademark known throughout the world. We want to tell more dealers about our complete plan—write us today.



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To Bale Users

Rhodes & Company reiterate their long-established policy of selling only pure, unadulterated sponges. Every bale of "Colossus" Sponges is also guaranteed for number of pieces, size, kind and grade. We gladly quote as the Government buys—by the piece rather than by weight. Write or telephone our nearest office.

The "Colossus of Rhodes" on Sponges Is Like the "Sterling" Mark on Silver

Continued from Page 55

mamma loves my papa," she ended with an ugly little laugh.

At which Kenneth took on his own shoulders the entire blame for it all and said that Densie loved Geraldine and he worshiped her, nothing short of that, and that he loved her father and mother, and his own father and mother were happy—oh, quite happy, only in a different sort of way—he could not just explain it.

Appeased somewhat Geraldine secured the promise of a silver chain purse like Sally's and then she added coyly: "You won't enlist when we go to war, will you, Kenneth? Wait until they make you go. You know I'm almost your wife, and that makes a difference."

"You'd want me to go, wouldn't you?" he begged. "You'd wait for me if I was over in France fighting?"

Geraldine burst into tears. "I'd lose my mind, I'd worry so! I'd be afraid you'd lose an arm or leg. I'd die if you came back with one arm! Don't leave me, Ken! Why, you'd get no pay at all if you went and enlisted!"

"But it's duty," he corrected with a graveness worthy of older years; "and even you, Gerry, could not make me forget that."

Something in his manner warned her she had trespassed a bit too far. She had only entered the first romance zone, and her claims on the lad were fragile and easily shattered.

It would be time enough when war was a reality. Maybe the old war would be over by Valentine's Day! It did seem as if one poor little girl who had never harmed anyone might claim the diamond ring which was promised her for a valentine! Even if the whole affair with Densie Plummer's son came to naught else—that ring would have made it worth while.

Densie did not go out in the evening, so she met her husband as he came into their rooms. He had a way of walking in swiftly as if he would prefer not to be seen. There was an eternal shame in his mind in being known as Mrs. Densie Plummer's husband and having to take his wife's checks down to the desk in payment. He longed to change to some obscure room such as Sam Hippler and Maude Hatton had once had, and there be free to lead his own life in his own way.

"Oh," he said in customary fashion, "did you have a good time?"

"Yes; did you get the newspapers?"

Densie made no pretense of kissing him. She was contrasting him with the senator as she looked at him.

"The boy got them; I saw him reading. I didn't bother. I dare say I wouldn't have understood what it was all about. Were you going down to dinner?"

"I thought we might have it up here for a change; I'm rather fagged."

"Surely not *en famille?*" he said, smiling. "What an event!"

Densie telephoned her order without comment. "I am sorry we cannot eat together more often." She pushed out a card table to act as the festive board. "But we never seem to be interested in the same things. Harriet is very run down; she is moving to a hotel. This Leila married suddenly, and it completely upset her. Harriet ought never to have any bosom friend, she ought to give her whole self to her work."

"Human beings are a nuisance, aren't they—when one wants a career?"

John was standing with his back to her, watching the gas logs burn dismally.

"Oh, not that—only certain persons are meant for certain things and others change after a time and the old régime does not appeal to them."

Densie felt a certain confused annoyance. She wished she had not suggested the little dinner. "Has Ken told you his great secret?" She was anxious to change the subject.

"I've guessed it," John said quietly. "No one ever tells me anything. We've changed places, you and I, Densie. I understand how you felt."

Densie was silent.

"It is Geraldine Poole, isn't it—that flaxen-haired sylph? I've seen the handwriting on the wall for some time. Are they engaged?"

"So Ken says. She is a brainless atom and it will never last. This war will make a man of him."

"Oh, is there going to be a war?"

"Certainly—and our boy must go."

John drummed on the chair arm. "She won't want him to." This by way of making a remark.

"That is where the breach will come. I'm not worrying. I know him too well. It is a trifle annoying, that's all. Young marriages are mistakes."

And she watched John open the door to the waiter and help him place the dishes on the table.

When they were alone she asked: "What do you hear from Sally and Rex? They have quite a self-centered life, never taking part in anything save society nonsense. And do you know how Rex gets his money? Their hotel is twice as expensive as ours—and they've a beautiful new car."

John leaned back in his chair, memories of the fifteen per week and the white linen apron making his voice a bit caustic. "I'm too busy getting rich myself to bother about the other fellow," was all he would say.

Having exhausted their family as a topic there came a great lull. Densie was planning to-morrow's schedule, wedging in a visit to Sally and one to the Exchange out of courtesy, and John was lost in his own thoughts.

After dinner she excused herself and said she would finish her letters, she knew he wished to read.

"Oh, certainly," John answered formally; "I do." And there was an unusual emphasis on the last two words.

Returning to the salon for an address book Densie saw that he was lost in the study of some red-cloth book. She wondered what it was, since he did not even glance up as she passed through the room. The next morning she deliberately hunted for it. After a search through his meager possessions she came upon it, massed about by a lot of magazines. The book was Practical Farming for Beginners, and the magazines were all farm and poultry journals.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

People Must Have Cleaner Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

That Film Must Go

Teeth cleaning methods must be changed, as every authority knows.

It is not sufficient to remove food debris. A clinging film causes most tooth troubles, and that must be combated.

Stop and think. Millions of people brush their teeth twice daily. Yet teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, pyorrhea is not prevented. Statistics show that tooth troubles are alarmingly increasing.

The reason lies in a film—in that slimy film which your tongue reveals. It clings to the teeth; it gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It is such a germ-breeder that dentists call it "bacterial plaque." And germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus nearly all tooth troubles are nowadays traced to that film.

There is where ordinary methods fail. Some even tend to make the film more resistant to the brush.

You must use a method to combat that film to ever have clean, safe teeth.

See What Pepsodent Does

Science has found an efficient way to combat that film. There is no question about it. Able authorities have proved it by many clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. And anyone can prove it in a week.

This method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. We send a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks, and we urge you to make this test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is in acid harmful to the teeth. That fact for long made pepsin seem impossible.

But science now has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method has made active pepsin possible in Pepsodent.

A new dental era has opened with this discovery. Few things have ever aroused so much dental enthusiasm. Now we ask you, for your own sake, to see just what it does.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

That means that the great tooth wrecker has been conquered. You will never clean teeth in the old way when you know that.

Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 421, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(156)

SHOOTS
Straight
Straight as a Streak of Light
IVER JOHNSON
A man's game — revolver shooting — and a man's need. Hand and arm relaxed for steadiness — cover the target — gentle contraction of thumb and trigger finger — and a hit. A week's practice makes you a fair shot.
The superbly rifled barrel of an Iver Johnson spins the bullet on a steady axis. It holds a true course — hits where the barrel points. A bullet scarred by poor rifling wabbles — and over end — hits anywhere!
The Iver Johnson is safe. It cannot be fired by accident. Its lightning power responds only to a trigger pull. No danger if dropped. You can "Hammer the Hammer."
Unbreakable coil springs — fail — today or in fifty years.
Which do you want to know about — Revolvers, Single and Double barrel Shot Guns, or Bicycles? Richly illustrated books free. Learn how to get highest value — quality backed by reputation — at basic cost. Address a post-card now.
IVER JOHNSON'S
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147 River Street
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Ride an Iver Johnson Bicycle for fun, health, profit. Iver Johnson Superior Roadster Price, $50. Other models, $27.50 to $60.
HAMMER THE HAMMER

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 17)

"Me!" he gasped, wondering if she was about to take legal steps to separate him from Floss.

"Your graduation speech. I happened to remember an incident in the life of Burke which would fit splendidly into your theme. It wasn't in the college library, so I took the first train to —— Chester, what in the world's the matter?"

When he had partly returned to his senses he was aware that she was holding him up against the stone lintel of the entrance. San Francisco was going round and round, and in the confusion of architecture, hills, street cars, lawyers—he could see her face, deathly pale, peering at him.

"What's wrong? What have you done? What ——"

"Carlotta, haven't you heard?" he managed to say; but already he had clenched the steel for a blow.

"I only knew you'd gone away. Your mother ——"

"I'm not coming back. I'm sorry, Carlotta. I'll never make any speech. That's all over."

"Chester, I can't understand. You were going ahead with everything last week. If you think I've interfered too much ——"

"You would have been the making of me," he murmured; "of me or any other man."

The heartfelt praise had gone well over her tragic head, it seemed, for her face tightened and her dark eyes were regarding him with a look which was hells deep in its scorn.

"Why aren't you coming back? What have you done?"

"I ran away and—got married."

She paused just a second.

"Oh."

"Florabel Brannon."

It was brief and straight to the sharpened point which he dug into her heart.

"I didn't know—you would go that way," she told him in the queerest tone in the world; and without another word she walked down the stone steps.

Her exit from his life was as somber and as proud as the departure of Medea from Jason's unworthy palace.

"Car——"

He tried to call after her, but his throat was ashes.

At half past twelve he hunted up the expensive Poodle Dog and found Floss accusing him out of her brilliant eyes.

"Do you know what you look like?" she asked. "You look the way The Lost Chord sounds on a jew's-harp—sort of thin and sour. I've had a bum morning too. Poor Mr. Blink cried when I told him. I hate to make a fat man cry. He's got a sort of absorbent complexion, you know—seems to take up moisture like a blotter. Aren't you most starved?"

"I guess so," mumbled the happy groom. "What about my job?"

"Oh, yes. I got so sorry for Mr. Blink that I nearly forgot to ask him. But it's all settled. Twenty a week to begin with. Start work Monday."

Aunt Het had been right when she had accused Floss of playing a system.

VI

IT WAS an early morning in June, at about the time when Chester came to the conclusion that he hated Mr. Blink almost as much as he loved the little imp who had introduced him to the monster. Dressed for the office the budding insurance man sat fussing with a soft-boiled egg. Flossie never seemed to wake up cross; and at this moment she was singing as she pinned on a morning cap made last night from an old lace handkerchief and rosettes devised from scraps of lingerie ribbon. So fresh she looked and so blooming and rosy you would never have thought that she had anything on her mind weightier than the impromptu trifle.

For her Goober's benefit she was buttering a slice of toast, which she had warmed over a patent gas toaster, smuggled in under Aunt Het's very nose. Chester was considering his case again.

"It's that orator who stands in front of the Public Library selling soap," she said apropos of nothing. "He's been arrested again. As though it could be a crime to sell soap anywhere, even in church."

"You had some sort of idea connected with the Public Library, didn't you?" asked her husband, fishing for a scrap of eggshell as though to remove from his life an unpleasant memory.

"Do you feel pretty well, Goober? Sort of strong and powerful and ready to receive?" she inquired, handing him over his toast.

"Receive what?" Floss' method of attack was making him wary.

"Oh, everything—strokes of lightning and things."

"You haven't got me a job selling soap in front of the library?" he temporized.

"Old Brutal! You couldn't do that—you're not eloquent enough."

"Thanks. However, I'm pretty strong this morning."

"Huroo! Then I've got our future all in a wad."

She went capering over to one of Aunt Het's hermaphrodite bookcases and out of a walnut drawer she brought a scrap of paper which looked as though it had been torn from Noah's own notebook. She dropped it beside the tray.

"What's this?" asked the enamored one, trying to look practical, which was impossible because she had got behind him and was tucking the ends of his necktie into his collar. The scrap of paper, he could see, was ruled in blue lines and all scribbled over with faded ink.

"Old Nuisance! That's my complexion."

"Your which?"

He tried to disentangle the arms round his neck, for her complexion was at that instant in a most unseeable position, its round little chin balanced against the top of his head.

"We've got to get rich, Goober," she decided a moment later, as soon as she had nestled her complexion into the hollow of his shoulder and was in a position to speak down his collar. "We've got to make millions and squillions so that we can drive round town in a golden chariot and show the diamond settings in our teeth to the poor. The poky old insurance won't give us a decent salary until we're too old and sensible to care about money. Besides, you'll never succeed in the insurance business."

"Why not, cutie?"

"Because you're not a good enough talker."

He winced.

"Thanks again," he said.

"You know, Goober, there's more than one woman in the world who can teach you to hit the high places ——"

Good heavens! How like a burlesque of Carlotta's ideal!

"I'm not going to let my candy husband play second trombone to anybody, not in all this awful great big green world," the childish innocence of her voice went on. "I'm going to make a regular 'normulous hit out of my Goober. I want to see my sweetheart's picture stuck up on every billboard all over the universe. And I'm the girl that can put it there."

"Of course you can. I'm sure you can," he said in the tone of the half convinced.

"I don't mean Shakspere or any of those mighty uggles. But I can make Goober so great he'll just pop out of his clothes."

"But how about your complexion?" he insisted, being ever logical. Her stranglehold permitted him to peep down at the scrap of paper whose brownish script looked like a recipe for an English plum pudding.

"It's ev-erything," she told him in her best baby drawl.

"Not going on the stage?"

"Horrid old stage. Nopey, nopey! I wouldn't just even think of such a thing."

"But you can't take your complexion off and sell it." Which was rather a light sally for Chester A. Framm.

"Now, Cicero! We've been married most two months. Where do you think my complexion comes from?"

The suggestion gave him a shock. On a bureau beyond the bedroom door he caught a glimpse of the white jars and frivolous bottles whose uses he had never looked into. He remembered his mother's diatribe to the effect that the yellow-haired chit painted and powdered and smoked cigarettes.

"All women use cold cream," he loyally insisted to the cheek so tightly pressed against his.

"Old Sillicum!"

"Florabel!" He spoke it sternly. "Let me look at you."

(Continued on Page 61)

S.S.WHITE

Nine Out of Ten Children Have Defective Teeth — Is Yours One of the Nine?

INVESTIGATION has proved that nine children out of ten in the United States have defective teeth. Without good teeth, perfect health is not possible.

Teach your children to realize the value of their teeth. Make them know that each little tooth is a precious gift which they must guard carefully all their lives.

Poor teeth not only cause intense suffering—they not only spoil good looks—but they are also the obscure cause of many very serious ailments which appear in later life.

Take your children regularly to your dentist to make sure that all is well with their teeth. It is better judgment and real economy—to employ regular dental care from the beginning than to have the work done expensively in the end.

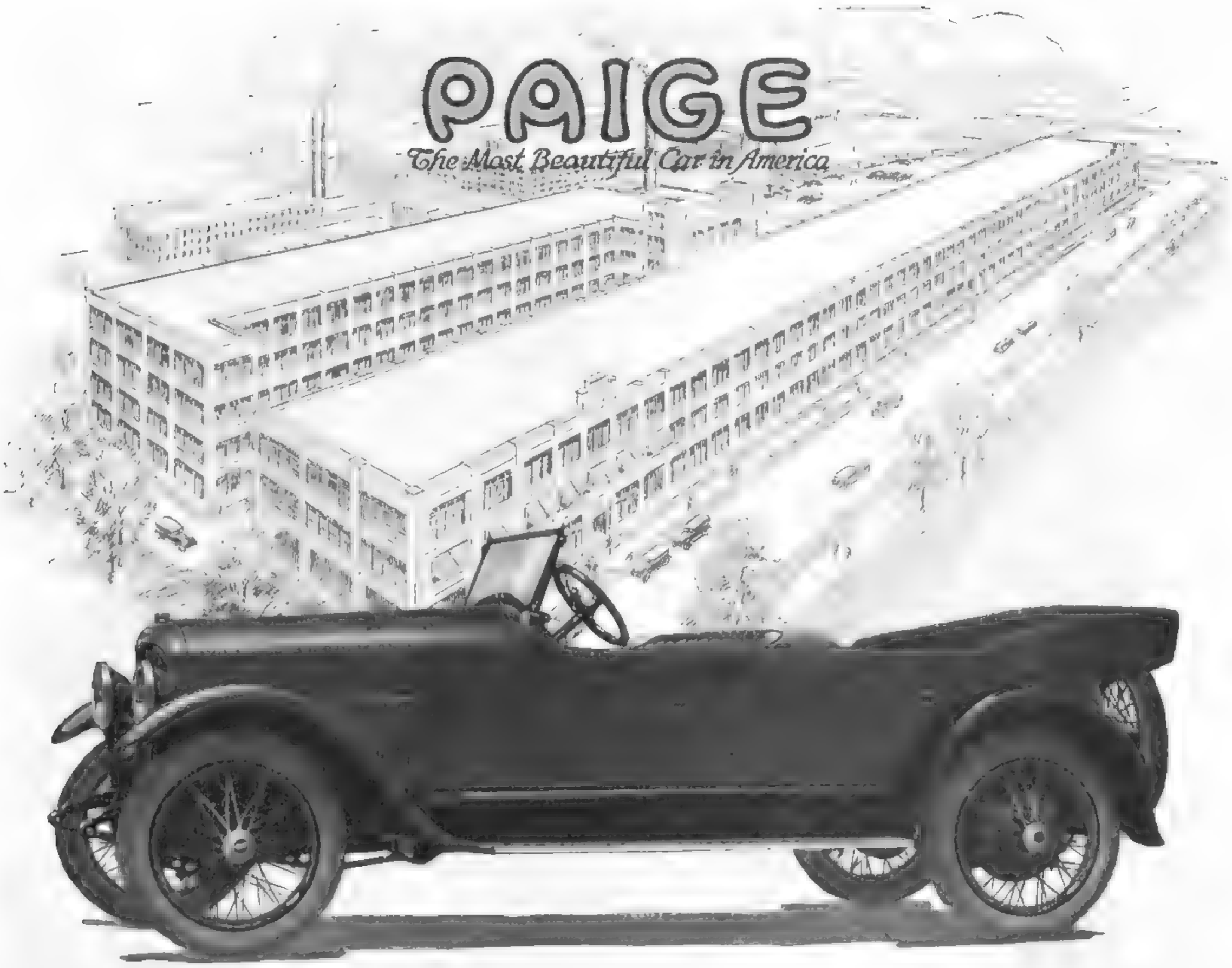
And night and morning and after meals, see that they use a *pure, safe* dentifrice—one free from dangerous drugs and chemicals—one so smooth and velvety that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly without scratching the delicate enamel.

—Such a dentifrice is S. S. White Tooth Paste—originally made in 1862 at the request of members of the dental profession. It does *the only thing a good dentifrice can do or should be expected to do*—keeps the teeth so thoroughly clean that decay has little chance to attack them.

You owe your child the good-health basis of sound teeth. Begin now to establish it by the regular use of S. S. White Tooth Paste. Deliciously flavored and delightful to use. Get a tube today and see how different it is from all others.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO.

Makers of Dental Supplies and Appliances Since 1844 PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The Factory Behind the Car

The Home of the Paige Car covers more than twelve acres of floor space. It is one of the most completely equipped plants in the United States and includes practically every labor saving device known to factory science.

Here the art of precise manufacturing is found in its highest form of development. There is no guesswork — no "rule of thumb" measurement. Many of the operations require one one-thousandth of an inch precision and a rigid inspection system sees that these standards are maintained day in and day out.

The Paige Car is superbly built. For that reason it is a glutton for hard work and constant service.

The Paige Car is superbly designed. For that reason it is universally recognized as "the Most Beautiful Car in America."

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · · DETROIT, *Michigan*

(Continued from Page 58)

She stood away for inspection. Mona Lisa never did a better bit of smiling than did Florabel Framm as she folded her white and useless hands across the fluffy front of her peignoir and turned her sweet cheeks slowly—now right, now left. Perfection! Does Nature rouge the tea rose or rice-powder the early mignonette? Her cheeks held the same color that he had first noticed in them the day he led her along the footpath behind the bleachers—cheeks of a small child playing in the wind.

"Floss," he cried, "either you're a little fraud or a great artist."

"I ain't neither of those things," she chirped. "I'm a great chemist, that's what I am."

"You're a great something, that's sure," he admitted—and that is about as far as his diagnosis got in all his married life.

"Angel Bloom Complexion Cream," she rattled on. "That's the name I got for it. It's invisible, you know—just sort of oozes through the way currant jelly shows under whipped cream."

"Who ever told you all that?"

"My grandmother. She was so famous for her complexion that two or three army officers shot themselves—or each other, I've forgotten which—just because she was so adorable. When I was eleven years old and went down to visit her in Roanoke she told me right straight on her deathbed—it was a sort of a deathbed, because she never got up for ten years, except once when she went to a horse race—she told me all about Angel Bloom and said it was nev-er, nev-er too early to begin to be fascinating."

"And she wrote it out for you?"

"It's all down there in her handwriting."

Grandmother certainly wrote an obscure hand. After a session of eye strain he managed to make out such phrases as "slow fire" and "be sparing with suet," which sounded to him not in the least complexional.

"So that's the idea," he grunted, not thinking much about it one way or the other.

"Yeah; that and my complexion."

"Your complexion?"

"Can't you see what a fine ad it would make, Goob? I've got the loveliest coloring in America, on or off the stage. Now that point's settled. Well, we're a corporation—the Framm Complexion Company Ink."

"Company what?"

"Ink," she chimed. "They always stick that on corporations to make them sound honest. I've made you president and I'll be secretary, treasurer and general manager ——"

"Don't let's talk nonsense, darling," he warned her from his lofty height.

"I don't know how," she replied just as though she meant it. "I know you're just itching to get down to the insurance. But just look what I made."

This time she fished under the Bagdad cover of a divan, and the object she produced was three feet long and of limp cardboard. It was a sorrowful inspection he gave the work of art. He hadn't thought even Floss would have the heart to do that—and her best, her reverenced, her adored photograph! It was the picture she had given him on the day of their wedding, showing Florabel in an evening gown, her hair done in a Psyche knot, and with that piquant smile on her kissable mouth.

"Well, what will you be doing next?" he groaned. This of course was an unfair question.

She had pasted the photograph in the very center of the composition and surrounded it with a legend printed out in her ill-formed letters.

DON'T YOU LOVE A PEACH?

That was the challenge above the photograph, and below:

I'M THE FRAMM COMPLEXION GIRL

ANGEL BLOOM CREAM DID IT

TRY ME 50C INSIDE

"I like it all but the 'Try me. Fifty cents inside,'" she said, perking her head critically. "That sounds too much like selling tickets to typhoid germs. Isn't it soo-purb?"

"It's superbly idiotic," he groaned.

"That's what's so charming about it. And I've saved sixty dollars out of your wages. That'll pay for the first advertising. Then you'll resign from the insurance and ——"

"See here, Floss!" Here sounded the first note of a lover's quarrel. "There's got to be a limit somewhere. I'm willing to drop my ambitions and go into business for you; I'm willing to work and slave for you, but I'll be perpetually damned if I'm going to let you turn me into a hairdresser."

"There's oodles of money in hairdressing," she pointed out quite placidly. "But you wouldn't make such a good one as you would before I made you get a haircut."

She was combing her fingers through his shorn locks when he prevented her gently but firmly and put on his hat.

"You haven't even kissed me once," she pouted at the door. He paused long enough to attend to that.

Chester took his way toward the Indivisible Life Insurance Company every morning with the feelings of a man whom someone has pleasantly drugged, then sent to slow torment. All through the day he was baited along by the idea "I'm doing it for Floss," and the thought helped speed him through the heavy seas of figures which were deadly dull to the oratorical mind. Sometimes Satan would walk in through the prosperous glass-and-mahogany partitions and remind him of his better self—the self which Carlotta, had he chosen, might be even now lifting upward, upward to the heights where thought is golden and speech is inspired.

Sometimes in the hall Chester would encounter Graham V. Applethwaite, the gentleman whom Florabel had boiled down to Mr. Blink, then discarded. He was a swollen old bachelor who rather resembled our popular idea of a trust save for the fact that his eyes were entirely concealed behind plate-glass spectacles. When he met his earnest employee, if he saw him at all, he would give him a charitable, patronizing smile, a smile which crushed. Chester hated it. It would be well if all unsuccessful lovers could adopt toward their victors a smile like Mr. Blink's.

In his work Chester had no compass whereby to guide him. He merely knew that he got through the days and fairly ran home to Floss, who always had a program arranged for the evening and never allowed him much time to think. Sometimes they would spend the evening playing poker with young things of Floss' own caliber. Floss, who played like a prodigal, usually won, which balanced things for him at the end of the week. Often they would go to the theater with Aunt Het, who always bought the tickets and insisted on vaudeville or musical comedy with an occasional dash of burlesque; the Spirit World seldom interfered with her earthly pleasures. She was an incorrigible trifler, was Aunt Het, and as such seldom failed to make herself amusing.

But the week following the interview in which Floss elected her Chester to the presidency of the Framm Complexion Company Ink, found little Mrs. Framm disinclined to amusements in the after-dinner hours. She looked actually tired. Once she appeared with her useless forefinger tied up in a cotton rag; she consented to having it unwrapped and showed a long savage burn which she wanted kissed so that it would get well. A sweetish, not unpleasant odor seemed to overhang the atmosphere in their third-floor suite. He never remembered Floss' using such a perfume—and so much of it.

One morning Chester's bare toe came painfully against some brittle object which seemed to have popped out from under the bed. It was a long-necked, round-bellied bottle, a silly thing with roses blown into the glass.

"How did this get here?" he asked, holding it up.

"It just would," drawled Floss from her pillows. This was one of the times when she wouldn't get up.

"Looks sort of funny to me," he growled, for he was entertaining his suspicions.

"Maybe I'm a secret drunkard," said she. "But I never could make out how anybody could be a secret drunkard—I can always smell it a block off. Kiss me, nuisance, and please don't slam the door when you go out."

It was on his way home that very night that some fate caused him to stare into the vulgar solution of his mystery. On one of the sidehill streets at a corner less than two blocks from Aunt Het's abode there stood an old-fashioned drug store of about the third grade. It had a handsome sign lettered Holbetter's Pharmacy and a gilded mortar and pestle over the door. The place was in a basement, two steps down from the sidewalk, and its cramped proportions

"Sure—
The Same Thing!"

The Service rendered our fighting men by aluminum utensils under the rigorous conditions of war on land and sea has strikingly shown that **"Wear-Ever"** aluminum utensils will withstand the severest kind of usage.

It emphasizes what so many thousands of women know:—that, although perhaps higher in first cost,

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

are far cheaper in the end, because their enduring service makes unnecessary the constant buying of new utensils.

Aluminum Cooking Utensils are *not* all the same. There *is* a difference. **"Wear-Ever"** utensils are made in one piece from *thick*, hard sheet aluminum. They cannot chip, scale or break—are pure and safe.

It now is possible to resume manufacturing a complete line of **"Wear-Ever"** in quantities sufficient, we hope, to meet the ever-growing national demand for these sturdy, beautiful utensils—some of which were unobtainable during the war, because thousands of tons of aluminum were used in making cooking utensils for soldiers and sailors.

Look for the **"Wear-Ever"** trademark on the bottom of each utensil.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

Replace Utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept. 18 · New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada "Wear-Ever" Utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WHEREVER you go Florsheim shoes of superior quality are known and worn—convincing proof of the satisfaction they give. Rely on the quality mark "Florsheim" and you can be sure of value.

Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear, not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim".

The Florsheim Shoe Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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Please mail me Hawkins Electrical Guides (5 vols.) [illegible]

Signature

Occupation

Employed by

Residence

Reference

plainly indicated Doctor Holbetter's status in the apothecarial world.

Fate reminded Chester of a tube of tooth paste. He paused. There is no druggist, be he ever so humble, who does not handle tooth paste. Chester A. Framm got his eyes as far as the scrawny show window, and then came recognition. It was as though he had found a friend in the morgue. A dozen round-bellied, long-necked bottles, similar to the one he had kicked under his wife's bed, stood boldly in a row. A large window card printed in red and white occupied the place of honor at center—Flossie's picture!

DON'T YOU LOVE A PEACH?

It was printed in black and red and had the look of permanency and authority which bold-face type is apt to give. The Framm Complexion Girl was announced in all her impudence, but her unsatisfactory line about Try Me had been dignified and repressed to Trial Size, 50c.

Chester went into the shabby interior, and assuming the guilty nonchalance of a detective brought forth the proprietor, who came briskly out from behind a weather-beaten glass screen. He was a leathery little mild-featured gentleman who affected the style of hair and goatee made famous by the late Colonel Cody.

The druggist, who proved to be Doctor Holbetter himself, chewed nervously as he served his customer with an obsolete brand of tooth paste.

"By the way," drawled Chester, trying to look innocent as he pocketed his change, "what's this complexion stuff you're showing in the window?"

"Angel Bloom?" The druggist had a nervous, staccato delivery, punctuated by a click-clicking sound which he made in the side of his cheek as though urging a tired horse. "Latest thing. Yes, sir. Lady to improve and beautify? Can't do better. Guaranteed." Click-click.

"A new thing?"

"Absolutely. Only put it out yesterday. Sold four bottles right off the reel. Theatrical people."

"Your own invention, I suppose?"

Doctor Holbetter had now rounded the counter and taken a bottle from the row in the window.

"All we've got in stock." Click-click. He tipped the bottle to show its contents, which were pinkish in color and of the consistency of skim milk. "Interest in the concern. Discovered by a lady. Secret formula. See her picture in the window? Pretty good! With a face like that she could sell ham in a synagogue. Real nice lotion. Serious medicine. Merit in it. Wholesale, proper advertising ——"

"I've got plenty at home," said Chester, backing away from the bottle which the druggist was evidently trying to force on him.

"Never regret it. Actress came in for second bottle. Wanted it for sister. Just get this thing on the wholesale ——"

Flossie on the wholesale! That was the way her shocked husband took it as he charged home and found her serenely ripping the fur from a hat he didn't recognize. She sat by a window and the gold of a late afternoon was mingling with the gold of her hair, which was slightly tousled. The strips of fur, as she ripped them off the frame, made exciting sounds like explosions of distant firecrackers. Her eyes were downcast; she was in a dream. Women engaged with fancywork always look like Madonnas.

"See here, Floss," was the way Framm burst into the picture, "who's that man, Holbetter?"

"Buffalo Willie, you mean?" asked she, pressing a velvet rose with her thumb against the frame as she held the confection at arm's length and considered the effect. "Why, he's vice president of the Ink."

"H-m. Apparently you and your Buffalo Willie are doing splendidly with this thing you call your Ink."

"Don't be jealous, Old Brutal. We've made you president, you got to admit. Don't you remember away back in Dyak how you longed to be President?"

Another dig at the late Carlotta apparently.

"Your picture in a drug-store window!" he snorted. "Why didn't you put yourself in a circus poster and be done with it?"

"I thought of that." She had apparently decided on the velvet rose, for she was now sewing it rapidly to the brim. "But when you make circus posters you've got to have money for regular art. What we need's capital, Goob. So I went round to the printer with my sixty dollars. He soaked me twenty-two for fifty printed cards. I wanted to have my picture in colors, but he said that would mean lithography. Every kind of graphy is horrid expensive, so I just painted my photos with water colors and pasted 'em onto the cards. You know they're pretty. You told me once that my picture was lovelier than Venus or ice cream or anything. Didn't you?"

"Well, what if I did?"

Wasn't that like Floss?

"Come here and kiss me twice." He did, and as usual experienced her charm. "How did you like our Angel Bloom?"

"It's all right, I guess. But what is it? Where did it come from?"

"I cooked it over the gas heater. I nearly burned the house down two or three times—it was more fun. And then I didn't have any bottles or labels and things. So I went round to Doctor Holbetter—he admits he's a doctor—and made him vice president. It seems he had a hundred and forty-four empty bottles out back of the store. They used to contain Holbetter's Canine Flea Solution. It seems that dogs don't have that kind of flea any more, so Buffalo Willie was holding those empties till he thought up some other wonderful invention. I told the old darling all about Angel Bloom and he promised to give me twelve dozen empties for one dozen fulls. Isn't he a sweetheart?"

The druggist, as Chester recalled him, had been a withered remnant reeking of aloes, suggestive of mummification.

"And oh, my own indispensable Goob!" She had scattered her trimming to the four winds, and flying to him had thrown herself into his lap. "I'm oozing ideas. The big Boston Drug Store on Kearney Street have promised to take two dozen and my picture for their window. I've been filling bottles all day in the factory ——"

"Factory?"

"The trunk room, boob!"

With a uselessly slippered toe she indicated the little room that had been smelling of strange scents this mysterious week.

"How much does it cost you to make the stuff?" he solemnly inquired.

"Twenty-one cents a bottle. It wholesales for twenty-four."

"Well then, you'll clear four dollars and thirty-two cents, maybe, if you can sell the whole gross," he encouraged her, after computation.

"Lunk!" she whispered.

"Am I wrong?"

"Yeppy. We ain't going to be wholesalers until we're big and strong."

"What are we going to be?"

"It's won-derful, Cicero! I've got our whole life settled. We're going to move into a cute little flat over a store—Framm's Angel Bloom Parlor—and folks will come from miles round asking, 'Who is this complexion girl?' and I'll come out with a bottle in each hand and say, 'Only me!' Isn't it all too lovely for words?"

"Yes, indeed! And who's going to pay the rent on this paradise?"

"Oh, you and me and Buffalo Willie."

"I see. And just what status will I have round the place?"

"Why, Goober! Haven't you guessed?"

"Can't imagine."

"You're going to be the cheese. You'll wear a new necktie every hour and show the ladies round the place and bring me out as a sample. Don't you savvy? I'm planning this all for your dear little sweet sake."

"By Jupiter!" He came standing and shook her off his lap.

"You're getting mad again," she discovered, pouting slightly.

"I'll not do it!" he roared. "I simply won't have anything to do with this silly, undignified, dishonest performance. I simply won't, that's all!"

VII

BUT what does one do when Fate is fighting on the other side? Fight on and be defeated or accept the alternative, which is disarmament.

It was on a Wednesday when Chester A. Framm frowned upon the sacrilege in Doctor Holbetter's grubby show window. Thursday dawned bright and fair, with Chester already ashamed of his loss of temper. Flossie never lost her temper; she was very patient with him. He couldn't bear to go away and leave those ill words behind. Therefore their morning's reconciliation was heartfelt and long. Flossie cried quite becomingly, thus mangling his soul to a shapeless substance as though it had been run through a meat chopper. He grew eloquent in his descriptions of the kinds of brute he had been. She admitted it and punctuated her protestations of love with little heart-tearing sobs.

Chester was late at the office, but he got there warm with the knowledge that Flossie was the dearest thing in all the world and that he would do anything for her short of becoming one of those damned hairdressers.

In the early afternoon as he was coming back from his cheap and hurried luncheon he thought he saw a flash of her pinkish gown ruffling its way into a trolley car at the corner beyond the Indivisible Life Building. The fact that she wore an unfamiliar hat merely established her identity. He was intending to twit her of it, jokingly of course, but that night when he reached their upstairs apartment he found her dramatic with a most unusual caution.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Aunt Het!"

"Aunt Het—is she sick?"

"Yeppy. Sick of us."

"What have we done?"

"Better take off your shoes, sly like a mouse. Put on your felt slippers and give me a cigarette."

She tiptoed over and locked the door, then settled down on the divan, her eyes wide and scared.

"Her false teeth came clean plumb out so that I could see the plate—you know the way they make 'em to look like the roof of your mouth. She called you an idler!"

"That's nice." He had been running errands for Flossie's rejected lover all day and every muscle ached for rest. "Reasonable of her, I'm sure."

"No, it ain't. But Aunt Het hasn't got to be reasonable. She's a Baha worshiper."

"What's a Baha worshiper?"

"Some sort of religion you get in Southern California. It makes people awfully funny. Last night she got a vision and it said you were a minor astrolabe. Of course that cooks your goose. She came round with a regular scene. She wants im-mediate payment for a month's board and lodging ——"

"Are we that far behind?" gasped Chester, rather vague as to their arrangements.

"Well, we would have been bang up to the scratch if I hadn't spent that sixty dollars on drugs and chemicals."

Numerous empty, full and half-full Angel Bloom bottles strewed the place and told the tale of extravagance.

"Is she going to put us out?" he asked anxiously.

"Not necessarily. When we go down to dinner we'll just be chickadees. Maybe she'll blow over. You can't imagine how many times Aunt Het's blown over."

"You'll get round her," he beamed, justified in admiring Flossie's powers of get-roundness.

They dined in the big lofty room whose main adornments consisted of oil paintings of Aunt Het's three late husbands. These were a study in progressive styles. Number One showed a wide open collar and chin beard, Number Two wore drooping mustaches and a bang; while Number Three was smooth-shaven and by his manner of dress appeared quite recent. Whiskered or smooth, they had all gone their way, and their common widow, still going strong, appeared promptly at seven to take her place at the head of the table.

She looked calm, Chester thought as he pushed her chair in for her. During these months he had grown to regard her as a rollicking sort of person, rather fond of cheap red wine and only queer as to her parrot and her spirit guides, who seemed inoffensive companions.

"Chester," she said as soon as her woeful Chinaman had brought in the soup, "what is it you have on your feet when you come up the stairs in the afternoon? Roller skates?"

Chester blushed.

"I wasn't aware ——" he began with dignity.

"He's never aware, Aunt Het," chipped in his child wife. "That's exactly what makes him the adorable Goob."

"You shouldn't take such things so lightly," the old woman uttered the rebuke. Apparently the adorable Goob sounded like one of the gods of her theology. "But I shouldn't be disturbed at half past five in the afternoon.

"You must attend to your shoes, Chester. Possibly they need oiling."

"I sometimes have a touch of nerves myself," he agreed, remembering Flossie's formula—Be natural

(Continued on Page 65)

The Quality Grocer

A Window like this means a Quality Store

Behind every DEL MONTE display of this kind you will find a dealer who believes in selling his customers quality foods.

He tenders you DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables because he knows them to be the finest products of their kind—because he is sure that you want only the best—because they are the kind of foods that he can absolutely guarantee.

His offering of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables in this prominent manner is a measure of his sincere effort to meet your most exacting needs—and so to merit your confidence.

And right now, you will find all good grocers selling their discriminating customers more DEL MONTE products than ever before because they are ideal foods for present-day needs—delicious—healthful—convenient and economical.

Serve them for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. There is a DEL MONTE variety for every need—an appeal that always tempts.

SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOK, *"Del Monte Conservation Recipes of Flavor."* It is brimful of simple and economical suggestions for serving canned fruits and vegetables. It will help you in innumerable ways to make your every-day meals more appetizing—more generally satisfying and sustaining. A post card will bring it to you free. Address Department E.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Interested Dealers—

Write us for particulars about our special window service. Let your customers know that YOU carry DEL MONTE quality products.

Fill Every Room

In April With These Germ-Destroying Fumes

You fumigate rooms after sickness, but that isn't enough. Do it also at house-cleaning time.

The shut-in months accumulate germs, as well as dust and dirt. There is little sunshine to destroy them.

Make your home really clean—your sleeping rooms in particular. Soap and water remove visible dirt, but not the germs which lurk in fabrics and in crevices.

Scientific cleaning, as in Pullman cars, includes gas fumigation.

Formaldehyde gas is the way to make rooms aseptic. Shut and seal the room, then light a B&B Formaldehyde Fumigator and leave the room closed a few hours.

Remove only the live plants. Formaldehyde will injure nothing else.

Open the beds and the closets—let the gas reach everywhere. Then you may feel that you live and sleep in rooms that are free from germs.

Be Careful in Moving

Don't occupy a home which others have occupied without this fumigation applied to every room. You don't know what diseases have been there. You do know that germs exist. Do your own fumigation to be sure about it. Landlords may not be as careful.

Do It Efficiently

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators accord with Government standards. They are twice as efficient as some consider necessary, but you cannot be too sure.

For safety's sake get the B&B. They come in sizes for all ordinary rooms. Tell your druggist the size of each room and he will supply sizes accordingly. The average cost is one dollar per room.

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators

Other B&B Products

Keep in your home for emergency use B&B Surgical Dressings.

Absorbent Cotton	Sterile Bandages
Adhesive Plaster	Sterile Gauze

Do not use chance bandages. They are likely to cause infection. B&B Dressings are sterilized by live steam after wrapping. They come sealed in protective packages. Get them from your druggist now. When you need them you need them urgently. Have them ready.

First Aid Book—Free

It tells what to do before the doctor comes, in every form of accident or emergency. In dealing with sudden sickness, poisoning or injury.

It is written by a high authority, with wide experience in Red Cross and Army emergency work. There are 120 pictures.

It is so important that we send it free. Write us for it and put it with your B&B Dressings. It may sometime save a life.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings, etc.*, Chicago, New York, Toronto

(Continued from Page 62)

"Who ever said anything about my nerves?"

Her eyes had hardened to small twinkling dots and her teeth were dropping, dropping—a most alarming sight.

"I—I wasn't intending any offense," he tried to apologize. "We all have our nerves."

"What have you to be nervous about?" she glared.

What had come over the woman? Since last he had seen her she had changed from an amiable frivolous being to the monster he now beheld.

"Well, my work ——"

"Work! Do you call what you're doing work?"

"I'm always anxious to get something better." Chester was game to the last.

"I'll thank you not to mention my nerves hereafter!" she took him up short. "What's my religion for, I should like to know?"

Chester, who had no power of enlightening her, held his peace. But the moment was horrible.

"There's the fun-niest pair of acrobats at the Orpheum," Flossie struck bravely in, quite easily pretending that all was well as could be.

"What can they do?" inquired Aunt Het; and this was all the more astonishing because her look became tranquil as the harvest moon.

"They pretend to be strong men," she giggled. "One of them picks up a thousand-pound weight between his teeth, and just when you think he's going to crack his spinal column he drops it—the weight, I mean—and it turns out to be rubber. And then his partner comes on and lifts him right up over his head—all with one hand. He does this nine or ten times. He's attached to a pulley, don't you know. It's too grand!"

"Let's go," suggested Flossie's astonishing great-aunt; and at that moment she and her niece looked enough alike to be twins.

The diverting swindles committed to fast music by the Rubberneck Tramps at the Orpheum restored Aunt Het to her happy self again, but Chester's heart was as ice. What calamity did her recent storm portend? She had made it plain enough that the love birds in her estimation were far less welcome in her home than was Oscar the parrot. An uncertain twenty dollars a week stood between them and starvation. And there was nothing in the world to prove that Chester had made good at the insurance business.

Next morning, Friday, it was cold. He took his foggy self down to the Indivisible office and had mourned two hours over his desk before he was brought to by the voice of a sleek blond secretary, a bearer of Friday's tidings.

"Wanted in Mr. Applethwaite's office."

Chester's trembling knees got him as far as the pompous mahogany desk above which the upper part of Mr. Applethwaite's body loomed like a bust of Plutocracy. Mr. Blink's face wore its customary patronizing smile. It is a peculiar sensation to be thus outfaced by one's wife's rejected lover.

"Er—Mr. Framm," the great man went straight to the point, "I don't think we can use you any longer. Er ——"

"You mean I'm dismissed!" gasped the unfortunate.

"Well, yes. I should say you're being dismissed. Possibly some time in the future ——"

Chester's feet seemed nailed to the floor. Mr. Blink was squinting into the papers on his desk and there appeared nothing for it but to go.

"This is pretty sudden, Mr. Applethwaite," the dismissed one was so rash as to declare.

"Yes. Isn't it?" Merely a passing comment on the weather.

"Might I ask if I have given satisfaction?"

"You might."

"Of course if I haven't I should like to know so that next time ——"

"Please don't worry about that point." The sweetish old face writhed itself into a smile. "I'm sure you've been quite satisfactory. Good day, Mr. Framm."

When Chester got down into windy Market Street he had an impulse to go back to Dyak and implore forgiveness at his mother's ironing board. The mood passed. As a matter of fact wild horses could not have dragged him away from the younger Mrs. Framm. But how was he to face her? How could he tell her that he had made a failure of the only possible work that could keep them from starvation? Then resentment got him by the throat. It served him right for twisting himself into that which he was not, for jilting his destiny—jilting Carlotta.

He had sought the cheap success from which she would have warned him.

It was no great walk back to Aunt Het's house. His mood, attuned to the whistling of the wind, got him as far as Holbetter's Pharmacy before he looked round for his bearings. Turning the hilly corner he came in sight of that high-stooped ornate façade behind which he and Flossie had passed the first fevered months of their married life.

The exterior of Aunt Het's house looked more cluttered than usual. The cause was apparent at a glance. A large moving van and a dirty one-horse hack were standing against the curb.

Vainly struggling with his apprehensions Chester almost ran toward the inscrutable group. Behind the van a man in overalls was just shoving a table under the sheltering canopy. It was the very marble-topped monstrosity that had held his breakfast tray these troubled months!

Flossie's stylish figure was seen coming briskly down the steps, her left hand carrying her small walrus-leather bag, her right clasping Chester's shabby suitcase.

"Hello, Goob!" she cried, cheerful as a cricket.

"Floss! What's happened?"

"Aunt Het's blown up," replied his adorable torment. "And we're being evicted."

"Oh, yes," agreed her husband with frightful calm. "And who's paying for this van?"

"Aunt Het."

"By gad, it's an outrage! I'll see her about this. I'll ——"

"Don't let's make any false motions," she suggested. "We've got an awful lot to do. She was very sweet and insulting and generous. She gave me all the old furniture she couldn't use. Besides, you can't see her. She's locked in with a trance medium."

"Where does she expect us to go now?"

"Oh, that's all fixed. Your hay fever'll get bad again standing here in the wind. Come on."

"Where?"

The van began to move away. Flossie had half pushed him into the depths of the cab. With one foot on the curb she paused and called an Eddy Street number to the man on the box.

But when they had gone far on their pilgrimage into the unknown he broke down and blurted: "Floss, what are we going to do? I'm fired. Fired cold!"

"There, there! Did bad Blink go and hurt my Goober? Don't you give one solitary whoop, Old Nuisance!"

She had taken his head in her arms and was soothing it against her soft vivacious breast.

"'Cause who cares? We don't. We're glad, that's what we are."

"But what are we going to do?" he repeated, absolutely vanquished.

Her reply, if she had intended any, was interrupted by the behavior of the hack. It stopped as though by appointment with a gilded street number twinkling through the gray afternoon. Floss had opened the door, permitting her husband to crane his neck a little farther. It was a small two-story shop building which he saw, a trim front newly painted in dazzling white. Through the plaster-spattered panes he could dimly see carpenters at work with fresh shelving. But it was the sign, daintily lettered in colonial type on the white board over the door, which held him with a wild surmise!

"FRAMM'S ANGEL BLOOM SHOP"

"Come on, Cicero," said the great man's wife, leading him by the hand as a nurse leads a timid child. "There's the dearest housekeeping apartment upstairs, and we'll paint Aunt Het's furniture so its mother wouldn't know it."

"Floss," he said; and barred her way. "I believe you got old Applethwaite to fire me."

"Do you?" Her face was aglow with what at that moment looked like pride and affection.

Lumbering down Eddy Street he could see the moving van, replete with furniture which Aunt Het—despite her berserk rage—had contributed.

"Floss," he persisted, "I wonder if I'll ever get used to you."

"If you do," she warned him, "I'll get a divorce."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A BETTER SCHEME

(Continued from Page 30)

The labor in the Detroit plant was working on a new idea. A few men, comparatively speaking, had thought out a new machine called an automobile which greatly multiplied man's power of locomotion. They had invented the machine, thought out the most efficient plans for manufacturing and distributing it, organized an industry. The labor out there produced wealth at a great rate because it had been led into a fat field and there was a big dividend to be divided; just as in a smaller way labor in New York sweat shops became more productive when it found good leadership and organization. The stuff in men's brains, not in their muscles, made all the difference.

For increasing the industrial dividend whose size determines the condition of labor, in whatever ratio it may be shared, the leadership of a relatively small number of men is more important than anything else. Very likely they will require some extra compensation under any social scheme. But above all, some extra compensation and distinction will be necessary to incite men who have capabilities of leadership in them. Certainly leading men into division, strife and class war is no way of increasing their joint productivity.

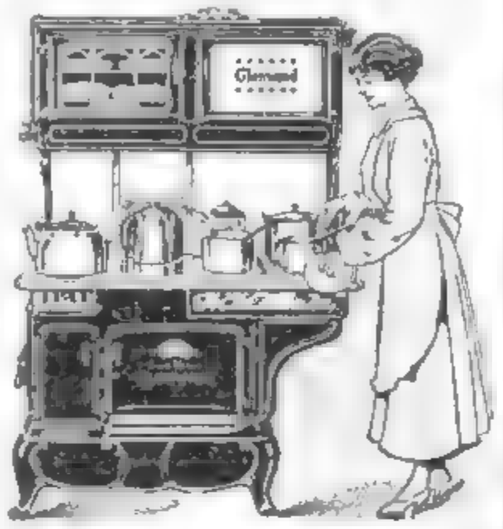
Socialists are always saying or implying that the dividend is big enough now and we need bother comparatively little about increasing its size if only we would distribute it more equitably. The best study of the distribution of income in the United States that I know of was made about four years ago by W. I. King, of the University of Wisconsin. I like to refer to it for the sake of the general reputation of college professors, which is by way of getting under something of a cloud nowadays. There are college professors who love to sit them down and spin startling theories, sometimes most meagerly supported by facts. Mr. King's idea was different, and far more laborious—namely, to dig out, collate and present all pertinent available facts in the case, from which any reader may deduce such theories as he pleases.

He puts the total income of the country in the census year 1910 at thirty billion dollars—to use only the round numbers in his tables. This means that if all the goods produced and services rendered by all the people in that year had been added up the sum would have come to that—in short, the sum of everybody's income; the total amount there was to divide. Of this total of thirty billions something more than fourteen billions, or forty-seven per cent, was paid in wages and salaries. This was mainly wages. In manufactures, for example, wages were more than three and a half times the amount of salaries, and the great bulk of the salaries go to employees who differ from wage earners only in that they have no union.

But more than nine million persons gainfully employed in 1910 received neither salary nor wages—farmers, merchants, professional people, and so on. They are one-third as numerous as the wage and salary earners. They must be provided with a living somehow, unless we adopt the simple Bolshevik expedient of slaughtering the bourgeoisie out of hand. Say they are provided for in the lump on just the same scale as the people on a pay roll—though many of them would object to that on the ground that they contribute more, relatively, to production. But as they are one-third as numerous, paying them on just the same basis as the others would obviously increase the pay roll by one-third. With that increase the pay roll would take nearly two-thirds of the total income of the country, leaving only one-third for us to quarrel over the distribution of—without allowing a penny for interest, rent, profit or a reserve fund for betterments and extensions.

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.



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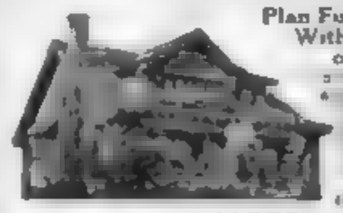

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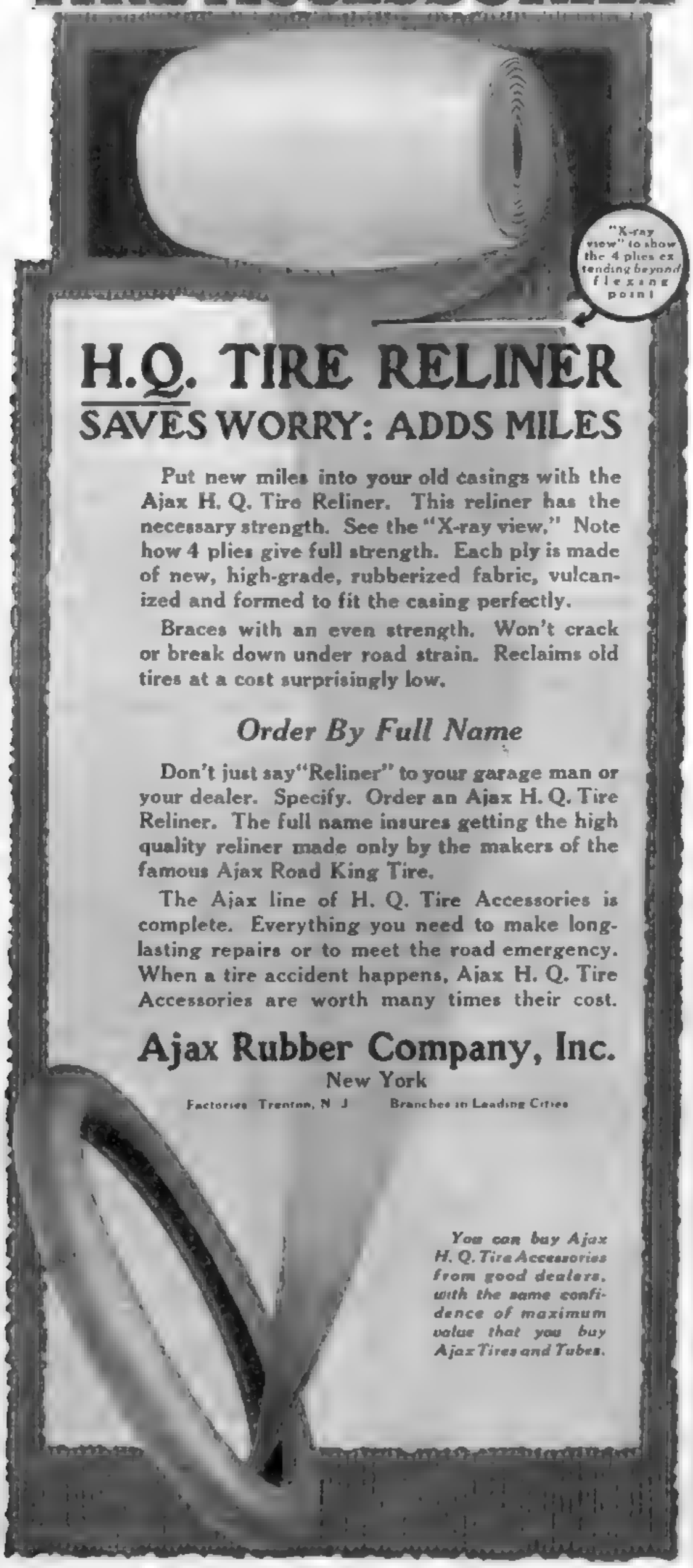

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The most ideal socialism could not consume the entire national product each year. It would have to set aside something for betterments and extensions—building new railroads, mills, and so on. American socialism has not yet advanced to the point of disallowing interest on a man's savings-bank deposit. Americans overwhelmingly hold that inducing a man to save by paying him interest on the saving is a valuable social expedient. Under any possible scheme of distribution ten per cent of the national income is an outside figure of what there is to quarrel over as between capital and labor.

In 1910, by Mr. King's calculation, eighty-two per cent of the families in the United States—counting a single, self-supporting man or woman without dependents as a family—received less than twelve hundred dollars a year. That is a very unsatisfactory condition. But those families received fifty-five per cent of the total national income, and if the total national income had been divided equally among all families each family would have received not quite eleven hundred dollars—which will buy no family a Utopia. What we need most of all is a bigger dividend—a greater national production of wealth. And fighting among ourselves is a mighty poor way of increasing production.

No doubt ownership of wealth is concentrated to a much greater extent than income. In England, France and Prussia, where far better statistical information is obtainable on the subject than in the United States—owing to inheritance-tax laws and so on—it appears that two per cent of the population own considerably more wealth than the remaining ninety-eight per cent. In England, in fact, a fraction smaller than one per cent may hold title to half the property in the country. There the big estates in land are generally entailed to the eldest son and so held in a block from generation to generation.

But income rather than ownership of wealth is what the average man looks to. For example, a Rockefeller might own all the railroads in the United States; but if we kept railroad rates as low as they were in 1917 and railroad wages as high as they are now he would derive no income whatever from the roads. Or if he did derive an income from them we could easily catch it with an income tax. In short, the wealth produced by the roads might be quite equitably distributed each year though one man held title to them all.

A Picture Not True to Life

Trustworthy information about distribution of wealth in the United States is so limited that it is largely a subject of guessing. It has inspired some of the wildest guesses on record. About the time of the money-trust investigation in 1912 the newspapers published lists of all the life-insurance companies, banks, railroads and so on in which a Morgan partner was a director or to which the Morgan influence was supposed to extend. There were like lists of all concerns believed to be within the Rockefeller sphere of influence. Harriman's domain was footed up, and Hill's and Gould's. Total assets of these concerns amounted to billions. From saying that a handful of men controlled all that wealth it was an easy step to the more striking expression that a handful of men owned so many billions; and by the extension of a sufficiently lively imagination a few men were made to own pretty nearly all the wealth in the country.

A distinguished professor of economics has lately been describing the situation of the United States and other industrially advanced countries. Speaking to the public with the authority which naturally attaches to his position as a trained scientist he says:

"Invested wealth in large holdings controls the country's industrial system, directly by ownership of plant, as in the mechanical industries, or indirectly through the market, as in farming. So that the population of these civilized countries now falls mainly into two main classes: Those who own wealth invested in large holdings and who thereby control the conditions of life for the rest; and those who do not own wealth in sufficiently large holdings and whose conditions of life are therefore controlled by these others."

And later on he represents the dominant class, which controls the conditions of life for all the rest of us, as comprising perhaps five per cent of the population.

He is not a professed socialist, so far as I know. Neither are a good many others who in the name of disinterested scientific guidance would lead us right up to the socialists' class-war door and push us inside—and urbanely wash their hands of responsibility for any untoward consequences that might ensue. His picture of America is exactly the socialist picture, and so far as I am able to get a line on reality it corresponds to reality rather less than the picture of a sea serpent corresponds to a cow.

Turn back to the items in Morgan's dominion, and Rockefeller's and Harriman's. Prominent in the schedules of wealth which they controlled are several big life-insurance companies, with assets amounting to some billions of dollars. They are mutual companies. Their assets, with negligible exceptions, belong to millions of policyholders. They are not only under strict supervision by public officers in every state where they operate, but their operations are limited by statute on every hand. What they shall pay their agents, the provisions of their policies, how they shall distribute their funds, whether they shall invest in stocks and bonds and what sort of stocks and bonds—all such things are prescribed for them by public authority, and a public officer is always at their elbow to see that they follow the prescription.

The Limited Powers of Capital

Other items on the lists consist of banks and trust companies, also with billions of assets. About ninety per cent of the assets belong to the various depositors; the remainder to various stockholders. As with the insurance companies these institutions are subject to strict public regulation and constant inspection. They are limited by state laws and national laws, are under the hand of a state banking department, a Comptroller of the Currency, a Federal Reserve Board.

The biggest item comprises railroads, with billions of assets belonging to widely scattered bondholders and numerous stockholders. Before the Government took them over they were under strict public control. They could not advance a freight or passenger rate a penny except by permission of a public body—which generally, as it happens, refused permission. On the other hand, public bodies were frequently reducing particular freight and passenger rates in complete disregard of the wishes of the management. Full-crew laws overrode their wishes. In numberless other details their wishes counted for nothing. They had less to say about wages than the strongly organized unions did. Find a railroad president after he has received an ultimatum from the trainmen's brotherhoods and tell him that he is controlling conditions of life for his employees—but put on a baseball catcher's mask first.

The simple truth concerning all that wealth is that it is about nine-tenths socially controlled. There is a comparatively narrow margin for the play of private initiative and discretion. Otherwise the public controls. Aside from land much the biggest item of national wealth is railroads. According to the Census report for 1912 it amounted to more than one-fifth of the total, aside from real estate. Before the Government took them over the roads were under broad public control.

Another big item is public utilities—street railways, telephone systems, electric light and power concerns. They amounted to more than one-tenth of the total, aside from real estate. With hardly an exception they also are under public control. Their rates are prescribed, their practices regulated, and in many cases they have to bargain over wages with organized employees who are very far from helpless. It is rather well known that of late public-utility concerns as a rule have been in a poor way. They have been compelled to raise wages and often have been forbidden to raise rates correspondingly. Some of them have gone into bankruptcy; others have passed or reduced dividends. To represent a public-utility manager or owner as an autocrat disposing of the lives of a subject population at will is grotesque enough.

Public control over manufacturing has been steadily increasing, and will increase further—not only through anti-trust laws, fair-trade laws, and so on, but through many regulations to protect labor. Holding title to a given item of wealth implies little enough as to the control of the use of it. What "conditions of life for all the rest" could

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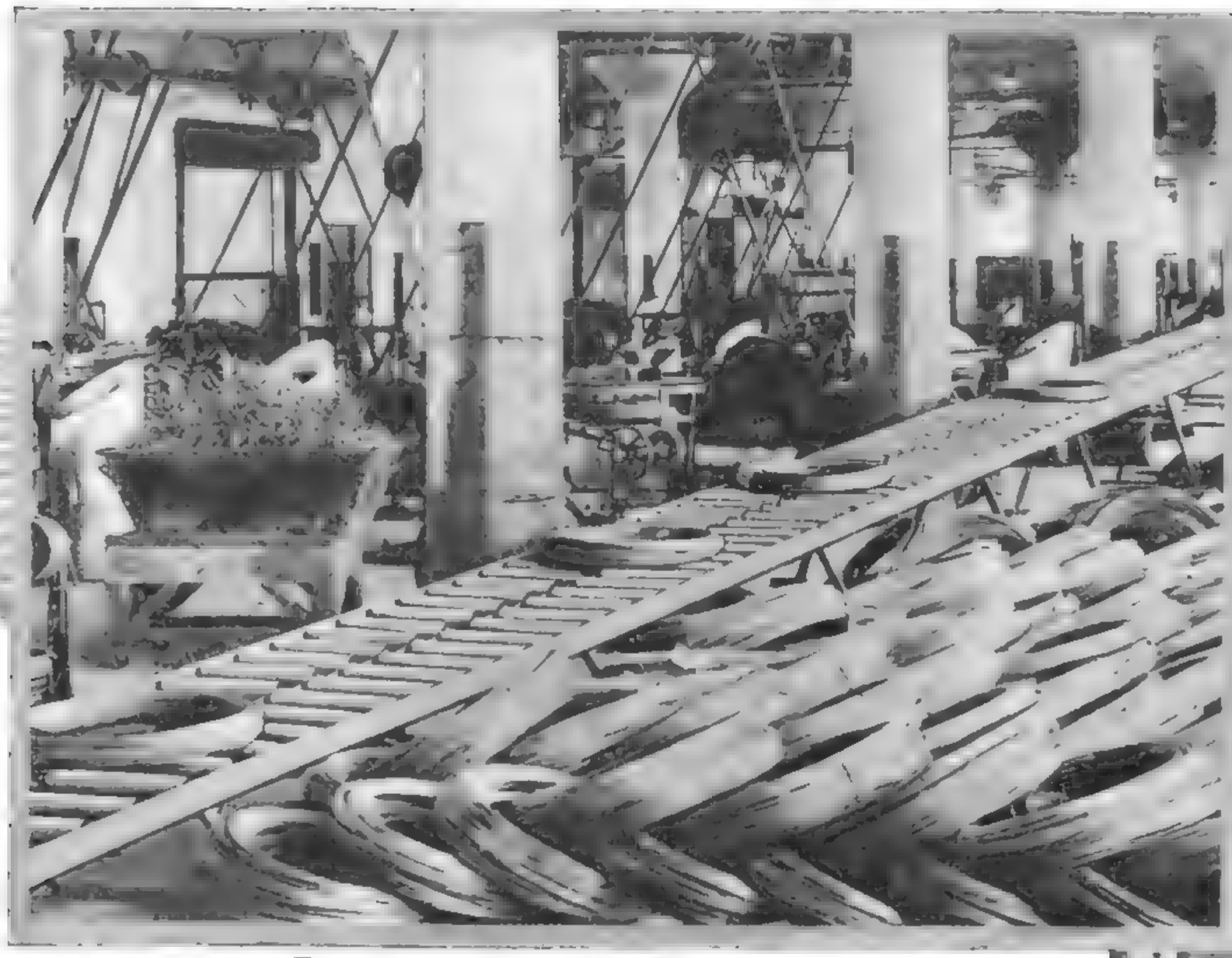

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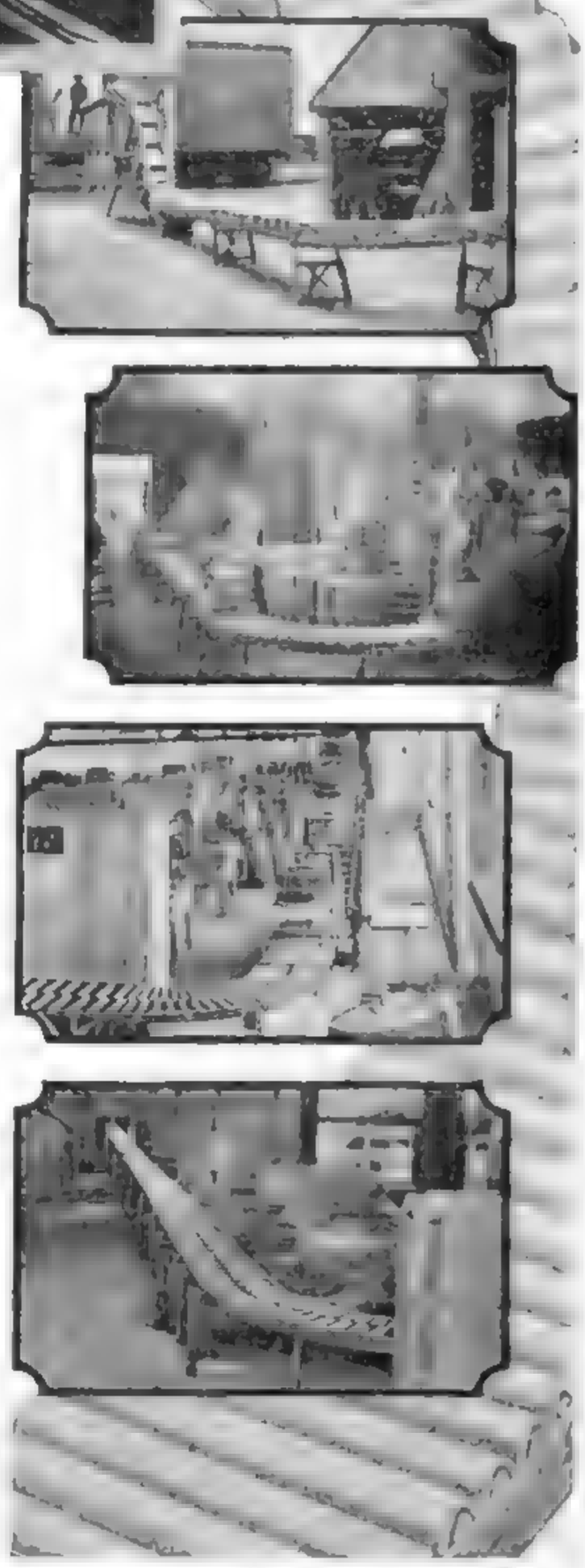

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REGAL SHOES

(Concluded from Page 66)

any possible five per cent control? A richest and most malevolent five per cent could no doubt throw a great many men out of work at a given time by shutting down mills. Not "all the rest" by any means, but a great many. They would thereby immediately cut off their own profits and in a short time the public would take the matter out of their hands as it has done on many occasions. Roosevelt made himself unpopular in some quarters very early in his presidential career by doing that in a coal-mine strike; but the precedent is well established in public opinion.

A good deal is made just now of more democratic control of industry; in fact, we are getting more democratic control of industry all the time. Regulation of railroad rates, for example, is a matter of the last dozen years. Every year sees an extension of democratic control of industry. But usually those who use the term don't mean that. They usually mean either government management or a management elected by all those directly concerned in the industry. As to government management, we have had fourteen months of that with the railroads, and reports from all parts of the country and all orders of citizens have convinced Congress that the country doesn't want it. For one thing the country sticks at the simple fact that it is paying twenty-five per cent more for a rather poorer article of railroad service. For another thing, undoubtedly, it doesn't like dealing with a single, autocratic authority from which there is no appeal. Hitherto in all its dealings with railroads the implication was that if one road didn't treat it right it would go to another road; or if no road would treat it right it would make all of them come to time. Nowadays, however suave the Government may be about it, the implication is: "My terms are the only terms on which you can get railroad service; take it or leave it, as you please." The public doesn't like that.

A Question of Management

Socialists say government management is not the only—perhaps not the preferable—form of democratic control; there may be a management elected by all those immediately concerned. Of course we have been trying that plan for a hundred and thirty years—and far back of that. We have been electing the managements of a great many concerns by the votes of all those directly interested. As a rule they have been decidedly the worst-managed concerns in the country. Anybody who talks of electing managements by mass votes is looking into the clouds and not at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and so on, whose managers have always been elected by mass votes. About four times out of five coöperative business enterprises in the United States—as distinguished from growing and marketing coöperations—have failed. It was finally a question of management, and they didn't get the right brand.

What advantage would a trainman get by electing the president of his road? His union already gives him the advantage of bargaining on at least equal terms for wages and working conditions. If he got higher wages the cost would immediately be thrown upon the public in the form of higher freight and passenger rates, and the public would have some misgivings about that just as it has about the Government's twenty-five per cent advance in rates for the purpose of increasing wages. Successful management of a railroad, a steel mill, a cotton mill, requires a high degree of technical expertness; and technical expertness is never a qualification that appeals particularly to voters. A dozen experienced directors are better qualified to pick out technical experts than ten or twenty thousand dispersed workmen are; more likely to get an efficient operating staff.

True, that means only the technical operation of the plant and leaves out of account large questions of social relationships and social effects. But the public is already determining those large questions by its Interstate Commerce Commission, its child-labor laws, workmen's compensation laws, and so on. A management elected by labor could no more be trusted with them than a management elected by capital can. As a capitalist management leans always to the interest of capital, a labor management would lean always to the interest of labor. In either case society—government—must intervene in the interests of the public. A great many socialists habitually write as though wage labor constituted the only public there is.

Conciliation and Improvement

This does not mean that elected representatives of labor might not well have a place on the board of directors of every large corporation. A good part of the trouble between capital and labor arises from sheer lack of understanding. Labor directors sitting regularly with the board, in touch with the business, able to argue the case for labor when its interests were involved and able to report authoritatively to labor on the conditions of the business, would probably be a valuable emollient. But that would be a different thing from democratically elected management.

I hope my young-man correspondent will look beyond the front cover of the socialist plan. That is such a pretty picture of prosperous brotherhood that a good many people are quite taken with it. But the text farther on is mainly about class war, social division, irrepressible strife, implacable enmity. Reading it one might well infer that before capitalism came along and "divorced the workman from ownership of the tools of production" the world was a Garden of Eden. But history—political, social or economic—of medieval society, when workmen still owned the tools of production, gives a very different picture.

Labor's greatest interest lies in increased production. Fighting never increased production. Bureaucratic management of industry never increased production. Electing the management, with the play of political intrigue and faction which that would involve, would not make the plant more efficient.

There are monstrously wrong and evil conditions in the world. Socialism says they can never be very much improved under capitalism. But many evil conditions have been decidedly improved under capitalism. Conditions of child labor and woman labor that Marx made much of have improved steadily to this day. The better plan is a plan of conciliation and improvement, not a plan of warfare and destruction.

THE PEANUT HULL

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, a couple of tuts, Shorty. You know what about what about. Picky-willup Point!"

"Well, I'll tell you what's doing!" snapped McShane, his scarlet eyebrows coming together. "The big pigs's got their feet in the trough, and the little pigs is forced out in the mud!"

"I git you. Jeff was over to Mike Connell's; but I ain't worried. I'm just curious."

"You!" McShane regarded the ex-volunteer assistant bartender with dawning intelligence. "Are you in on it too?"

"Oh, a little, a little." Jiggers stuck both thumbs in the armholes of his greasy vest and twiddled his fingers. "But I ain't workin' at it. I don't have to. I'm just layin' low and lettin' her sizzle."

"Say," husked McShane, grabbing Hoadley by the lapel of his coat, "are you the one that's got that option?"

"Hush!" Hoadley glanced up the stairs and back into Casey's, and out into the street; then he bent low to McShane's ear and whispered "Yes!"

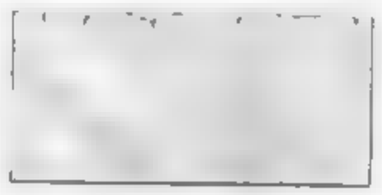
"Let me see it."

Without a word the opportunist led the way to the back room of the Pilot Café, up the street, and produced the precious option. There were five pairs of pinholes in it.

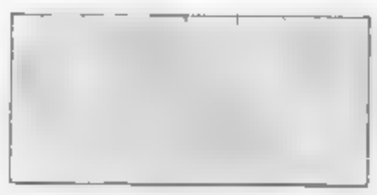
"Sewed up tight as a drum," admired McShane enviously. "Jiggers, what'll you take for this?"

"Take for it? My life!" Hoadley almost paled as he jerked the option out of McShane's hand. "Say, if Jeff was to ask me to see that option, and I couldn't dig it, people'd be sayin' to each other along Water Street by and by: 'Why, where's Jiggers Hoadley? I ain't seen him for a long time!'"

"That's nothing to me. I'm here to talk business. Tell you what I'll do: I'll give you



Seen under a powerful magnifying glass, a dull razor blade looks like a saw edge



Stropping keeps these tiny teeth in perfect alignment, provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

How many different razors have you tried?

MOST men have owned at least three or four different safety razors—in addition to the old-fashioned straight-edged razor.

It's not that men are fickle about their razors. On the contrary, when they find the *right* razor, they invariably stick to it. Men who once try the AutoStrop Razor don't change from it.

The AutoStrop Razor makes good with its users because it provides a keen edge for *every* shave—gives a perfectly cool and comfortable shave *every time*.

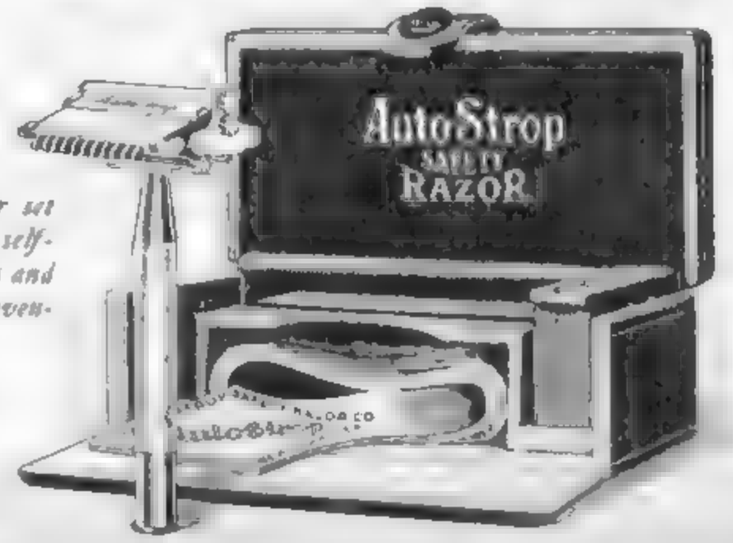
A new blade for every shave is not necessary with the AutoStrop Razor. The razor provides in itself the means for keeping the blades keen-edged as when new. This patented stropping feature insures a perfect shave every time.

The 12 blades furnished with the set will give you, under unique guarantee from the manufacturer, 500 perfect shaves. The same guarantee goes with each additional dozen blades you purchase.

The AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

AutoStrop Razor

On sale all over the world



The AutoStrop Razor set includes a silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and a strop, in a compact, convenient case

An Epoch-Making Dinner

To Introduce This New-Type Pork and Beans

Some years ago the Van Camp scientific cooks gave an epoch-making dinner. It was given in the Van Camp laboratories—to experts and laymen—to introduce the ideal Pork and Beans.

Since then that dish has brought to millions an entirely new idea of baked beans.

They Studied the Dish for Years

These culinary experts, college trained, studied this dish for years.

They found that beans differ vastly. So now they analyze the beans

They found that hard water made the skins tough. So they now free the water from minerals.

They found that ordinary ovens left beans underbaked. Digestion was difficult. Yet the beans were crisped and broken by the heat.

So they bake Van Camp's in steam ovens—bake them for hours at 245 degrees. Digestion is made easy, yet the beans are not crisped, not broken

And they created a sauce to bake with them—a sauce of wondrous zest. In perfecting this sauce they tested 856 recipes.

Direct Our Chefs

Now these scientific cooks direct every step of the process. And they constantly watch the results. So all the delights which they developed are found in every dish of Van Camp's.

Now these ideal Pork and Beans are always at your call. You can serve baked beans which are whole and mealy, instead of crisped and broken. You can have them easy to digest. And the finest tomato sauce ever created is baked into every atom.

Compare them with the old-style.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

Based on famous Parisian recipes, but perfected here through countless tests by world-famous cooks.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe, perfected in the same way by these culinary experts.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts, with every skin and every germ removed. A new-grade peanut butter.

[503]

five hundred for that option, and you can hit the rattler."

That was a sore temptation, but with a saving grace, for Jiggers had learned by painful experience that the only place he could manage to eat regularly was Pickywillup City. Suddenly he thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and turned to Shorty with a naïve innocence that was a distortion on his villainous face. "Here's a thing I thought up, McShane. I'll sell you a second option. You know, a second option. See? That means that I give you a written agreement that when I buy the property you got a right to buy it from me for whatever price we say. The price'll be—it'll be —— Say, Shorty, it'll be twelve hundred dollars, and you pay me five hundred cash. Now!"

"A hundred, if that's the way!" said Shorty.

"Four hundred!" said Jiggers.

"A hundred!" said Shorty.

"Three hundred!"

"A hundred! See here, Jiggers, it's a hundred, and you'll take it. I know you."

Jiggers' keen perceptions told him he was licked.

"Will you keep your trap shut till the day of the sale comes off?"

"Sure I will. I'm bound to for my own safety."

"Then you're on."

ALDERMAN SNARKESS was waiting on the boat-club lawn when the Napoleon of Civic Progress returned from his Waterloo on Pickywillup Point, and he strode down to meet the despondent youth with his broad palm outstretched.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Jones!" he shouted, expressing his heartiness by loudness as society and all Pickywillup City came flocking to meet the returning son of Joe. "It's just come to my ears that you've sprung an idea for the biggest improvement ever proposed for this city."

Young Mr. Jones eyed the proffered hand hesitantly, remembering that his father loathed the man, his party and all his works; but he accepted the handshake, of necessity.

"Well, of course, I thank you," he diffidently and almost shamefacedly stated, "but—but ——"

"The removal of Pickywillup Point is a stroke of genius!" broke in Jeff Snarkess loud enough for all to hear; and he noted the instant glow in the countenance of plump and motherly Mrs. Jones. "Why, my boy, it's a wonder nobody ever thought of that before. It takes you young fellows to show us dead ones where to get off. I came right over to tell you I'm for that proposition with both feet!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, but I'm afraid we can't do anything," returned the Napoleon, in deep dejection.

It was hideously depressing to see all those bright and eager faces change to incredulous dismay; and the change was so simultaneous and so decisive that it seemed almost audible, like a sign or something. And Russ had thought so well of himself when he'd first discovered this idea in himself! For a few hours he had seen himself not only a public benefactor but a leading citizen worthy of his father. And now ——

"The owner of the property flatly refuses to sell—at any figure!"

A terrible shock on the lawn; murmurs rising almost to a muffled roar. Refused to sell! How dare he! On that instant Bill Trueboy and all his family, his ancestors and his progeny for generations fell into the black disfavor of society and all Pickywillup City. Was it possible that this live, progressive, decent town contained one citizen so dead to local patriotism that ——

Wouldn't sell! It needed but a leader to go right up that hill and mob Bill Trueboy! But Alderman Snarkess merely smiled in a superior sort of way.

"I hope you're not dropping the plan on that account," he protested, to the thrill of one and all; and he beamed as much benevolent friendliness as was possible from one eye. "It's a public improvement, ain't it? It's of vast benefit to the city, ain't it? Well, when we're all ready we'll simply condemn the point, and pay the owner a fair condemnation price."

Of course! Almost a cheer back there. Nearly everybody had just thought of that!

"By George!" Young Russ Jones' voice shrilled tremulously. He laughed and his face flushed. "You know, I hadn't considered that, Mr. Snarkess." Strange how suddenly friendly he felt to this agreeable man. His father certainly couldn't have known Snarkess very well. "You see, if I'd looked on this as a public work a condemnation procedure might have occurred to me, but since it was a purely private enterprise, why—I—well, of course, I didn't, that's all. But, Mr. Snarkess, if you can put that through I'll gladly pay the expense and make a present of it to the city. My contractor roughly estimates fifteen hundred for the labor, and the property can't be worth much."

"It shan't cost you a cent, Russ!" promised Jeff Snarkess, with all the effect of a sudden burst of generosity; and out of the corner of his one handy eye he noted Mike Connell whizzing by in his rattling motor car, on his way to the state capitol about that twenty-five thousand dollars. "Anyhow, come to think of it, you couldn't just buy the point and saw it off, because the state has jurisdiction over the Little Pickywillup, and anything that is done to it has to be done by act of legislature, for which an appropriation would be provided. So I'll tell you what I'll do, Russ, my boy! I'm so strong for your bright idea that if you'll just whoop up the public enthusiasm for it I'll whoop up the necessary legislation and the appropriation. How's that?" And again he thrust out his broad palm, round which the lean hand of young Russbill Jones closed almost convulsively.

"Will you?" shrilled Russ. "Oh, I say, that's great!" And he was still shaking hands, while society and all Pickywillup City exulted audibly in the ceremony.

"Don't thank me," protested the alderman with deafening heartiness, putting his other friendly hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm only glad to be in on a thing of such public importance. It's your scheme, Russ; get busy. Circulate petitions. Get the majority of this town to ask for the removal of Pickywillup Point, and I'll guarantee to remove it!"

Circulate petitions! Was that all? No sooner said than done! Right in the clubhouse the Hustlers got together, and that energetic organization of live young businessmen appointed a Permanent Committee on Civic Progress, with Russbill Jones as chairman; and on the spot they wrote the headings for fifty petition blanks.

Mayme Dycler almost simultaneously organized the Ladies' Hustlers Auxiliary to help circulate those petitions, and the first two names she placed on her executive committee were Mrs. J. Jones and Mrs. A. B. Dycler, hoping thereby to have those two estimable ladies, who meant so much to her, know and appreciate each other better!

Before nightfall the petitions were more than circulating, and all Pickywillup City was bound on the busy wheel of progress and whirring round and round with an incalculable centrifugal force.

O Mighty Politics! What could be done without thee!

VI

THE very next morning a young man with a hard-boiled countenance, a high collar and a derby hat half a size too small for him walked into Casey's bar in Pickywillup City, inquired for Jiggers Hoadley and waited until there came in a brisk but nervous-eyed business man in a brand-new pair of tan shoes, whose yellow mustache had been curled and pomaded by a barber until it looked like brittle taffy.

Without difficulty Mr. Hicks took Mr. Hoadley to a saloon in quite another part of town, where, in the little back room, he said: "Now shush. I'm on a gum-shoe errand all by my lonely, and if you're out to make a few jits I can give you a diagram of it."

"I got you," invited Mr. Hoadley, working his nose, for his upper lip felt stiff and sticky.

"Well, you're nursing an option on Pickywillup Point."

The change in Mr. Hoadley was abrupt, and so eager as to be almost ferocious as he demanded:

"Say! How high are they figurin' to go, up in the statehouse?"

"That's neither here nor there," hastily objected the husband of the niece of Representative Forbeson. "What I want to know is ——"

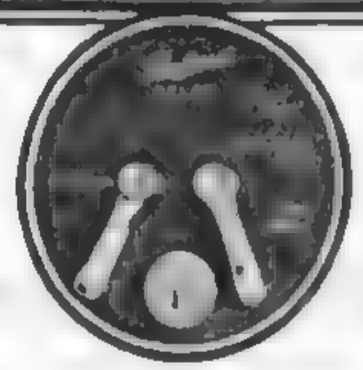
"You don't want to know nuthin'!" corrected Jiggers Hoadley fiercely. "I'm sayin' what do they figure to do up in the capitol, and till you answer me that I'm an oyster!"

A momentary dourness on the face of Hicks, and then he turned pleasant.

(Continued on Page 72)

The Better Performance You Demand The More You Will Appreciate Your Delco System

The more discriminating an automobile buyer you are, the more Delco ignition will appeal to you. Delco performance will fully meet your ideas of satisfaction whether you have Delco ignition, Delco lighting, Delco starting—or as is more usual, all three combined. Delco operation is complete, uniform. It delivers in full measure everything that can be reasonably asked of it. That is why you should look for Delco on the dash when you buy your next automobile.



The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
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Delco

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Does it permit a free enough flow of current to give you an effective spark?

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If it shows a tendency to falter when throttled down, and you have to shift gears frequently, it may not be getting as good a spark as it needs.

An effective spark is possible only where there is a free flow of current through the ignition circuit. Such a circuit may be employed with safety only when there is something to prevent battery drainage, should you forget to switch off your ignition when your motor is not running.

Connecticut Automatic Ignition is equipped with a switch which does that. The minute battery current is being wasted, this switch kicks off—automatically—and stops it. It is because of this switch that Connecticut Automatic Ignition can permit a free flow of current through its circuit and secure the efficiency for which it is noted.

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For the most delicious cup of coffee or tea, merely put soluble powder in cup, add hot water and serve. Made in a second—No Waste—No Grounds or Leaves—No Boiling or Cooking—No Pots to clean.

Send dealer's name and 35c. (foreign 45c.) for coffee or tea. Dealers supplied direct or by any jobber. Jobbers—Write Us

Until recently all Faust Instant Coffee (known "over there" as U S Trench Coffee) was being shipped to our soldiers.

Victory now enables us to again supply the public.

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IS A "DIFFERENT" SEASONING.

You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 15c, 25c and 1-lb. cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 20c. for 2-oz. can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Dietz, famous chef of history, Faust Café and Bevo Mill.

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber Jobbers—Write Us.

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE COMPANY, Saint Louis, Missouri

(Continued from Page 70)

"Oh, well, if you really want to know I don't mind saying that the present calculation is a fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation."

"Blast their damn eyes!" blurted Jiggers, his indignation real. "A certain responsible party told me it was only twenty-five! Well, what's your offer?"

"Oh, that property ought to be worth ——"

"Worth hell! Who's talkin' about what it's worth? This here's politics, not property! What'll you gimme?"

"How deep do I split in?"

"I git you."

And now for the first time Mr. Hoadley hitched his chair close and felt that he was dealing with a sympathetic soul. With Mr. Hicks in the frame of mind he was it was no trouble to insinuate the idea of a second option instead of the original, and they parted satisfied, Mr. Hoadley with a thousand dollars of Representative Forbeson's money in his pocket, and Mr. Hicks with five hundred!

That night Mr. Forbeson had Pickywillup Point in his pocket, or a written substitute therefor, and then, and not until then, he called on Senator Geets on the floor above in the same hotel, remarking as follows:

"Senator, here is an excellent thing for our constituency, one which I am sure will be of incalculable public benefit to your district, and will also redound to the credit of the party. I refer to a projected improvement in the harbor of Pickywillup City."

Senator Geets was a large florid gentleman, who wore his frock coat even in the privacy of his own bedroom, since he knew not the day or the hour he might have callers; and his whiskers were Vandyke.

"Yes," said he in a deep and mellifluent voice when he had heard the plan, "I approve. I consider it a more or less worthy enterprise. How much of an appropriation do you think it will require?"

"Well, the present estimate, senator, is fifty thousand."

"Ahem." The senator seemed to stroke his full-fed whiskers, but in reality he was stilling their eager quiver. "I should hesitate to propose an appropriation too small for the work contemplated. Have you secured an estimate from a reliable contractor?"

"Well, no." Forbeson, who was a gaunt man with eyebrows so long they needed combing, delicately cracked his knuckles as he detected the importance of that query. "Perhaps that would be a good idea, senator. Whom do you recommend?"

"No one," returned the senator promptly. "I have no interest in such matters; nor, in fact, any interests beyond those of my constituents."

"Certainly, senator, certainly. Everyone knows that."

"However, I will say in candor, and in justice, since you ask me the question, that I have heard Edmunds & Edmunds are perfectly trustworthy. There are others equally so, I've no doubt, I've no doubt."

"I'll see Edmunds in the morning," promised Representative Forbeson, rising and buttoning his long-tailed coat.

The senator looked at his watch.

"Well—or, say, in the afternoon," he suggested. "Then see me again to-morrow evening."

Thus it was that on the estimate of Edmunds & Edmunds a hundred thousand dollars was the sum it was decided to incorporate in the Little Pickywillup Improvement Bill for the shoveling away of Pickywillup Point; while down in Pickywillup City the Hustlers and the Ladies' Hustlers Auxiliary, society and all Pickywillup City, under the able and fevered leadership of young Russ Jones, were stuffing into the blue velvet drum, embroidered by the fair hand of Mayme Dycler herself, the fourteen-inch-thick petition which it was hoped might induce Representative Forbeson and Senator Geets to take up the philanthropic matter and secure an appropriation of, say, five thousand dollars. Small enough sum to expend for a project of such vast benefit!

VII

A. B. DYCLER burst with dynamic energy into the office of the leading citizen of Pickywillup City.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "how much will you take for that property of your father's in North Pickywillup?"

Young Russ swung back in his swivel chair, crossed his long legs in front of him and carefully considered. This was in the height of the boom—somebody had thought of having one right away—which had followed the news of the astounding hundred-thousand-dollar development of Russbill's idea of a simple little two-thousand-dollar gift to his native city, and Jones, Junior, now wore a neat salt-and-pepper business suit instead of fluttering silk shirts and white flannels.

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Dycler. This is a better time for buying than for selling."

"Yes," admitted Dycler snappily. "But nobody knows when the bottom's going to drop out of a boom. A chance is a chance, however, and we all have to take it. How much do you want?"

"Well," smiled Russ, "I'm not interested in the figures just now; you are."

"I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

Fatal error. If he had said seven Russ would have jumped at it; but the offer of so much as ten argued a keen anxiety to purchase. So Russ reflected, recalling that his father had once said that if Dycler ever dropped his magnifying glasses he'd go broke.

"Can't see it. That property has come into the public eye, Mr. Dycler, and you'll have to talk stronger than that to make me listen." He reached for his pipe and strove not to appear nervous as he stuffed it. Dycler reached for a cigar and strove not to appear nervous as he lit it.

"I might go to twelve."

Involuntarily Russ' finger stopped in the filling of his pipe, then voluntarily he forced it to get busy again. Twelve! Twelve thousand!

"Nothing doing," he said decisively. "You want that property, Mr. Dycler, much more urgently than you're willing to admit, and there's no use in us wasting time over it." Russ cleared his throat. "I'm not anxious to be rid of that land, and no feeble offer will get me. Now say something worth while."

Russ was acutely conscious as he said this that he was inspired by a dramatic instinct, though he meant to make it stick if he could.

In consequence he was slightly astounded when Dycler, rising nervously, blurted:

"All right then, here it is. Twenty thousand dollars."

Twenty thousand dollars! Russ fumbled for a match but dared not light his pipe, for he knew his fingers would tremble. Why, he could remember distinctly the time when his father would have been eager to sell that 'cross-the-river property for less than three thousand dollars; when he'd have been almost eager to give it away to escape the taxes! What in blazes was in the wind? What could be the cause of the absurd rise in the value of that land? The boom? Yes, but it wasn't that strong on the north side of the river! A sudden panic seized him—not that he wouldn't get his price but that he would succumb to the temptation to sell, and make a mistake; so the two panics counteracted each other. He lit his pipe and puffed at it.

"I don't want to sell," he said.

"Twenty-five thousand."

"No." Russ gulped.

"Thirty thousand!"

The eagerness in Dycler could no longer be suppressed; the quality which had always made the feminine part of his family anxious about the future was working in him.

"No!" In spite of all his efforts Russ rose from his chair and paced the floor. "I tell you I don't want to sell; not at any price!"

"Then you're foolish, that's all I have to say!" snapped Dycler. He bit the end of his cigar for the second time, but did not notice it. "Whatever profit I might be able to make out of that tract I'm already dividing with you, without any effort to yourself; offering you the big share into the bargain! I'll give you thirty-five thousand, and that's my last offer!"

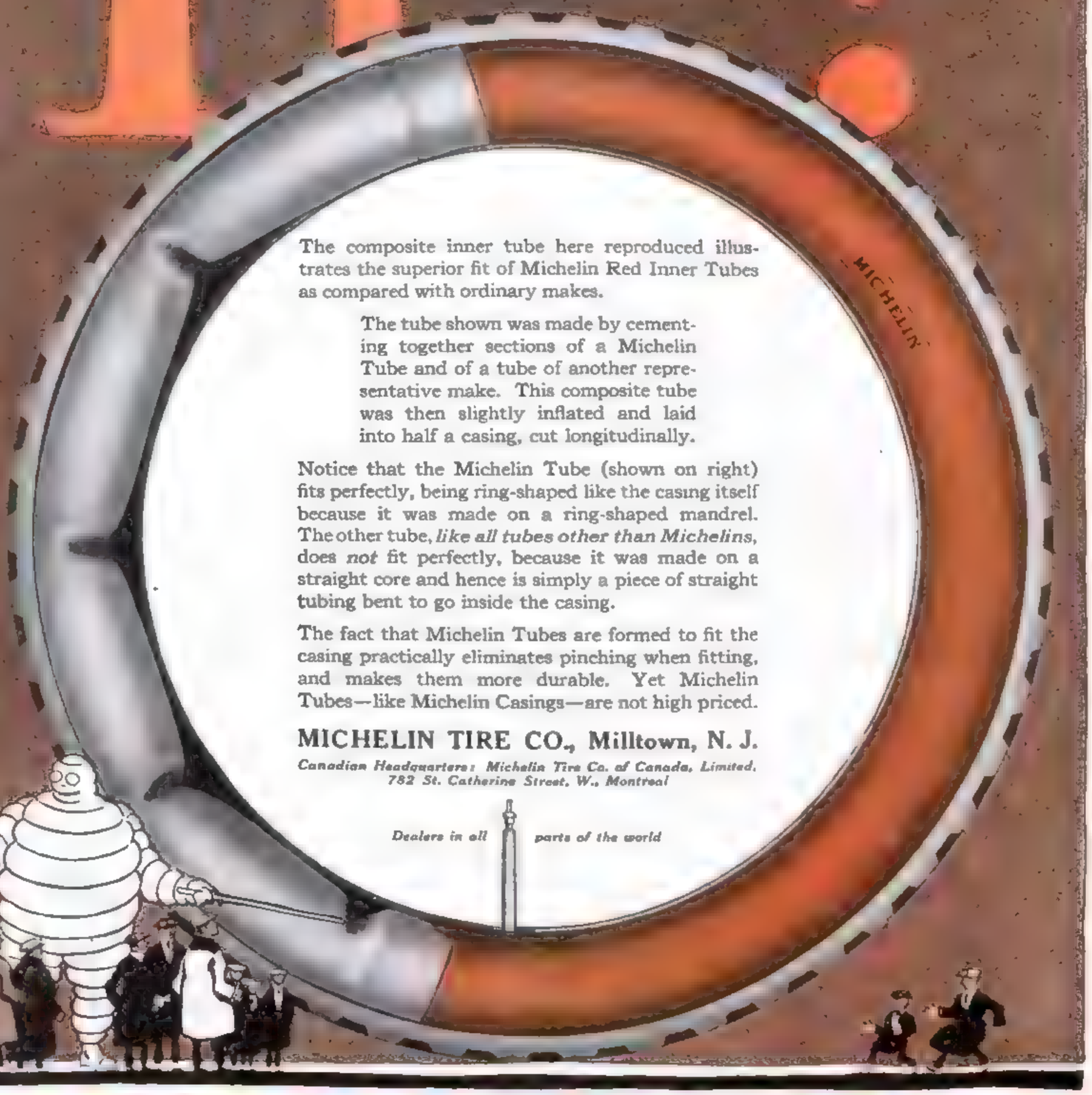
The lanky leading citizen swallowed and swallowed at his Adam's apple, but it wouldn't stay down.

"Look here, Dycler! I'm all alone, and I'm a kid, and I'm frank enough to tell you that I'm scared stiff!" His voice at last cracked to prove it. "But, by George, I'm going to do business if it takes a leg! You can have that property for—for—for fifty thousand dollars!"

"For what!" Dycler's voice was so shrill that it almost cracked too, but young Russ Jones was suddenly cool as a cucumber.

(Continued on Page 74)

do the tubes you use fit?



The composite inner tube here reproduced illustrates the superior fit of Michelin Red Inner Tubes as compared with ordinary makes.

The tube shown was made by cementing together sections of a Michelin Tube and of a tube of another representative make. This composite tube was then slightly inflated and laid into half a casing, cut longitudinally.

Notice that the Michelin Tube (shown on right) fits perfectly, being ring-shaped like the casing itself because it was made on a ring-shaped mandrel. The other tube, *like all tubes other than Michelins*, does *not* fit perfectly, because it was made on a straight core and hence is simply a piece of straight tubing bent to go inside the casing.

The fact that Michelin Tubes are formed to fit the casing practically eliminates pinching when fitting, and makes them more durable. Yet Michelin Tubes—like Michelin Casings—are not high priced.

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MICHELIN

(Continued from Page 72)

"Fifty thousand dollars," he repeated. "I said it and I'll stick to it! Fifty thousand, first, last and all the time, and you can talk till you can't whisper, and that's the last price you get! Fifty thousand dollars—cash!"

Dycler breathed heavily for three solid minutes, looking the panting young Russbill Jones squarely in the eye, but Russbill never quailed.

"I'll take it. I'll give you five thousand now, and the balance in an hour."

The long fingers of Russ Jones had already closed on the telephone, but he did not lift the receiver. He was afraid of his voice. So he rose and led Dycler up the street to the office of his father's lawyer, meeting Mayme Dycler on the way; she was so engrossed with the handsome young state engineer who during the past week had been making a report on the Pickywillup Point project that she scarcely noticed Russ! He straightened all his gangles. Not for him the boyish weakness of jealousy. He had business on his hands! Confound it, he'd had a hundred run-ins with his mother on account of that girl, and now —— Oh well!

Within thirty minutes he had five thousand dollars of Dycler's money, and had definitely parted with that worthless slice of across-the-Little-Pickywillup property. Five minutes later Dycler and the handsome young engineer, Merriman, were in the Pickywillup National Bank negotiating with the president for an expansion of the already strained loans on Dycler's Additions. Ten minutes later Senator Geets had assured the bank, over the long distance, that the Little Pickywillup Improvement Bill would positively pass and that young Merriman was a perfectly reliable engineer. On the stroke of the hour young Jones had the balance of his money, and within another hour after that the Evening Bugle was tossed into his office, and the young Napoleon withered like a flower that is cut down in springtime; for there staring him in the face was the cold and clammy report of young Merriman to the effect that the shearing away of Pickywillup Point would throw the current as desired, right round the corner and into the Big Pickywillup, leaving a broad leeway for river traffic; also that it would shift the current from the north to the south side of the Little Pickywillup!

The present quiet, smooth landing stream of Water Street would become a raging torrent!

Great Jehoshaphat! The wharfage monopoly that J. Jones had enjoyed ever since he had begun to build up the town of Pickywillup City was gone! The wharfage would now be on the other side of the Little Pickywillup, on the north Pickywillup side, the Dycler side! The warehouses, which Jones kept filled with well-paying tenants, would be vacated, wealth would flow across the stream and the Jones Additions on the lower Big Pickywillup would become barren wastes. Gone! Everything gone!

A profound sickness seized the middle of young Russbill Jones as he realized that not an hour before he had parted with the only valuable property the Jones family possessed, sold it for a song, been boobed out of it, and by Mayme Dycler's father! Was that why Mayme had snubbed Russ? Shame engulfed him, intense shame, and he crept out the back way of the office and skirted across the hills, home.

"That you, Russ?" His father, propped up in bed and fuming because the doctor wouldn't let him get out, and the young pretender to the throne of Jones had to sit there and chat affably, even flippantly, and snicker now and then, for an eternal half hour, conscious all the while that his mother, on the porch, was reading the fateful end which had come to her brilliant son's scheme for saving Pickywillup City. Great Scott, if only his father hadn't fallen off the grain elevator! If only Russ had been left in merry peace to tickle his gold-mounted mandolin!

VIII

PRUE TRUEBOY sitting at the window of the carpenter shop on Pickywillup Point with a newspaper, in which she had been reading with acute distress the various activities which told of the downfall of the Joneses, commercially and socially, and the corresponding rise of the Dyclers, glanced up with a start to see, standing in the doorway, a gentleman in a lemon-colored suit, a straw hat with a polka-dot band, red socks, tan shoes, and a pink shirt. His taffy mustaches were curled into stiff ringlets, he carried a light bamboo cane, and in his buttonhole he wore a wild sweetbrier rose!

"Hello, Prue," said Mr. Hoadley, sauntering in and swinging the little bamboo stick. "Where's your paw?"

"Out—for a little while." She added this last hastily as Jiggers came on over.

"Just set still," he told her. "Say, look at this!"

On the carpenter bench beside her he tossed a roll of bills from his left-hand trousers pocket. She looked wonderingly from him to the money, and as she did so a packet of greenbacks from his right-hand pocket dropped beside the other roll, and flaring its crisp edges displayed itself to be composed of fifties and hundreds.

"How's that?" he triumphantly inquired. "Look me over. It takes the clothes to do it, eh?"

A smile in the soft brown eyes of Prue, a trace of it at the corners of her lips.

"You are most resplendent," she admitted, unmindful entirely now of the frayed place at the knee of her gray percale.

"You could look just as swell if you had the rags," he advised her, with a leer and a grin and the beginnings of a chuckle, all intended to be ingratiating. "Sweller."

A flash of pink in the cheeks of the girl, a flash which threatened to rise to her temples, and changed its mind as the smile came back to her soft brown eyes.

"Thank you," she observed demurely. "I think that's father coming now."

"Naw it ain't." He had craned instantly to peer down the hill. "Look-a here, Prue." He tossed down another packet of bills from his right-hand hip pocket. "How's that?" Another from the left. "And that? Pretty sweet, eh? Say, Prue, I'm pullin' my freight from Pickywillup City right now. See? Look at this!"

From his upper outside coat pocket he produced another packet of bills, with a five-hundred-dollar wrapper! "You notice I'm heeled, don't you? Got shoes on for any distance!" He laughed exultantly, but he laughed alone, for Prue in great perplexity was studying not him but that growing pile of money. "Now listen: You're all right if you had the scenery. Pull out with me, pick your own preacher, we'll hitch up, and I'll get the decorations for you. There you are. Now wait a minute! Don't say anything! How's this?"

He began to toss money from all his pockets, showering it down in a heap. Waves of color had flashed across Prue's face, and indignation and ridicule and loathing had flashed with equal rapidity across her senses, but in her mind had come a sudden thought which held everything else in abeyance.

"What a lot of money!" she suggested.

"That ain't all!" he proclaimed, encouraged by the profound impression he had made. He had three more pockets untouched, and he emptied those.

"And that ain't all! Say, the girl that hooks up with me gets a live one—a guy that knows a chance when he sees it and can work it to a finish; a guy that can milk a senator just as easy as a hick politician. Say, Prue, how much do you think I got on me, all told?"

There was such an evident desire to know as she glanced up quickly at him that he told her instantly, magnificently, rubbing his finger tips along the right-hand side of his coat to let her hear the money crinkle in the lining.

"Forty-five hundred and ninety-two dollars, not countin' the hard coin! Or say it this way: four thousand five hundred and ninety-two! I'h? Pretty soft, huh? How about it, eh? Sweet, huh?"

His exultation was a series of delighted gustative grunts as he began to pick up his wealth and stow it away.

Finding that he was looking steadily at her Prue cast up at him a sidewise glance which sparkled and danced, then looked speculatively at the money again. "Senators and hick politicians!" He'd been "milking them!"

"Oh, you've sold your option on our place," she guessed, while her busy mind made little sharp runs at this and that and the other track. "How much did you get? Who bought it?"

"Guess again," he chuckled, and the desire to boast under the gaze of those soft brown eyes swelled in him irresistibly. "Wait a minute. I'll show you something."

Reaching down inside the lining of his vest he drew out the option. It was crinkled and grimy, and so full of pinholes that it presented the suggestion of a sieve, but it was still quite legible, still unmistakably the original paper. "You see, I got it yet!" he bragged. "If you go with me I plan to turn this over to your paw, and he can eat it; swear he never wrote it, claim it was a forgery, collect all the money from the condemnation price, and let these other buzzards caw their throats out and flap their wings off. Eh? Then he can split with us. Huh? Hah!"

Exploding with the laughter he had suppressed for so long he poked Prue in the ribs with his thumb; and that far, far descendant of Eve, with an entirely impromptu instinct which she had never suspected in herself, overcame the shock of that poke, dissembled monstrously and hastily, and actually laughed with the beast.

"How ever did you do it?" she wanted to know; indeed she did! "Mr. Hoadley, you've done something illegal!"

"Me?" scorned the former Jiggers; and leaning against the bench stuck his thumb in his armholes and twiddled his fingers vainglorously. "Not so as you could notice it, Prue! The only party that could get me that way dassent open his yap. And there ain't any livin' way for the rest of 'em to get me except with a pair of brass knucks or a brick; which is why I am bouncing out of this burg."

"My, you must be clever!" judged Prue, and favored him with another glance of admiration; though first she made certain that there were no benches or kegs between her and the open door. "You're too deep for me to guess, Mr. Hoadley. If you didn't sell this property, which you couldn't do before you closed this option, and if you didn't sell the option ——"

"Say, are you goin' with me?" He leaned a little closer. "You know your paw can get a lot of money with this option!"

"How much?"

"Oh, ten or fifteen thousand if he'll split off a third for a good lawyer. You goin' with me?"

"How did you get your money?"

"You little devil!" He leaned a trifle closer. "Are you goin' with me?"

She edged away from him just the exact distance that he had approached, every muscle in her lithe young body ready for instant action; then she smiled up mischievously at him, and asked:

"How did you get it?"

"Aw, well, then I'll tell you." And she was relieved to see him place his thumbs in the armholes of his vest; it was the only way he could talk largely. "I sold Jim Snarkess, Shorty McShane, Mike Connell, Olly Larribee, Representative Forbeson, Senator Geets, Hiram Edmunds, A. B. Dycler, that smart Aleck young state engineer, and every sucker connected with this deal an option on this option. Me? I guess I'm the best little optician ever! And say; they ain't any of 'em got anything on me; only this—I can't be there when the hammer drops and all these ginks gets together with their second options' You know, this is blooey day. Snarkess just slipped me a bundle to close a certain deal, and that blows the whistle. It's my last drag."

Once more Prue, succeeding splendidly for an amateur Eve, laughed with the man who had bought her father's option for forty dollars and had brought them into the scorn of all Pickywillup City, the man who had turned into a noisome political graft the noble philanthropy of that splendid young man, Russbill Jones, whom she had long adored, from a distance.

"You're comin', Prue! You know you ain't got nothin' here, and you ain't nobody. We'll go to Chi, I think, or St. Looey. I'd always had an ambition to get a saloon of my own, and have a good-lookin' wife to cook up the free lunch and help round ——" The shock of that penetrated even through her speeding mind, but she didn't know whether to scream or giggle—"but with all this rotten prohibition movement, that don't look like a safe bet, so now it's a cigar stand with a pool room and soft drinks. We'd have a free lunch even for that. Say, Prue, I got an idea that you and me ——"

Even before he moved she saw in his eye that he was going to come closer.

"There's father!" He was really in sight now, at the bottom of the hill. "Give me that option. Where shall I meet you?"

"Nix and not!" he declared, hastily pinning his treasure inside his vest. "He gits that option when I git you! I'll stick round and open up to him."

"He'd never let me—go away with you or anybody! Where shall I meet you?"

"Are you comin'?"

"Of course I am!" she told him promptly and enthusiastically. "You know that the Trueboys never break promises! Tell me where to meet you. We'll leave the option there for father, and I'll leave a note telling him where to find it. Where shall it be? Hurry!"

"Well, in the old tool shack above the trolley tracks on the other side of the hills. I'll set right there till you come. How about a little kiss?"

"No, no! Wait!" she cautioned, hurrying out into the path which put her into clear sight from below. "Hurry!"

"Good-by, sweetheart!" husked Jiggers Hoadley, with an affectionate look which was between a leer and a simper; and tossing her the sweetbrier from his buttonhole he struck down across the hills, while Prue succumbing to a single moment of half laughing and half crying hysteria ran down the other way to meet her father, and to persuade that good man, whose greatest delight was to sacrifice himself and everybody else for duty's sake, that his duty now was to sacrifice his pride and break his word for the first time in his life. And replacing his feeble will with her strong one she took him down to the office of young Russbill Jones, where she waited outside the door until Russ, tearing madly out with his temples throbbing purple, nearly upset her.

"Sorry!" he shrilled, scarcely noticing the shy little girl in the shabby dress, whose shabby hat concealed all of her face except the lower oval of her flaming cheeks, her pointed chin and four freckles; and he clattered downstairs four steps at a time.

Jiggers was astounded past the point of resistance when instead of his blushing fiancée there burst into the deserted tool shanty long-legged and long-armed Russ, who fell on him with all his wiry muscles, pinned him to the floor of rotted boards, jerked open his vest, and tore out the precious option, pins and all, together with other secret agreements of great value.

"Now come on, you infernal skunk!" panted Russ, hoisting Hoadley to his feet with a muscular force which sent one of the nail kegs spinning.

"Sure!" said Hoadley, using that agreeable complacence to wrench in a vicious and unexpected uppercut. "Where to?" he asked, dodging the return blow he expected.

"We're going to stop that appropriation bill!" snarled Napoleon Jones; and he and Hoadley went through the door of the shanty with one jerk and two bumps.

"Wait a minute!" begged Hoadley. Down there on the highway stood Russ Jones' swift little yellow roadster. "Wait till I get my suitcase from under the floor here, Jonesie. I was all ready to leave town anyhow, and I don't care where I go, now that I've been skunked by a skirt!"

IX

"MISTER SPEAKER!" yelled a shrill young voice from the visitors' gallery of the State Senate. At that always dread sound nineteen state senators jumped to their feet, running, four tried to crawl under their desks, and the balance gazed up to see a gangling youth with blazing eyes, who flourished in one hand some crumpled papers and in the other a crumpled gentleman in a lemon-colored suit. "Mister Speaker! I have here the proof of one of the foulest and cheapest political grafts which ever disgraced this state! I have here" she shook the papers "and here"—he shook Jiggers Hoadley—"the proofs incriminating a thieving crook who now sits on the floor of this Senate! And, by George, I'm going to tell ——"

At that instant as the Senate chamber broke into an uproar the majestic guardian of the visitors' gallery reached him, a page boy grabbed one of his legs, and one of the janitors swung at him with an empty pail; and others were coming.

Over benches and steps, against rails and columns they batted and butted; but whatever else he did the astoundingly agile Russ Jones, champion of six events in his Alma Mater, never let go of the vest, coat and suspenders of Jiggers Hoadley. Wherever he went, there went Jiggers, on the floor, across a chair or up and doing; and sometimes he punched with his bony right fist and sometimes he punched with Jiggers, and even when they had him out in the

(Concluded on Page 77)

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(Concluded from Page 74)

corridor, and cowed, and held firm amid the gathering hubbub, and were sending for the police to take charge of the madman—even then he held Jiggers in his left and the papers in his right fist.

"Well, well, what is this?" inquired an authoritative voice, and a large square-faced man with white hair and a grave and dignified cast of countenance but a twinkling eye edged in. He was the only senator who had come up to see if he could recognize the strange youth who had threatened to expose one of them. "Who are you, young man?"

"I'm Russbill Jones!" panted the interrupted orator, feeling tenderly of his right eye, which seemed to be puffing. "Of Pickywillup City! And I've come up here ——" He was gathering voice again, but the senator stopped him.

"Not the son of Joseph Jones?"

"Yes, sir. That's my father. But he's sick, and I'm running his business! I've come up here ——"

"Don't!" begged Senator Clamber, and edging ponderously in, removed a guardian from Russ. "I'll be responsible for this young man. I know his father very well." The senator eyed Jiggers Hoadley curiously, and removed another guardian or so from the pair. "Just come this way. I'm Senator Clamber," he said, taking Russ by his unoccupied arm; and dragging his unwilling witness with him Russ accompanied his father's old friend into a nice quiet little cloakroom, where, quivering with indignation and shrill with wrath, he poured out his tale of unbelievable atrocity and offered his proofs, both written and human.

"And so," he hotly concluded, "I've come up here to stop that Little Pickywillup Appropriation Bill!"

"Pardon me," said the senator, with no change of countenance except at the corners of his eyes; and opening the door he motioned to Jiggers Hoadley. "I don't think we'll need this fellow any more. His papers are no doubt better than his word."

"But, senator ——"

The door slammed from the outside, and hasty footsteps resounded in the corridor, then died out of the ears of R. Jones forever.

"So this is little Russ!" observed the senator blandly. "Mr. Jones, the Little Pickywillup Appropriation Bill is to be passed in the morning."

"What!" shrieked Russ, springing out of his temporary lull with renewed violence and shaking his fistful of damning papers. "With all this evidence of thievery and rottenness, from the dregs of ward politics right up into the senate! By George, I'll ——"

"Have a cigar!" interrupted the senator, producing a pair of them; and in the very midst of his blandness he threw back his head and laughed loudly and heartily like a boy, whereat the lanky youth stared in the hypnotism of astonishment. "I'll tell you something in strict confidence, son of my old friend Joe. I'm chairman of the Waterways Committee, and I put one over, as we say in our rough way up here, on Jasper Geets. I made his gaudy appropriation bill general to the Little Pickywillup, in place of specific to Pickywillup Point, and my committee will apportion it so that a hundred thousand dollars will be spent in dredging and wharfing, and so forth, in my beautiful little home city of Poeville! So good-by, Geets! We didn't want him here next term! He's crooked, and though you may not believe it in your youth, the majority of men, even senators, are straight. Oh, yes, they are!" He lit his cigar and held the match to the cigar of his young friend Russ, who puffed automatically, still hypnotized. "My boy, Pickywillup Point will not be cut off!" He paused, but the boy was still stunned. "Then, realizing the value of the stoppage of the current to Pickywillup City, and my native state, and my old friend Joe Jones, whom I understand to be laid up and helpless except for the aid of his capable young son, I used the sound logic of actual utility—and my influence—with the Federal Waterways Commission, to place one of the new dams authorized by a recent United States Government appropriation in the Big Pickywillup River just below Pickywillup City, which will back up the water for some distance, provide a broad, smooth and vastly increased harborage, and —— Why, what's the matter?"

The senator, much concerned, caught the wrist of young Russ and helped ease the gangling youth into a chair. The boy had paled and looked as if he were about to faint, but he didn't.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, his mind still occupied with the dizzying whirl of events in which he had jarred out of place everything in Pickywillup City; had shaken commerce and society to their very foundations; had seen his father's fortune increased, lost and saved; his mother's prestige increased, lost and saved; his own standing in the community increased, lost and saved—and after all he hadn't accomplished a darn thing! Things were exactly as they would have been if he had never been born! "I feel like a peanut hull in the ocean," he humbly confessed.

"That's all any man is," laughed the senator; "especially if he's an outsider and mixes into politics." Then he sobered. "You'll find, my boy, that crooked or straight politicians run according to the crowd you pick out, and you fell into the clutches of the Philistines."

He was setting out to prove it when suddenly the son of his old friend Joe jumped to his feet and reached for his watch.

"When will the news of this appropriation bill get out?"

"To-morrow afternoon," returned the senator, jumping up.

"And the news about the dam?"

The senator looked up squarely into the blue eyes of the son of his old friend Joe; then he gently smiled.

"How much time, between, would you like to have in order to dash home and buy up depreciated property?"

The boy blushed.

"Why—why ——"

"I think I can arrange to give you about four days," grinned the senator. "Beat it, Russ!"

Chuckling elation filled Russ Jones from one extremity to the other of his lanky frame as he whizzed into Pickywillup City, the only human being in all that town who knew that within four days the Jones family would be at the top of the heap and Dycler broke; his mother the undisputed queen of the firmament; Pickywillup City insured a real and a lasting benefit—through his initiative, after all; and no people the worse but the evil-minded.

He was just stopping at the boat club when an amazingly pretty girl came walking along Water Street, a neat, trim, slender girl, all in pink—pink dress, pink parasol and lacy pink hat. She walked with a pretty stride, held her head tilted at a graceful angle, her pointed chin well up, and her soft brown eyes looking out on the world with cordial liking. She carried a volume of Aldrich's poems under her arm, and her expression was rather pensive, as if she were in somber thought; but she brightened wonderfully when she saw young Russbill Jones getting out of his machine.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Jones," she said in a clear and limpid voice. "Don't you know me? I'm Prudence Trueboy."

He could scarcely believe his eyes. What a very, very pretty girl she was! And sweet! How piquant her charming freckles! Where had she been hiding herself all this time! Suddenly as he looked down on this beautiful creature, he mumbling something or other, he knew not what, a sharp compunction smote him. He had forgotten in all this turmoil that Bill Trueboy was back exactly where he had been, hopeless and without prospects, since Pickywillup Point was not to be condemned and sawed off. It seemed such a pity for an attractive young girl like this to be returned to the abject poverty from which she had felt herself lifted for some thirty-six hours or so; long enough, he felt contritely as he looked at her pretty pink flufferies, to have felt herself justified in taking advantage of the credit which had been proffered to the Trueboys in the days they had been thought ignobly grasping.

"Won't you come into the club and have a cup of tea?" he invited. "I'm hoping to meet my mother there, and I'd like you to know her."

He extended his arm, and as she took it he felt a thrill of sympathy tingling in his elbow, and, in fact, all through him. He resolved on the spot to purchase Pickywillup Point, at a fine price, so as to protect the Jones interests in the future! As for Prue, she gazed up the long length of her escort to his frankly admiring gaze, with a frankly shining light in her soft brown eyes. She had always adored young Russbill Jones from a far distance; and she rather fancied that from now on she would keep him near.

A man is a mere peanut hull in the ocean!

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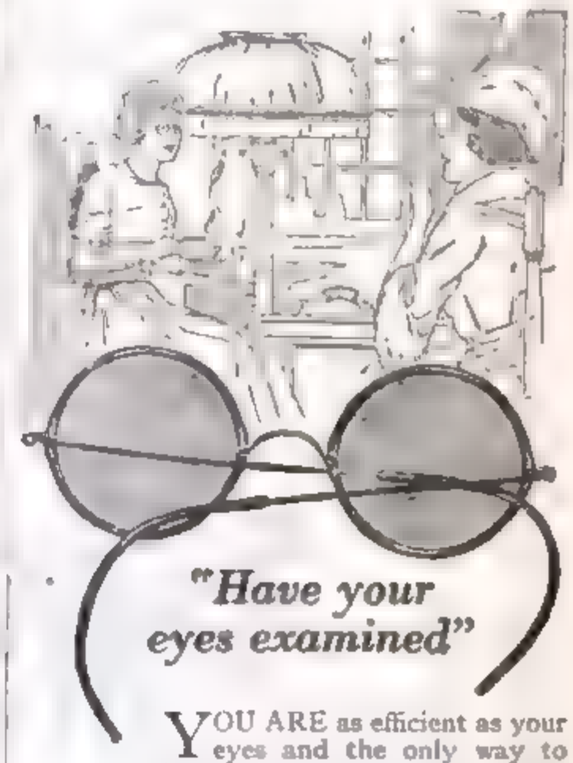

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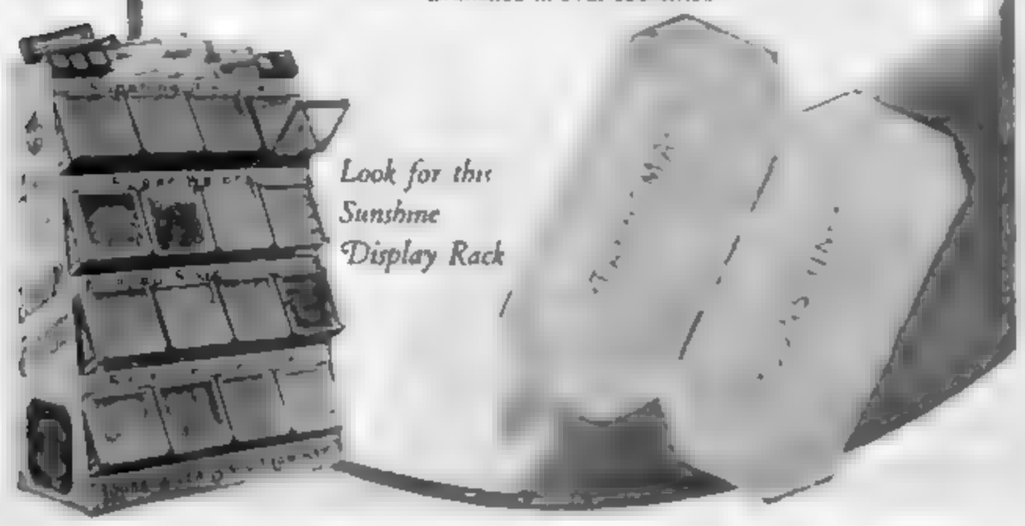


Look for this Sunshine Display Rack

MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

by some soul disease. The first thing this old man's gaze lighted upon was the other old man, with a foot on the stair about to ascend; thin and clean-shaved; wrinkled, pale, gray, in a dinner jacket, a black tie, a soft white shirt, parched yet arrogant.

"My brother, Mr. Havington, lives here?" the newcomer said questioningly to Johan.

"Dere he is, sair," replied Johan obsequiously.

The old men met.

"Bob!" said the newcomer.

"Charlie!" said Havington.

They heard a very slight sound of surprise or interest, and turning beheld a long pretentious mirror which deceitfully doubled the size of the hall, and they saw themselves in it, and over their shoulders, behind them, the tall fat Johan looking at them with excitement. It was he who had made the sound at the sight of their likeness; like as peas in a pod, parched, proud, grim, suspicious, luxurious, tailored by rich men's tailors.

Both laughed out—the same dry, mirthless laughter, which stole round grudgingly to the left side of their faces. This completed the duplication of the portrait in the mirror.

"I would have known you, Bob," said the newcomer.

"Fifty years," said Havington.

"Fifty years. I was ten when grandmother took me to Australia."

He recovered himself; command came to him, the command of a man who can buy.

"I'll sleep here." He looked round. An impatient disparagement invested his manner.

The other answered it grandiloquently: "Yes, yes, but comfortable. Oh, comfortable. I've known these people for years, so I stay. They can find you a room. In a week or so I shall have the whole of the second-floor front. You've dined?"

"On the train."

They looked at each other doubtfully.

"Where are your rooms, Bob?"

Mrs. Guest was hovering in the hall now.

"The fire has burned up nicely, Mr. Havington," she said smoothly, with secret looks at him. She turned to lead the way, and Havington gathered her drift. She was offering him, pro tem., so that he need not confess to a wealthy relative how unworthily he was housed, her own ground-floor sitting room. He could have rocked with amusement.

"Come on, Charlie," he said.

They went through the door the landlady was holding open into a room upholstered mostly in the leather things which had belonged to her husband. Therefore, though it was bad, it was not so bad as it might have been. She turned up the gas. The fire, indeed, burned nicely.

Charlie had shed his fur-collared and fur-lined coat into the hands of Johan. Now he stood in morning dress of the perfect kind surveying his brother in dinner clothes. His grim, smallish face, keen as a razor, had a look of hunger, of tiredness and disappointment which passed in a moment, leaving the face its mask. His brother thought:

"Sizing me up! Yes. Wondering how much I'm worth. Grudging. Ha!"

"You're rich?" said Charlie. "Done well?"

"Pretty fair," replied the other blandly and with an intense significance. His look implied: "Rich? I should say so."

He spread himself on the hearthrug, hands in pockets, rocking a little from the heels to toes of his patent-leather shoes. He wasn't going to give himself away. No.

"And you?" said he. "You look all right."

"Yes," said Charlie. He sat down. "Half a million or so," he said. "Half a million." He lapsed into silence.

Havington rang the bell—very lordly. He loved ringing bells.

There sat old Charlie. Half a million! Charlie no doubt rang a bell to have his nose wiped. Curse Charlie! Well, he wasn't the only one who could ring bells.

Johan came in. In his hands he bore the Nankin bowl, off the drawing-room what-not, filled with fresh chrysanthemums. Which of them had run to the florist's at the corner, Havington wondered. "Madame is sorry your flowers were neglect today, sair," said Johan, all in the conspiracy.

Servile, silly fools! Ha! ha! ha! Blind mice! See how they run!

"Put 'em down," said Havington, getting his breath again after his inward laughter. "I rang to say I'd have coffee served here, and bring whisky and soda, and my cigars."

He found Charlie watching him with almost a wild look under his worried gray eyebrows. Surprise for old Charlie? Good!

He sat down and threw one knee over the other.

"Glad to see you, old man," he said with fraternal affability. "Tell us all about yourself."

He could hear, sharpening his hearing, people running about. People were complying with his demands, with his unexpected requests. Let them.

Charlie had a dry tale. "I followed grandfather, you know; we did very well. After his death I floated the concern as a limited company. It's been a kind of passion with me, running concerns like that. My hobby. Very exciting. I've given myself to it. Yes, very exciting. But ——"

"Married, no doubt?"

"Never seemed to have time. No, no; not married. And you?"

Havington could have shouted: "Married? Never had the money. Women want money!" But he didn't. Oh, no. He looked back wisely at Charlie.

"Like you, I never had time. Getting rich; absorbing business."

Johan served coffee. Charlie accepted a cigar.

"Lot of friends I expect you've got," said Charlie soberly, when the Swiss had gone.

Havington's smile scarred the left side of his face.

"What are friends? Loose sort of term."

"I don't know what they are," said Charlie. "Never had any. Too rich. I haven't got a friend in the world. I'm watched, waited on, flattered; but friends? Love? No. Somehow I've never found it. When you're rich you can't help suspecting everybody; and everybody suspects you. 'How'd he get his money?' they say. It don't matter while you're young, or youngish, and busy. But all at once ——"

Charlie looked at Bob with almost a wild look. He met a stare, bleak and scornful.

"Weak," he excused, "I'm weak over it now, no doubt. It can't be helped. You've got to handle the world firmly ——"

"Crush it or it crushes you."

"And it's weak to feel as I've come to feel. I'll have to go on. There's nothing to be done about it."

"What do you want to do?"

"I do not know. I'm lonely."

"Not with money!" said Havington loudly.

"Yes, with money. It's not lonely without it. There are crowds without it, all helping each other ——"

"Are they?"

"Aren't they?"

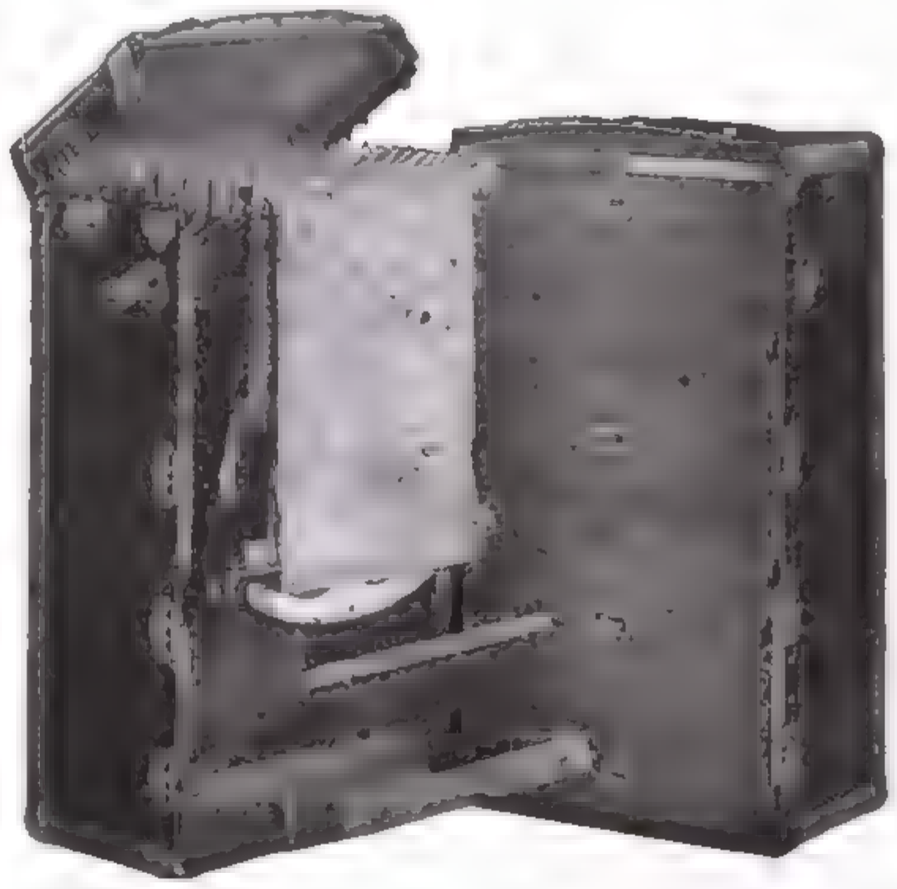
Johan brought in the whisky. He had poured it into a decanter of the late Mr. Guest's tantalus. He left the tantalus there with a proud yet humble look. They drank.

Charlie came down to breakfast, and sat at the table reserved for his brother. Bob breakfasted in his room. People looked at Charlie. He saw their looks. "Another rich man," they were thinking. He saw the gulf which yawned between him and them. He liked their faces. On every face there was a struggle. They were poor. They were on one side of the world and he on the other. A bridge was wanted. How did people build so great a bridge?

He was lapped about with service. He liked the white dark woman across the room; the beautiful development of her throat and shoulders made him wistful. They all went out hurriedly to business. Men like himself ordered their comings and goings. But they came and went in company, happy people!

He talked to Mrs. Guest after breakfast. He talked to Mrs. Guest after lunch. He talked to Mrs. Guest after breakfast next day. He talked to Johan. He talked to Madame Felicie. He talked to Mrs. Verity; to George Oram, and the two girls and the bank clerk, timidly and rather sourly. It was Mrs. Guest who knew their sorrows, because she felt it her business to ferret them out; and she told him tales. She liked talking. She let him, without these people's consent, in to their private lives.

(Concluded on Page 80)



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The boasted individuality of the American citizen—male and female—sacrificed in this one particular, where there is so much opportunity to register a wholesome pride in one's personal belongings!

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* * *

TO GET the right kind of traveling equipment it is necessary to go to the dealer who gets his merchandise from dependable sources—who knows the *facts* about luggage—and believes that Americans want *quality*.

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Each piece is sound in quality, in workmanship, in style, in finish. It is honestly built for wear; and has the individuality that only the finest craftsmen in the trade can produce.

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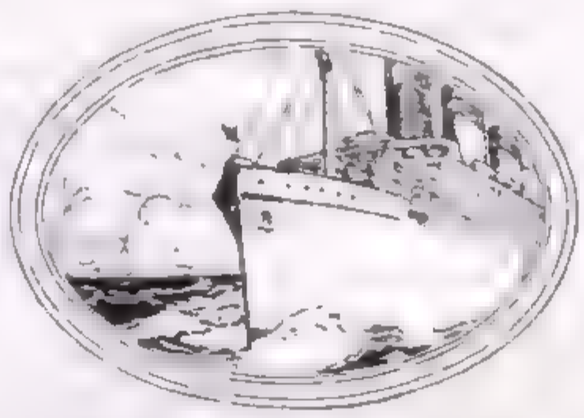

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(Concluded from Page 78)

One woman was going to have her little shop sold over her head. And another was sore about losing the room which she had furnished with things from her old and happy home. But business was business. And George Oram and the two girls didn't know what was going to happen to their firm; but they guessed what would happen to them. And Johan, now hopelessly patient and sulky, feared to lose his place. He could please neither Madame nor the best boarder.

A wraith of perpetual presence insinuated itself among them. You met it about the tables, whispering in corners, glooming, mutual, pervasive, cognizant — Fear. As Charlie saw the Fear and heard its simple yet terrible and devastating perplexities, he lost his wistfulness.

Three days later Bob got up to breakfast with Charlie. It was a whim. They now expected him to remain in bed. They thought —— Therefore he rose. They were not paid to think.

II

"DIEU!" gurgled Felicie in a little murmuring cry.

She had opened her post. She leaned over her table to George Oram who was opening his. He had flushed deep, and, more inarticulate, pushed a letter across to her. In a dream she exchanged for it that which she had grasped to her breast. He read. "Lord!" everyone heard him say. Their two pairs of eyes shone into each other.

Johan gave letters to the two girls. "Madge! See here!" said Daisy. "Daisy, my child, someone's mad! Is it me?" said Madge. They swapped letters, read, exclaimed, left their breakfasts, went to George Oram, and talked like the folk of Babel.

Mrs. Verity looked on frostily. Johan beamed, but sadly, and picked up a dropped table napkin.

Charlie sat with a bashful, stealthy smile creeping round the left side of his face; and Bob sat with an angry smile scarring the left side of his.

"We seem excited!" he said, caviling; and he looked at Mrs. Guest, who had been carving bacon, with a raised eyebrow, very threatening.

Mrs. Guest approached the talking group, but before she could open her lips:

"Chère madame!" cried Felicie, rising to embrace her. "Such fortune as has never been heard of! Someone, a fairy, unknown, has purchase my premises and geeve them to me by a deed. Mr. Oram call it a deed. It is here! Behold it. Voilà!"

"Miracles being in the air," said George Oram, governing the break of excitement in his voice, "I will tell my tale. I'm offered the job of manager to ——" And he named a rival publishing house of dignity and fame.

"We have offers of clerkships," said Daisy and Madge against each other, "and the salaries are . . . Did you ever hear . . . How did they know of us? . . . My dear, you could put all the sense I have left into a thimble. . . . I tell you, my dear, I'm knocked flat. . . . Just as we were both afraid . . ." Here all voices fell. Bob's was loudest now.

"Johan!" he snarled at the transfixed youth. "Come here! Don't you see I want my plate changed? Call that toast? Not for me, thank you. No, I'll go without it. I'll go without."

Quite suddenly he got up and went from the room, casting his napkin on the floor, knocking his chair against the wall. Open-mouthed in dismay, hopeless, crestfallen, the Swiss shrugged, and with a mechanical hand began to tidy the table at which Charlie still sat.

Then quite suddenly Charlie got up and said clearly:

"That was a good breakfast, Johan. Dashed good. Well served too. I like to be well waited on. If it wasn't robbing your good mistress, I should steal you for my own service. Well, well, I shall be out for lunch."

At the sound of these words the group ceased talking, turned about and looked at him quickly. He was still smiling, embarrassed, and prepared to run like a fox. He commenced a flurried escape, but somehow—her movements were quick—the Frenchwoman was before him. She stretched out her hand. What a gracious hand! It was on his arm.

"Monsieur," she began, her eyes full of tears.

All stared at Charlie. Charlie began to cough.

"My brother and I," said he . . . "It is a pleasure, I assure you . . . My brother and I . . ."

He broke away, hurrying to the ground-floor sitting room. They had guessed. He felt very warm, pleased. In the sitting room Bob spread himself on the hearth. Charlie shut the door.

"A pleasure," he was still murmuring.

Without a trumpet sound the battle began. In silence the two old men looked at each other for a long minute.

"You blasted fool! You old dotard, you!" said Bob, breaking into the air with surcharged speech. "You've—you've done a mighty fine thing, haven't you? You've been at work against me. Sly as a weasel, aren't you? Clever as they're made. Laying up for yourself credit. Undoing my—my plans. You've wormed out that I hate 'em all, haven't you? You knew what I was at. And you thought you'd fool me! You come over with your influence and your business connections reaching half over the world, and you pull strings. And you pull against me. Oh, very well!"

"Bob," said Charlie, not replying, "why do you hate 'em?"

"Because they hate me!"

"How do you ——"

"Know? I know! I know! Everyone hates everyone. You thought you'd fool me, did you? Well, now I'll tell you. There's cream on this joke. Oh, yes! You've fooled yourself."

Then he started laughing. How he laughed! He looked maliciously at Charlie out of wet eyes wrinkled into mere slits with laughter.

"Do you know I couldn't have bought that shop? I couldn't have bought an interest in a publishing business? I couldn't have taken the second-floor front for more than a few months? I couldn't have got anybody out of a job, or offered that Mrs. Grab the chance of a lifetime in the way of bachelor boarders. No, no! But I could fool 'em, that I could. They didn't know, nor the house agents and the seedy publisher, they didn't any of 'em know that my inquiries and offers weren't worth the taxi fare it cost me to make 'em. Yes, I could fool 'em to the top of my bent. I could make 'em shudder! I could make 'em cry! I got 'em thinking 'Where'll my next job and my next roof come from?' I could give 'em a week or two's hell! Have they ever troubled about me? Have they ever smiled my way till they thought I was rich? Damn them! Fools. You the biggest of the lot!"

"Bob," said Charlie, so troubled that his parched face seemed all creases, "why did you think they hated you?"

"They hated me because I was poor."

"You're poor?"

"Barring the little windfall I'm spending like a prince on my pleasures, I live on ninety-five pound a year. Hear? Ninety-five pound a year."

The creases smoothed from Charlie's face. The dregs of wistfulness were washed away in his crooked smile.

"Bob, old man," he said, emotion taxing him strangely, "thank God!"

"Th-thank ——"

Charlie took from his pocket a pipe. "Take your pipe," he said. Storm quieted. In a lull the old men filled, lighted up, and began to smoke. Both were tremulous with effort and irritation.

"I'll tell you now," said Charlie, "I'd got lonely. It was as I told you. So rich I was that nobody loved me. When you're old that won't do. But I was afraid of people; afraid they'd deceive me for my money. I'd never spent much time thinking about friendship till now. Now I'm old. I want something. I don't know how to buy it. I thought one day: 'Old Bob, where's he?'

"I seemed to think of you as an ordinary chap, not the get-rich kind. Kids perhaps — grandchildren — putting 'em to school—expenses—everything. I should have liked to find you ill, Bob. I reckoned anyway on finding you poor.

"'Old Bob,' I thought, 'where's he?' I thought—funny how you think—about that field at the back of father's house with the stream in it. You remember it, of course. We sailed boats. Ah, empty coconut shells. You made a fine little bark once, gave it to me for my birthday. Well, that servant mother had—fattish, cross ——"

"Millicent."

"Millicent. I was remembering her and the day they left us with her, and I broke the cheese dish she'd given me to wipe, and I ran off, frightened of a hiding, and stayed up in the pear tree two days, and you brought me your supper. And you read me the story about the Pig Changeling out of your bedroom window to keep me jolly up there. And Millicent came in, and said 'Who're you talking to?' very suspicious. But by then you'd got on your knees; and you said 'God!' in a shocked voice. 'Don't interrupt,' you says. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Fine days. No lack of friends then. You had me and I had you. Enough. People separate—must, I suppose. And when you're busy getting rich ——"

"Or staying poor, nose at grindstone ——"

"You forget—for a while. Anyway now I have remembered, very late. It's very late, Bob, but I came. Then there was a big disappointment. I found you, seeming a wealthy cove like myself. And —"

"I must ask you a thing, Charlie," said Bob, *tremolo*.

"Ask a lotter things, Bob."

"No; but one. This: Do you sit there and tell me that you came across the world to me because you loved me?"

"Flowers, Mrs. Guest, heaps," said Charlie. "Wine, Mrs. Guest, and my brother and I'll draw up a menu," said Bob. "Sweets for the ladies," said Charlie.

"Really!" said Mrs. Guest.

"I lay all clean cloths, sair," said Johan.

So it was done.

The invitations lay on all the dressing tables, so that people came down, amazed but in their finest. Two old men, in beautiful dinner clothes, and smiling embarrassedly on the left side of their faces, uttered in voices which seemed afraid of themselves "Good evening."

But later when wine had flowed Charlie had courage to get to his feet, and he said:

"We want to say something, my brother and I. First, it has been a great pleasure to perform the trifling acts we have done ——"

Here Bob looked into his glass, but with a stern nod Charlie heartened him—"and it is fine to see people even a little bit happier. We would like to be a little bit happier ourselves, but we have lost the way. When we were little boys we knew it, but now we are old boys and lonely, we don't.

"My brother tells me a thing. It is that he has been very poor, and he says people have hated him for it. They have not wanted to give him their friendship and they put him out in the cold.

"But I have told my brother a thing too. It is that I am very rich, and people have hated me for it. My wealth has barred all friendships. And my brother and I have discussed this nearly all day, and unless we can buy friends, please what are we to do?"

"I will reply," said Felicie, rising up with her adorable impudence that sold blouses to hundreds of men and quite a few women, "to ze admirable speech of Monsieur ze chairman. I will say all our thanks right from our hear-rts. And I will tell Monsieur that friends are not in ze market; zey are growing all over ze earth like flowers; zey are not only for ze poor man or for ze rich man, but for ever-y man. And eef a poor man is hated, it is not because he has no money, but because he love nobody. And eef a rich man is hated, it is not because he has much money, but because he love nobody. Eef ze poor man hate ze world his hatred reflect itself in ze air, and he see two hatreds, and he say 'One is ze hatred of people for me.' But it is not. And eef ze rich man suspect ze world, his suspicion reflect itself and he see twice and he zink 'It is ze other people.' But if zey will love, too, zey will be loved, like we all love Monsieur ze chairman, and hees brother . . . *Bob*."

With this impertinence Felicie was behind Charlie's chair. Her arms slid round his neck. She kissed him on both cheeks. She kissed Bob. Johan was transfixed in a fat smile.

Bob, with the young woman's arm round his neck—how gracious her arm was!—looked from the nearness of her face to those about him. Why, all these people were warm and good!

"Now, healths," said Mrs. Guest, whispering to George Oram.

"More champagne, Johan!" and "Chocolates, Johan!" cried the jolly old men.

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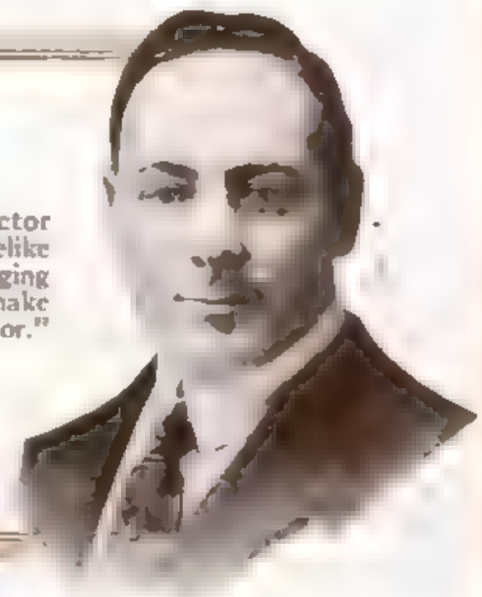

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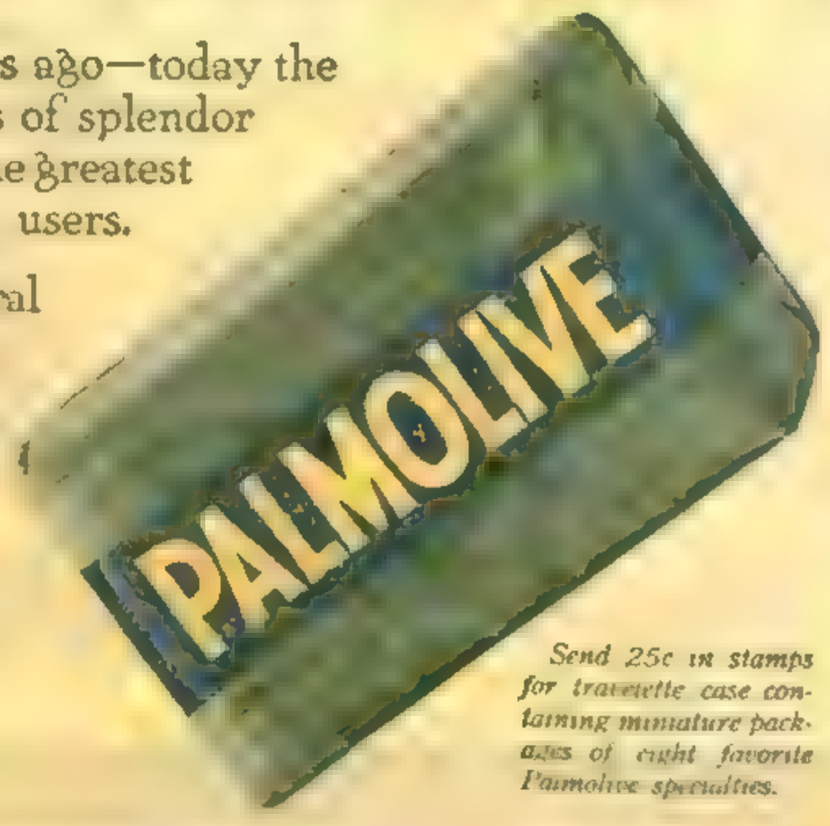

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IT WAS MAY—By Oscar Graeve

HENRY ARTHUR GIBBS went downstairs that May morning with the feeling that Louise was going to say something about his collar and his tie. And Henry Arthur Gibbs knew that if Louise did say something, no matter what it was, he would be irritated.

The breakfast room, as he entered, was flooded with sunshine. The sunshine dashed brilliantly against the green-painted chairs; it streaked and splashed the green with yellow; it struck a prismatic fountain of colors from the crystal and glasses; it warmed to gold the silver.

In the midst of this dazzling and exciting flood of light Louise sat, thoroughly unconcerned. She was not even grateful to the sunshine, thought Henry Arthur, though, in the soft and flowing robe she wore, it made her look very lovely. It brought out the delicate, ever so slightly bruised pink and white of her complexion, and the bronzes and golden browns in her hair. A remarkable woman, thought Henry Arthur; remarkable that at the age of forty-five, the mother of a grown daughter, she could sit there in the morning light, face it unflinchingly, and look all the better for it. A little gale of affection and admiration for his wife seized him. He went over and kissed her with something more than the usual perfunctory morning kiss.

"You look very sweet this morning, my dear," he said.

Louise blushed becomingly at this and smiled into her husband's eyes. But then unfortunately her eyes wandered from the very intense blue of his eyes to the red and yellow and black stripes of his tie and to his soft collar. Henry realized that there was curiosity not unmixed with horror in her glance. He dived into his own chair and attacked his iced and sugared grapefruit.

"Aren't you going to business to-day?" Louise asked presently.

"Certainly!" said Henry Arthur Gibbs aggressively.

Louise again let her eyes dwell meaningly on the tie and the collar.

"Isn't that rather an extraordinary way to dress for the office?" she asked at last.

"Why?" Henry Arthur puffed a little.

"It seems to me, Henry, you have a certain standing to maintain as president of your company. That collar and tie might do for one of your young clerks, but certainly not for you. I'd advise you, dear, to change them before you leave the house."

"Do you mean to say that I'm too old to wear them?" countered Henry Arthur.

"Yes; in a way I mean that, dear."

Henry Arthur was furious.

"I won't be considered an old man!" he thundered at Louise. "I put this collar and tie on because—because spring is here, and to show I realized that spring is here and that it still means something to me."

"I realize, too, that spring is here, Henry," said Louise; "but that is no reason why I should array myself in some ridiculously youthful garments."

"It might be better if you did," said Henry Arthur sullenly.

Louise gazed at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean, Louise, that if you are content to slip into a placid, middle-aged routine I'm not. I'm not content to let youth go so easily. If you—if you can't be young with me I'll find someone who can."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Louise.

Now it was very unwise for Louise to say "Fiddlesticks!" at just that moment, for it was a word Henry Arthur Gibbs raged at more than any other. Whenever Henry Arthur Gibbs suggested a plan Louise did not approve of, no matter what the nature of the plan, she said: "Fiddlesticks!" And in time fiddlesticks had taken on a deep and subtle loathsomeness for Henry Arthur quite apart from its customary pleasant and scoffing intent.

So, after Louise had fired "Fiddlesticks!" at him that May morning, he settled down to his breakfast in sullen silence. He was determined to show Louise there was something in what he had said. He'd show her—he would—that he was not so old as she thought him. Youth still ran flush through his veins. He wasn't going to be considered an old man. Not yet! At the moment there was no folly that seemed beyond him.

Henry Arthur Gibbs carried his resentment with him on his brisk walk to the station; it flaunted itself between him and his newspaper as he rode to the city; it followed him into his delightful private office, richly brown, and with windows that looked out into the crowded cañon of lower Broadway and, immediately below, the churchyard of St. Paul's.

But it happened to be a very busy day for Henry Arthur Gibbs. There was a directors' meeting of the Anglo-American Trading Company, followed by an important luncheon at the Bankers' Club. There was a most momentous letter from South America to be answered and there were the new steel prices to be considered. So, temporarily, Henry Arthur forgot his resentment.

And yet at five o'clock it flared forth with greater vehemence than ever before. A chance remark did it. Henry Arthur Gibbs was passing along the corridor when, from behind a partition, he heard voices. And one of the voices—a silly, snickering voice—said: "Some tie the old boy's got on to-day!"

Henry Arthur Gibbs made no attempt to discover who had made the odious remark. What difference did it make who had made it? The outrageous fact was that it had been made. As if he, Henry Arthur Gibbs, had no right to wear a fairly youthful tie! Resentment again boiled within him.

He sank into his chair in that richly brown office of his and moodily lighted a cigarette. Why did everyone and everything conspire to make him feel his age? It was ridiculous! He wasn't old. Why, he was in the prime of years! He never had felt more youthful. He stretched his arms and felt the solid flex of his muscles. He ran his hand over his hair—a little gray, perhaps, but as thick as ever.

And, indeed, as he sat there, brooding, somber, Henry Arthur Gibbs made a very impressive picture. He was the type of man you would address with respect. He had a clear, slightly florid complexion, the kind of complexion you associate with outdoors—a bit bitten by the wind. He had a square jaw and full lips that were at once firm and tender. His very blue eyes were singularly clear and direct in their gaze. His figure was stocky, but not too stocky. There was little suggestion of fat about it. It was vigorous, quick, powerful.

The clock in St. Paul's weather-beaten steeple rang the half hour. Half past five! Henry Arthur Gibbs rose hastily. He must hurry if he was going to catch the five-fifty. He lighted another cigarette, pulled his hat over his eyes and slammed the door of the deserted office.

Down in the street, he was caught in the rush of those eager to get home; and, though he had no such eagerness, he was swept along with the rest. The crowd seized him and carried him along with them. But when he arrived at the Subway station a strange phenomenon occurred. His legs refused to descend. He was pushed down a step or two by the flow of people; but, using his elbows discreetly, he fought back and in a moment, a little breathless, was on the surface again. He stood there perplexed and hesitant, seeking shelter in the doorway of a shop from the tide of men and women that swept past. He hadn't the remotest idea as to what to do with himself; but now he had a huge distaste of going home. He imagined Louise laughing at him. "I thought you were going to celebrate the spring!" Louise would say. And, though she would be very nice and gentle with him, she would also be very triumphant. It would be difficult for her to conceal her triumph.

Then his daughter, Jane, might be home to dinner—unless Jane had one of her inevitable social engagements. And if Jane was home she would want to know all about it. Jane would be inordinately curious. And how she would mock him! He—her father!—Jane would say, had no right to feel the spring. He was too old. These modern daughters, college-bred, had no respect for their parents.

Presently Henry Arthur Gibbs started to stroll uptown. He started aimlessly; but after a while his steps quickened. A very delightful idea had thrust itself upon him. Years and years ago, when Henry Arthur Gibbs was an obscure and struggling young man of business, he had been in the habit of going to a queer little restaurant just below Washington Square. He had gone there with all sorts of strange companions. He had in his time been a dilettante of the arts. Why, he himself had written verses. Actually! Even now Henry Arthur blushed at the memory of them.

And in time love had come to Henry Arthur Gibbs—the wild and intoxicating rapture of first love. He had taken the only girl in the world to the queer little restaurant. He had taken her there because in those days he couldn't afford anything better. And what times they had! What sparkling, joyous times! Ah, yes indeed; youth had been his then!

Well, Henry Arthur Gibbs decided he would go to that queer little restaurant now. He was going to renew the memories of his youth—the dear, dead, alluring memories; and in reviving them he was going to revive his own youth—or, rather, the spirit of it.

So, as Henry Arthur walked uptown a curious exhilaration seized him. He went scudding along, his coat thrown back, his hat well on the back of his head. He felt free—freer than he had felt in many and many a day. He had temporarily cut the bonds that held him to his rich and expensive home in a rich and expensive suburb. He was glad he had not gone home. He was even glad he had not telephoned that he would not be home.

Presently the most outrageous thought came to him. He wondered whether he couldn't find someone to take dinner with him—the someone to be a charming and lovely young thing of the opposite sex. There wouldn't be any harm in it. Not in the least! Immediately after dinner he would whisper good-by to the fair someone and meander back to the rich and expensive suburb. But dining alone in the queer little restaurant had suddenly lost all its savor. It had suddenly come to seem a most dull and uninspired idea.

Henry Arthur Gibbs' eyes became willful. He glanced scrutinizingly and yet furtively at every pretty girl he passed. Now, to tell the truth, his glances were more than once returned, with interest. After all Henry Arthur Gibbs looked like very opulent prey. It was Henry Arthur Gibbs who was too critical. He had acquired a very fixed ideal of the fair someone who was to sit opposite him at dinner.

It was, to be a little cynical, an impossible ideal. The fair someones who accept a strange gentleman's invitation to dinner are not at all of the type Henry Arthur Gibbs had in mind as his ideal. Henry Arthur's idea was a fantastic one, but it was also a perfectly decent one. I must insist upon that, or else the whole point of this story is wasted.

In time, a little jaded and very much disappointed, Henry Arthur Gibbs arrived in Washington Square Park. He sat down on a bench. He took off his hat and mopped his forehead with a white handkerchief, which he shook out of its laundered folds for the purpose. Then he replaced the hat so that its brim shielded his eyes from the level rays of the sun.

These details attended to, he gazed round him. The bench on which he sat faced the circle of roadway that swings round the fountain. And round the fountain children ran and shouted and leaped, made a little mad, it seemed, by the new warmth and light of the season. A heterogeneous crew of people occupied the benches—old men, content with their pipes and their evening papers, and young men of indolent mien and with cigarette-stained fingers. Down the path came lovers, arm in arm, whispering, and convoys of factory girls, swirling their skirts, laughing and bold-eyed.

And then Henry Arthur Gibbs saw his ideal. The wonder of it was he had not seen her before. On the farther end of the same bench, she was only two vacant seats away from him. She was beautifully lithe and slender, and she wore a black dress, with a deep-pointed white collar. Upon her hair, as black as the dress but infinitely more lustrous, was an extravagant tam-o'-shanter of brilliant scarlet, but softened a little by the velvet sheen of it.

Except for the rounded curve of her cheek, Henry Arthur could not see her face, for she had it turned away from him; and half the time it was bent over a square block of paper, which was supported by one knee flung over the other. Upon this block of paper she seemed to be drawing something remotely connected with Washington Arch—Washington Arch looming white, with the green banners of the trees waving before it.

Henry Arthur Gibbs studied her intently. Presently he heard her sigh disappointedly, and saw her take a piece of soft rubber from a pocket in her skirt and rub it industriously over the paper's surface. Then, squinting, she held the thing at arm's length. But she sighed again, shook her head with a quick little motion, and tucked the pad beneath her arm. She rose, shaking the crumbs of rubber from her black skirt.

And then she looked at Henry Arthur Gibbs—looked directly at him, frowning a little, her brows furrowed into delicious interrogation. And the amazing thing happened, she gave him a quick nod.

"Why, hello!" she said.

Now that the thing which for the last hour Henry Arthur had been hoping would happen had happened thus extraordinarily, he did not know what to do. He was embarrassed. He was one on whom fortune had smiled and he did not know how to return the smile adequately. And yet it was evident that something must be done immediately, for the girl was preparing quite obviously to saunter away. Mr. Gibbs cleared his throat.

"Have you had your dinner?" he asked huskily.

She hesitated, smiling.

"No," she said, and waited expectantly.

"Will—will you have dinner with me?"

She nodded. Henry Arthur Gibbs gave a great sigh of relief. The thing was accomplished! "I was just hoping I'd find someone to take dinner with me," he said. "It's not much fun eating dinner alone in spring, is it?"

"Oh, I don't mind," answered the girl carelessly; "that is, I don't mind if I have the price. As it happens I haven't the price—to-night."

(Continued on Page 89)

Actual photograph showing Goodyear Solid Tires at work on a heavy duty motor truck owned by the Zettlemeyer Coal Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

"All High-Score Tires"

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It is significant that the Goodyear Solid Tires did not win initial recognition simply by running up remarkable single-tire records or just by giving high mileages on one of the smaller units.

Indeed, Mr. Jost, the company's General Superintendent, states that the very first set of the Goodyears delivered more than 23,000 miles *per tire* on a 5-ton truck which carried full loads constantly.

Thereafter, more sets of four and six Goodyear Solid Tires were applied to the Zettlemeyer trucks and it was found that all ran 20 per cent farther than the hardiest of other solid tires.

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They consistently endure the fierce batterings for a whole year and frequently remain in this hard duty for more than a year and a half.

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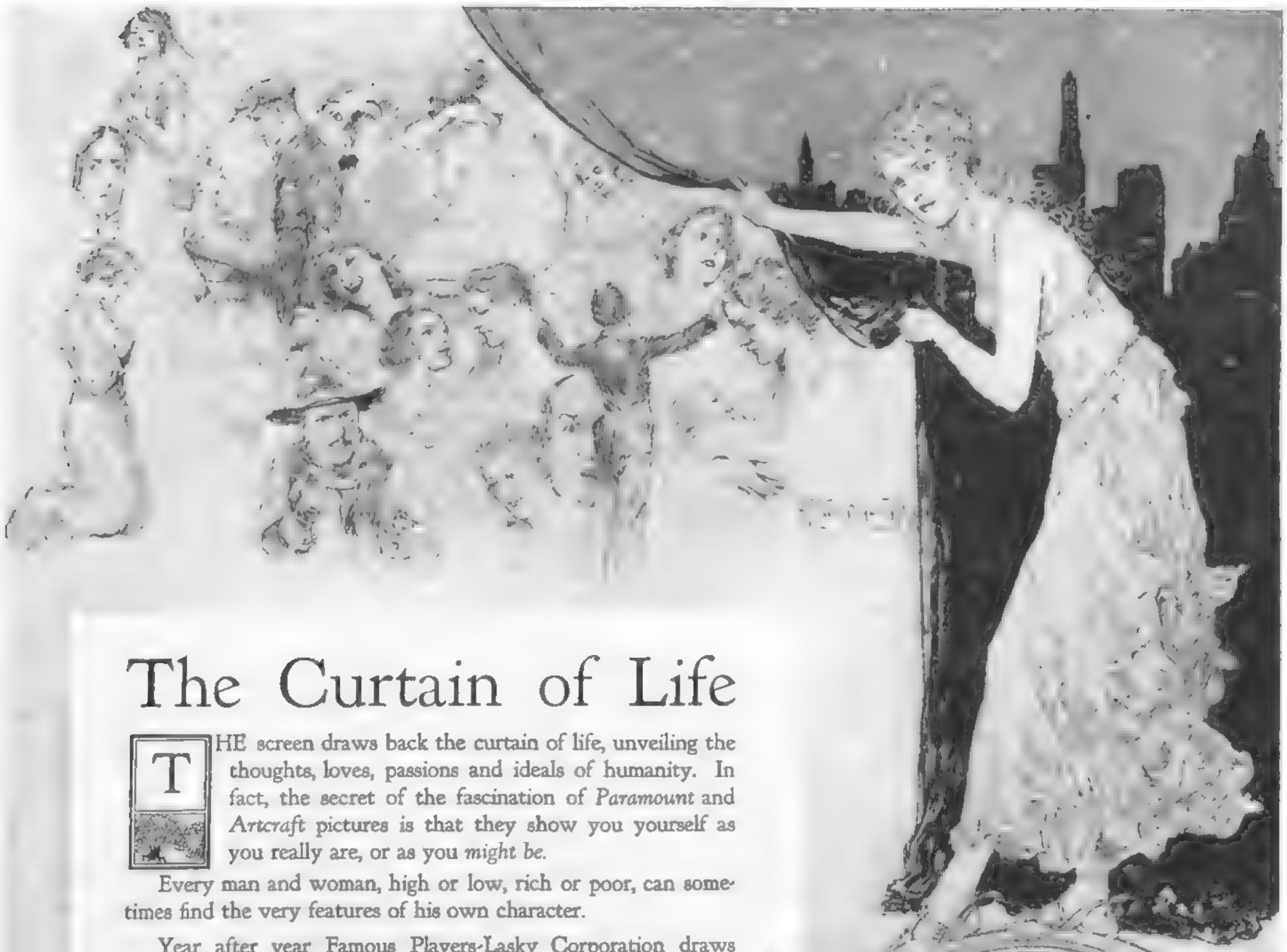

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ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to March 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett *in* "Partners Three"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalieri *in* "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Three Men and a Girl"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Mary Ann Pepper"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "Extravagance"
Pauline Frederick *in* "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee *in* "Puppy Love"
Vivian Martin *in* "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Winning Girl"
*Charles Ray *in* "The Sheriff's Son"
Wallace Reid *in* "Alias Mike Moran"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Poor Boob"

Paramount Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" [illegible] Star Cast
"Private Peat" [illegible] Harold Peat
"Little Women" [illegible] (Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)
A Wm. A. Brady Production
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan *in* "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Marriage Price"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed Home"
*William S. Hart *in* "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford *in* "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Village Smithy" "Reilly's Wash Day"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Bubbles of the Lagoons"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* "Once a Mason"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

(Continued from Page 85)

"Do you mean you weren't going to eat anything?" asked Henry Arthur in horror.

"Oh, I had a few things I could have scraped together in my studio," said the girl. Again she studied him carefully, her head tilted on one side. "Perhaps you'd rather come to my studio instead of going to the restaurant? Let's see. I have some cold ham, some bread and cheese, and half a jar of marmalade."

But Henry Arthur's idea was fixed on that queer little restaurant and this fair someone sitting across the table from him.

"I think we'd better go to the restaurant," he said.

He replaced his hat—which he had removed at the girl's first nod—and in replacing it set it at a more rakish angle than ever. At first, he thought it was going to be difficult to talk to this strange girl; and then, to his immense gratification, he experienced no difficulty at all. He found himself talking to her as he would not have talked to any of his friends or relatives. Things long inarticulate and suppressed bubbled up and demanded expression. Foolish things! Trivial things! But for the moment they seemed of surpassing importance.

"It's pretty here in May, isn't it?" he asked. "It's almost as pretty as in the country."

"Almost!" she cried indignantly. "Why, it's a thousand times lovelier! But, then, I'm wild about New York in springtime. There's something so much more appealing about a bit of green in all this wilderness of brick and stone. It has such a struggle to keep growing. And you know that so soon it's going to be dusty and bedraggled and—and defeated. You feel sorry for it; you sympathize with it. Perhaps that's why I love it so."

Henry Arthur swept his hand toward a stretch of gleaming sward.

"Look how it's changing in the light!" he cried. "When I first sat down on that bench it was the vividest green—as vivid as the busses; but now it's golden, and where the shadows fall it's blue."

"It's funny to hear you talk this way." The girl looked at him quizzically.

"Why is it funny?" he asked indignantly.

"Do only young people—very young people—notice these things?"

The girl laughed and answered nothing; but presently she said:

"Where are we going to dinner?"

"There's a little restaurant I used to go to—oh, years ago!—somewhere round here. I wonder if we can find it."

They made for the south side of the Square; and down a street beneath the Elevated road Henry Arthur found the place he was looking for. But he gazed at it in dismay.

"Why, they've changed it!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

For in place of the plain brick walls he remembered there was an elaborate stucco front, with gayly colored window boxes abloom with geraniums.

"Oh, it's all right," said the girl; "and I'm famished. Let's go in."

"Have you been here before?"

"Hundreds of times."

The restaurant was crowded; but at sight of the girl the Italian proprietor came forward, rubbing his hands obsequiously one over the other, and ushered them to a choice table in a corner.

Now that they were seated opposite each other, Henry Arthur Gibbs could appreciate the girl as he was not able to appreciate her before. She was a lovely creature, and so young. So young! Unconsciously a sigh escaped him; and yet he worshiped at the shrine of her youth, reveled in it, drank it in hungrily. Her face was a pure oval, a little dusky; but that duskiness made her red lips blossom the more brilliantly, and her hair fell in straight black waves on either side of that clear oval.

With a little shock, Henry Arthur saw, too, that her hair was bobbed. And for a space it seemed to him her face was familiar, that he had known her somewhere; but in that respect the bobbed hair was reassuring. Certainly neither Henry Arthur Gibbs nor any of his friends had ever known a girl with bobbed hair.

Turning from the girl he gazed round him at the little restaurant. How it had changed! And not for the better, he decided. Out of the past he recalled a simple place of whitewashed walls, and now it was bedaubed with grotesque colors; an arabesque of black and orange ran along the wainscoting, and from one corner thundered a piano. The people too! He did not like this nondescript crowd, in which all the men seemed red-faced and bloated, and all the women laughed stridently and flourished cigarettes.

The girl watched his expression and smiled.

"It isn't what it used to be, is it?" she asked.

"You don't remember, do you? But how could you? How foolish of me to ask!"

"I knew only from your face."

"Do you like it here?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, they're all right. They imagine this is life—poor dears!"

He was amused at her grave assumption of the philosopher's cloak.

"And what is life?" he asked.

Again she shrugged.

"I don't know. But it isn't this. It's work or fighting, or something fierce and relentless, that both hurts you terribly and sends you flying with happiness."

"Perhaps it's love," he suggested softly.

"Perhaps," she agreed, not looking at him. "After all, love, too, answers my definition; for when it ceases to be fierce and relentless, it ceases to be love."

"Can't you imagine a comfortable love?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "Comfort kills love. It leaves nothing but affection."

He was somewhat more pleased with the little restaurant when the dinner arrived. Thank heaven, he had not forgotten how to order a dinner.

Charming and youthful companions, the companions of love and romance, were perhaps no longer for him; but at least he had not forgotten how to order a dinner fit for their rosy lips.

Presently a dark Italian boy, with beautiful eyes, came round with huge bunches of white lilacs. Henry Arthur Gibbs beckoned to him and laid sprays of the most fragrant beside the girl's plate. She buried her face in them.

"How lovely!" she said; and then, with a quick gesture, she plucked a small sprig and, with a caressing pat, fastened it in Henry Arthur Gibbs' buttonhole. "Now you're suitably decorated," she said. "These are the true flowers of May—of springtime."

The man winced; for memory stabbed him. Just so had another lovely lady—the loveliest lady in all the land—years ago, placed a sprig of white lilac in his buttonhole.

The girl was quick to catch his expression.

"Tell me about it," she said. "Tell me about this place, about this neighborhood, when you were young."

Though Henry Arthur did not like that "when you were young," he told her many things of his youth, of his poverty, of his dreams then, when the last thing he expected was to become a great power in the financial world. He even repeated, stammering, some snatches of those foolish verses of his.

But of the loveliest lady in the land—strange to say—he said not a word. And while he talked the girl snatched out her drawing pad and, with swift, incisive lines, made a sketch of him.

"What are you doing?" he asked at last.

She laughed.

"I'll confess I have designs on you. I want to make a drawing of you for—for something. See!" She held up the sketch for his inspection. "But it's pretty awful, isn't it? Won't you be an old dear and come over to my studio and pose for me? Half an hour will be sufficient."

It was dusk when they strolled out of the little restaurant and walked again through the green of Washington Square—a sober green now, for evening lay upon the grass and among the green of the trees arc lamps glowed like huge oranges, or like lanterns hung for a festival.

"Where is this studio of yours?" asked Henry Arthur.

"Up in Ninth Street—just a step."

But as they passed the corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue Henry Arthur saw an ancient barouche drawn up by the curb awaiting passengers.

"I haven't ridden in one of those for years," cried Henry Arthur, "and it seems an awful shame to waste this golden evening indoors. Can't we ride up to the Park and back before I sit for you?"

"Yes; let's!" said the girl; and into the barouche they climbed.

Fifth Avenue was hushed after the heat and turmoil of the day; the traffic was nearly all gone and only the monstrous green busses boomed past their aged and decrepit vehicle. Overhead, through the steep cliffs of the buildings, Henry Arthur could see the stars shining in a sky that was still faintly turquoise.

The scent of the white lilacs the girl had pinned at her waist came to him and her hand lay next to his. He covered it with his own and she did not demur; but a faint ironic smile—the cruel smile of youth—was on her lips. But Henry Arthur Gibbs could not see that.

And he—he was young again! Youth was in his heart and the sweet poignancy of spring was in his blood. He did not think of himself now as a substantial man of affairs, a man of forty-seven, the responsible head of a family and of a business. No! He was young! And it was May! And beside him again was the loveliest lady in all the land.

So, slowly they drove uptown as far as the Park and slowly they drove back again.

"And now," said the girl briskly when they approached the corner of Ninth Street, "and now you must fulfill your promise to me."

"Promise!" echoed Henry Arthur Gibbs vaguely.

"Your promise to pose for me."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Of course!"

He slipped a bill into the hand of the driver of the ancient vehicle and, together, Henry Arthur Gibbs and the strange girl skipped down Ninth Street. Yes, skipped is the right word literally.

Halfway down the block they came to a stable, or what had once been a stable. The strange girl fished out a key.

"My studio's upstairs," she said; and, unlocking a door beside the stable entrance, she entered, closely followed by Henry Arthur.

The girl switched on some lights and revealed a most attractive room. Draperies of orange. Jonquils arrogantly yellow placed here and there in deep green bowls and vases. Water colors of a flagrantly modern school flashed their undiluted blues and yellows and greens from a neutral-tinted wall.

The girl placed a carved black chair directly beneath the light of a great lamp with a Chinese shade.

"Now you sit here, will you?" she asked. "I just want to get a quick sketch of you. It was too distracting in the restaurant to get what I really wanted. But if you'll be nice and sit still I'll finish in half an hour."

Henry Arthur Gibbs was willing enough. It all seemed part of the gay adventure. It added to the preposterous fantasy of the entire evening. The girl made him assume various positions until he hit one that satisfied her. Then she placed a lighted cigarette in his hand.

"Don't smoke it," she said, "because that will break the picture. It's just there for effect." She stood off and gazed at him through half-closed eyes. "Yes; that's it. It's perfect! You look exactly like a Wall-Street Mogul."

Henry Arthur Gibbs watched her with amusement while she dashed at her sketch. At the end of half an hour or less she jumped to her feet.

"That'll do," she said. "You're a perfect model. This sketch gives me exactly what I was after."

He sauntered across to her easel and regarded whimsically the sketch she had made.

"You haven't painted my tie as it is," he said ruefully.

"Well, your tie is a bit ——" The girl laughed.

"Youthful?" he suggested.

"It doesn't fit into the picture," she evaded.

The faintest symptom of resentment began to bubble deep down somewhere in Henry Arthur Gibbs.

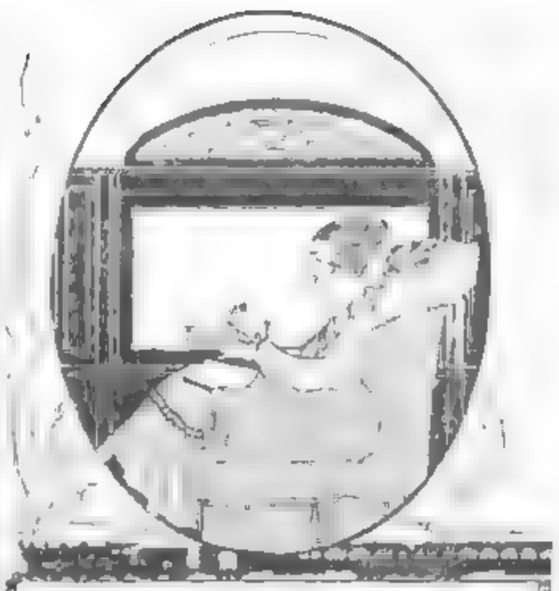
"I don't think your sketch looks at all like me," he said disagreeably.

"Well, you wouldn't want it to, would you?" she asked. "You wouldn't want it to be recognized?"

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps it is time I explained: I was given a commission to paint a portrait for the Oriental Cigarette people. You've seen their advertising, haven't you? Portraits of all sorts of financiers, bankers and big men of affairs smoking their cigarettes. They offered me two hundred dollars for a

(Concluded on Page 93)



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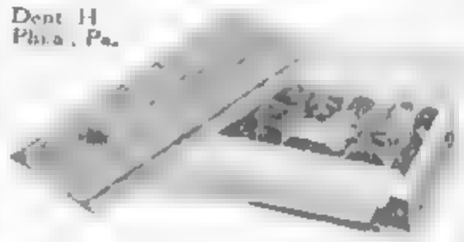

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Stoltz

(Concluded from Page 89)

new portrait. But I couldn't find the proper sort of model anywhere. I was in despair. Then you came along. It was a heaven-sent opportunity. And—so here we are!"

"You mean to say you nodded to me with this purpose in mind? Nothing else?"

"Yes."

"You mean to say you had dinner with me, let me tell you all sorts of things about myself, about my youth—all sorts of follies and frivolities—just so that you could make some money out of me?"

"Why, of course! That's putting it a little harshly," said the girl; "but then, on the other hand, I never would have taken dinner with a stranger unless there was a good reason for it."

Henry Arthur Gibbs stood there as one stricken.

He was heartsick. His pretty little romance, the romance of an evening in May, had fallen all round him. Nothing was left of it. Nothing!

He had been a fool an old fool! He had imagined for a few fatuous minutes that this girl had liked him; had liked him because he was—not so old. He was heartsick; but, also, he was angry. His anger kept rising every minute.

The girl, watching him, finally said, with a little catch in her voice:

"Perhaps—perhaps you'd better go now."

"No!" said Henry Arthur Gibbs.

"Please!"

"No; not yet!"

And then a fury, a madness, came over Henry Arthur Gibbs. And before the girl could protest—indeed, before she even knew what he was about—he had seized her in his arms and kissed her. No gentle kiss either.

The girl struggled fiercely; and after he had released her she stepped back and regarded him vindictively.

"Oh, how could you! How could you!" she exclaimed furiously. "You old beast, Henry Arthur Gibbs! And all the time I've been thinking what a dear delightful old duck you were!"

It must be admitted that Henry Arthur was a little startled at her use of his name; but he stood his ground resolutely.

"So you know me!" he said.

"Why, I knew you all along!" Her tone was still furious. "At least I thought I knew you. I didn't know you were an indecent old rotter. I went to school with your daughter Jane."

So she knew Jane too! Well, that certainly complicated matters; but Henry Arthur was still unrepentant.

"You can tell Jane if you wish," he said; "but tell her the whole story. Tell her how you tricked me. It is time some of you young people came to know that you cannot always lord it over the older generation."

"I shan't tell Jane," said the girl, rather inconsistently. "At least I'm a good enough sport for that. But —— Will you go now?"

"Yes," said Henry Arthur Gibbs.

And he did.

It was almost twelve o'clock when he arrived at home in the rich and expensive suburb. Louise was awaiting him.

"Henry, where in the world have you been?" she asked.

"I stayed in town for dinner."

"But you didn't even telephone."

"I know, my dear. I—I just wandered off. It was the spring."

Louise came up to him and put her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Henry," she said, "I was so—so worried after our little tiff this morning! Though it wasn't really a tiff, was it? But, after the way you talked this morning about finding someone else, I thought —— Oh, I didn't know what to think!"

Henry Arthur Gibbs looked earnestly into his wife's eyes.

"My dear, we're becoming too prosaic," he said. "We must avoid that. We're too comfortable. Comfort very often kills love. We must bring romance once more into our lives. Do you remember, dear, that queer little restaurant where sometimes, years and years ago—when I couldn't afford anything better—we used to have dinner?"

"Of course I remember, Henry. What darling old times we used to have there!"

"Well, to-morrow night let us have dinner there again, Louise. Let us—both of us—pretend that we're young again."

Louise laughed into his eyes, her own alight.

"On one condition, Henry."

"And that is?"

"That you wear that awful silly black-and-red-and-yellow tie of yours."

After Louise, happy once more, had gone to her room, Henry Arthur Gibbs stood at the window of his own room. He gazed out. The feathery green of the massed trees was before him and from somewhere he could hear the sleepy twittering of a bird. The tree frogs round the marsh at the end of the road sang in unison their outrageous chorus. It was spring. The spring had come indeed!

Suddenly a flicker of white in his coat lapel caught Henry Arthur Gibbs' eye. He pulled out the sprig of white lilac and, crumbling the blossoms in his fingers, let the petals fall slowly, one by one, to the floor.

A PRESIDENTIAL POTPOURRI

(Continued from Page 12)

Republicans haven't even so much as a flivver in sight coming down the road. The Democrats are afraid they have a candidate, and the Republicans are tortured because they haven't. "For the love of Mike!"

This leads the bystander to inquire meekly what it is all about. No coherent answer is forthcoming. The Democrats cannot answer until they get the reply from headquarters. The Republicans cannot answer because headquarters has no reply. Thus we observe the Democrats disconsolately standing as they were—not being clear as to where they were, at that, or are; and the Republicans kicking up an immense amount of dust, but doing nothing else, except obscuring the landscape. Meantime the people are trying to stabilize themselves after the tremendous dislocation of a year and a half of war, and wishing that Washington would give them half a chance.

Presidential candidacies are symptomatic of two things: One is fixity and the other is flux—that is, at this time in a presidential cycle or recurrence, a year before the conventions, the man either is apparent, which means that the slate is made and all demonstrations are for advertising purposes, or the man is so unapparent that all advertising is for purposes of demonstration. That does not mean, in the present instance, that the Democrats have no candidate but one candidate, but it does mean that the Democrats have no candidate until they find out whether they have one candidate, the same being the present President of the United States. If, standing out as the great precedent smasher of our history, the President shall decide to be a candidate for a third time, deeming that the political necessities require it, the Democrats can but make their hopeful best of it. They will have no recourse.

They know this. Everybody knows it; none so well as the President himself. Thus, a view of Democratic presidential politics must resolve itself into an inquiry as to what the President intends to do; and that is a fruitless inquiry, for nobody knows but the President—if, indeed, he knows! And he has not discussed the matter publicly as yet, or given any intimation.

The fact is that, until the present situation composes itself, until peace is made, until we find out to a degree where we are going, the Democrats cannot compose themselves or discover which way they are headed, or by whom. They are so situated that their future conclusions depend on the determinations of this one man, and they cannot help themselves, no matter how some sections of them may resent the idea. Thus their candidates are the most tentative sort of candidates—men with ambitions but without ambulatory powers. They cannot run and get anywhere until the President removes himself from the track. If he stays on the track they can't anyhow.

The situation is exactly the reverse with the Republicans. Instead of a compelling and inexorable leadership, they have no real leadership at all. The Democratic leadership is in one man. The Republican leadership is made up of political persons who have no legitimate functions save as followers. The Democrats center. The Republicans scatter. Neither, in case of focus or foci, is there any surety of outcome, which is what makes the whole boiling so humorously inept.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Secretary Baker

However, there is one definite phase to it, and that is this: From the very circumstances of their situation the Democrats are playing their little waiting indeterminate politics, with Washington as the center and inspiration of it; and the Republicans are, after a scrambled manner, trying to get a national slant on theirs. That is, the Democrats have accepted the apparent present high Washington view that the United States is situated and comprised within the iron fence that surrounds the White House; while the Republicans are endeavoring to make it seem that the geographical limits of the country extend a bit farther than Number 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Northwest, Washington. The Republicans are not so intensive, so to speak; not so isolated, as it were.

It takes a good live person to be a successful opportunist. That quality demands a keen sense of what is going on and a reasonable prevision of what is going to go on. Now the Democrats can vote themselves no medals as previsionists, but at least they have the foundation of being led by a man who can see as far into a future as any we know. Wherefore their present attitude, which circumstances have forced on them—because, if they could, they would be rigidly programmed at this minute—may give them a certain flexibility of action, when they learn what the President intends to do, that the Republicans will not attain.

The reason for this is that the men who are assuming the direction of the Republicans have no forward-looking sense whatsoever. The only way they can look is backward, and the only thing that is good to them is the thing that has been done, not the thing that may be done.

Now this seems absurd in the present circumstances; and it is. Also, it is true. The almost unbelievable truth of the present Republican situation is that if the Old Guard can have its way—and it may have—the next Republican campaign will have nothing but a collateral interest in the new national phases the war has developed, and will be predicated on the good old politics, the good old days when to be conservative was to be hallowed; when protection was the shibboleth; when the tariff was sacrosanct; when a man who was a radical was set down summarily as an anarchist; and when Hail, hail, the gang was all there! The Old Guard is planning to ignore the war as much as possible, and to ignore, also, the new post-war conditions. All that is a

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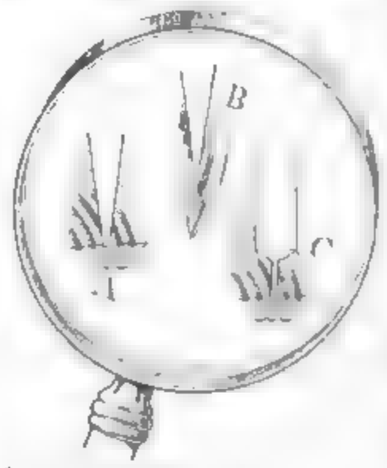

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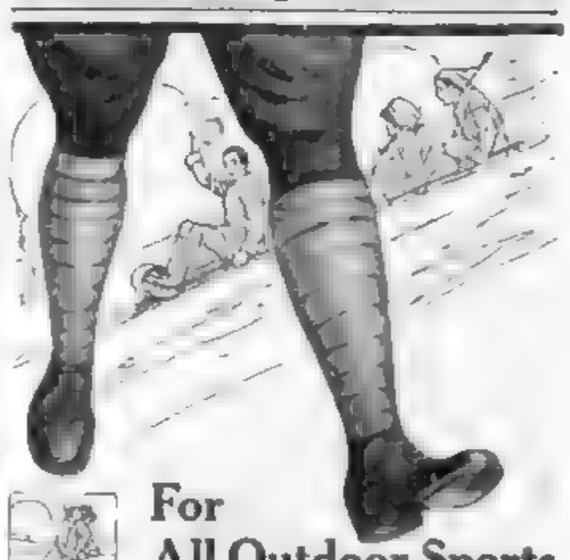

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washout, in their view. What they want is a return to the halcyon period when he who dallied with idealism was a dastard, and he who doubted an interest was damned.

I do not expect that this statement will appear to be other than inconceivable to the average reader; and all I can say in further support of it is: Wait and see. Watch the outcome of the maneuverings of the men who are now assuming to direct the Republican party; examine the support they rally about themselves; analyze their policies when they announce them; look at their doings in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and in their various state and local demonstrations; and form your own conclusions. It is too early, as yet, to do more than tell what they have in mind, for they are only in the formative period now and are waiting to get control—so far as they may—before they begin to operate openly. That's the program—the good old stuff of the good old days, to be taken care of by the good old boys.

Isn't it funny? Here are a lot of solemn old-style politicians inciting certain other solemn old-style politicians to be candidates for President in solemn old-style ways; thinking they can ignore what has happened in this country and what is going to happen, and seriously deciding on a plan of campaign without reference to any future condition that may arise; settling the future themselves—so far as their politics is concerned—and taking no stock of anything that has happened during the past four and a half years, save as material for denunciation of their political opponents. Really, someone should write a comic opera about that.

As Good as a Goose Bone

Sounds almost medieval, doesn't it? But, brethren, that is what is on tap. And the curious, the inexplicable, the incomprehensible feature of it all is, it has seeped into none of these manipulators and schemers that there may be a condition a year from now in this country which appears entirely untoward now; that the chances are largely in favor of a new deal in many ways; that situations which are at present only conjectured may be completed—in fine, that there isn't a man in these United States who knows to a certainty what the political, economic, psychologic or sociological conditions in this country a year from now may be. And, that being the case, all these present solemn preparations, schemings, maneuverings and manipulations are as valuable as predicating the weather on the divinations of a goose bone.

What sort of candidate will be acceptable to the people in the spring months of 1920? Who knows? It all depends on what happens in this country between now and the spring of 1920. Will they want a military candidate? Will they want a radical candidate? Will they want a conservative candidate? I have no answer ready; nor has any other student of the politics of this country—except this: It is a certainty they will not want an Old Guard candidate. They may get one; but that is another side of it, for, though the people are frequently offered things, they have a rather independent manner of accepting. And there is a vast difference between getting and taking.

However, they are moiling and toiling over their preliminaries, these solemn old gentlemen who are clinging desperately to their insignia of functioning, and because of that shall receive a word of chronicle—not that what they are doing is of any permanent importance, but because it has a certain contemporaneous interest.

Their chief concern with the war—apart from the use they hope to make of the delinquencies and expenses and taxes and inefficiencies of it, to the confusion of the Democrats, who assumed a proprietary interest in it by presidential proclamation just prior to the elections of last fall—is whether it shall have made a sufficiently lasting impress on the sentiment and the suffrages of the people to demand a military candidate. They haven't made up their minds as yet; but they hope not and think not. It would be much better, they think, to have a candidate who is thoroughly political and thoroughly in sympathy with them rather than a mere soldier, who must be educated in Old Guard concepts of government.

Of course they recall Grant and Hayes and Garfield and Harrison and McKinley, all of whom entered politics via the Martian route. But, they argue, the war that produced those men was a domestic war, fought at home, and therefore had its more pronounced reactions and influences; while this war was three thousand miles away, and had for its basis with us—largely—an abstract rather than a concrete incentive.

At that, they are rather well supplied with material of the two standard brands. They have a war hero—Pershing; and they have a war martyr—Wood. If they want a hero, Black Jack has, as the stump speakers say, "a winning sound"; and if they want a martyr, there is voluminous and abundant testimony to the specific effect that Wood has been martyred to a fare-you-well.

Possibly there are other soldiers who may be available or can be made so. Up to date there has not been a politico-military emergency in our country that has not been met valorously by a hero who fought that this country might live; and there is no reason to suppose, if the job of being President calls for a similar action, that many will not offer themselves to fill the breach; many who fought that the world might be saved for democracy—or for whatever the reason was.

It is the general belief that, until within a few months of his untimely death, Colonel Roosevelt had his mind set on being a candidate in 1920. Indeed, I have heard the statement—and have no doubt it was true—that Colonel Roosevelt had selected a campaign manager. Whether or not that was so, there is no doubt that the Old Guard entertained the kindliest feelings toward such a candidacy by The Colonel; not because they wanted to nominate him, but because they did not. I told that story some time ago in these columns. The Old Guard figured that by allowing The Colonel to be a candidate they could defeat him with greater expedition than they could by opposing his candidacy during the preliminary months.

On the political side of it, as apart from the military side, we find a flock of candidates—or candidatures, rather—so numerous as to justify the suspicion that the Old Guard gentlemen are practicing, with some success, the ancient wheeze of multiplying aspirants to divide allegiances. In the Complete Politician, which is a manual of the rules of the sport as played back in the days when "Protection is the Password to the Presidential Chair"—as the glee clubs used to harmonize it—Rule Number One is this: "In case the leaders have not come to a decision as to the identity of the nominee, the safe method of procedure is to encourage many candidacies. That divides the strength of all and does not allow any one candidate to get a preponderance that might prove annoying at convention time, in case the candidate with the preponderating strength happened not to be the person selected for the honor of nomination by the leaders."

That is what the Old Guard would do and that is what the Old Guard probably is doing; else there is no explanation of this great congeries of candidates that we observe, read about, hear about, and find to be heaped in the Old Guard show windows. I hesitate to catalogue them, lest I may unwittingly omit some worthy brother who has been back-patted into thinking he has a look-in.

But duty calls, clarion clear, and we must obey. So here follows such list as I have been able to compile; and if any is omitted such omission must not be held as intentional—an error of the head rather than of the heart. And a notification that the galaxy is not complete from the nonincluded brother will bring recognition of his claims and presentation of his name next time it falls to me to embalm the list in type. To begin:

We learn that the friends of Brother William H. Taft, the only living ex-President, point with great pride to the fact that his record before and during the war has been so sane and stable, his services so valuable, and his patriotism so complete as to entitle him to generous consideration, notwithstanding the fact that he received only eight electoral votes the last time he ran. Then, too, come the proponents of Brother Charles Evans Hughes, who displayed great strength in the East last time, where the habitat of Old Guard thought is; albeit Brother Hughes was detained just enough in the West to make him the only living near-President we have, for Brother Parker and Brother Bryan were not so very close.

Following these eminent ones we find Brother Warren G. Harding, a Senator from Ohio, who specializes in as-we-were stuff, and is by way of being an orator and a keynoter, though, when he tried keynoting at the Chicago convention in 1916, he had the notes but was off the key; and Brother Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, also a Senator, who tried it once before, away yonder in 1908, and landed so far outside the breastworks that it took him six years to get back to the Senate.

Also, we have Brother Hiram W. Johnson, a Senator from California, who is feeling deeply on the subject of Russia at the moment, no matter whether the Russian vote is a negligible quantity, and who is the most consistent and sanest radical of the lot; and Brother Henry Cabot Lodge, a Senator from Massachusetts, who holds to New England a good deal tighter than New England holds to him. Then, too, we did have Brother John W. Weeks, also of Massachusetts; but there are rumors to the effect that the recent senatorial election in his state has caused him to consider whether he can spare the necessary time from his business to make a campaign of education, which would take quite a lot of time.

Other Possibilities

Following there appear Brother William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, scrupulously maintaining his equilibrium between the opposing elements on all occasions, except when it may be necessary to denounce an action of his colleagues on constitutional grounds; and Brother James E. Watson, Senator from Indiana, than whom there never was a than-whomer disciple of the palmy days of Republican politics.

Furthermore, there are signs that Brother Albert B. Cummins, Senator from Iowa, feels the call within him, and is answering it now and then to a considerable extent. And Brother Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota, and a Senator therefrom, would willingly change his address from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other, provided the imperious summons came from the people, which imperious summons his friends are endeavoring to incite through the medium of delegates from the Northwest.

Nor must we overlook Brother James W. Wadsworth, Jr., a judiciously conservative Senator from New York, who may figure that—owing to his opposition to woman suffrage—the fact that all the women voters in the United States are opposed to him may rally the men voters to his support—the eternal biangle, you know. But we are fully justified in overlooking Brother Charles S. Whitman, a former governor of New York, who, through a total disregard of his ambitions by a majority of many thousand citizens of New York State, as evidenced by the recent election, must wait until a more propitious period. Not so with Brother Frank O. Lowden, who is governor of Illinois, and holds Illinois firmly to the front as deserving of any and every

(Concluded on Page 97)

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Senator A. B. Cummins

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(Concluded from Page 94)

tribute the party can pay, holding himself similarly and simultaneously to the front the while as the unexampled medium through whom the debt may be discharged.

Coincidently we find Brother Irvine L. Lenroot, now a Senator from Wisconsin after long service in the House of Representatives; an odd fish in such company I grant you, for Brother Lenroot has held himself progressively for these many years. He may be put down as a brother of last resort.

If so be everything goes to smash and there must be paltering with radicalism, then Brother Lenroot might fill the bill, for he is radical to a temperate and studied degree just radical enough, without going to those annoying extremes in the matter; a handy string to the Old Guard bow and a capable citizen withal.

Of other radicals there exist the twin but tamed terrorists, Norris and La Follette, whose votes are needed in the maintenance of the Republican majority in the Senate and who will be sedulously conserved. They might let them play at being candidates, even!

Then we come to Brother Herbert Hoover, of whom there is much talk but not much official talk, and what there is of official talk has the reverse English on it. We observed Brother Penrose rising mountainously in his place a time ago and inquiring whether Brother Hoover is an American citizen, and thus and so in similar derogation. Now it may be set down that this doesn't augur well for Brother Hoover, so far as organization tolerance goes; for Brother Penrose knows what is going on in Old Guard circles—none better—and speaks with authority. Out on the prairies of Kansas Brother Henry Allen, now governor of that imperial commonwealth, has been observed shaking a bush or two in a symptomatic manner; and in Washington there is chatter that Brother Goethals could be induced, provided the inducers had a chance of inducting.

A Thrilling Climax

For the last I reserve a thriller. You that have cheers prepare to shed them now. There is talk—much talk—in certain places that the Republican Party could go farther and fare worse than to nominate Brother Henry P. Davison, head of the War Council of the Red Cross, and a major general, with permission to wear his uniform in Europe by virtue of such eminence; which fact, of course, has no bearing on the other fact that Major General Davison has been in Europe a good deal lately.

Major General Davison is, in his non-official moments, a member of the House of Morgan. He has garnered, by reason of his services to humanity, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor in France, the grand something-or-other in Italy, and the grander something-else in England; and it would be a neat and deserved tribute to him, his friends think, to nominate him for President of these United States, inasmuch as we do not as yet extend grand cordons to our prominent citizens. His friends feel that such an honor would be the least a grateful people here could do in view of the distinctions Brother Davison has so numerously obtained abroad. And, from an Old Guard view, Brother Davison's connections—in a business way—could not be improved.

There may be others. It is, at the present moment, a free and untrammeled field. There is nothing to prevent any worthy citizen and brother who can get the wherewithal to open a little headquarters from opening such headquarters, establishing his press bureau, and going to it. The Old Guard will look upon him with an amiable and tolerant eye. What those managerial gentlemen desire just now is not a candidate, but candidacies. And they seem to be having a modicum of success in realizing their desire.

With these elucidations we merge smoothly into the Democratic situation. It is reliably reported, as I write—in the latter days of January that the President of the United States will spend a few days in Washington along toward the end of February and the beginning of March before returning to his palace in France. His faithful—after a manner of speaking henchmen at the capital, on which he is to confer the honor of a brief visit, are all agog over the rumor that he may receive a few of them in audience and perhaps inform them of what he has in mind as to the forthcoming year and the political aspects thereof. To be sure, this is but rumor, and quite contrary to the procedure of the past; but they hope he may instruct the guards to let a few of them in, and they are much elated over the prospect.

Like the Willopus-Wallapus

It is recognized, however, that this supposition may be far from the mark, for it is universally realized that such minor matters as local and party politics cannot well be obtruded in these days of foreign negotiation and necessity. But strong representations will be made, if any method can be devised whereby the representaters may reach the audience chamber, to the effect that in the view of many humble workers in the ranks the affairs of Democracy should be considered to some extent, even though the affairs of democracy are so pressing. For, it is argued, when all is said and done, it really was Democracy, and not democracy, that had the initial importance and impulse—however remote that may seem at present—in bringing to pass the governing power that now prevails.

As it stands, various eminent Democrats, aspiring to go to France themselves, now that the precedent is broken, and to dine with King George and have other pleasant experiences, provided they or one of them can be elected President, are in the anomalous position of the far-famed willopus-wallapus, which animal, it will be remembered, couldn't live in the water and died upon the land.

They want to be candidates—really are candidates—but don't know whether they are candidates or not.

They are gracefully disposed all about the place, with shoulders squared to receive the mantle; but, all the time, they are oppressed by the horrible dread that the mantle may not be undraped from the majestic figure it now infolds. And until they discover what the intentions of the present mantle wearer are they may only smile receptively, and are prepared to take it all back and assert that they were only fooling and had no such intentions absurd!—if the word should come that the well-being of the world demands that the people of the United States must exercise self-determination along the lines that clearly indicate their going away back and sitting obscurely and unselfishly down.

However, pending this information, certain of the Democratic brethren are making gestures that portend aspiration; and chief among these is Brother McAdoo, recently retired from running all that part of our little section of the universe not conducted from the White House. I am free to say Brother McAdoo has not told me—personally—that he is a candidate, but everybody else has told me; so I assume such is the fact, albeit there are certain phases of his situation that make the thing somewhat open to doubt.

It is granted that he raised the wages of the railroad men, and that he has—or had—Dan Roper officiating at the head of the tremendously expanded internal-revenue bureau. It is granted that Dan Roper is a most adroit organizing politician and that there is none better when it comes to planning a campaign. It is granted that Brother McAdoo certainly made a great impression on the public mind; but—and here is the point—though Brother McAdoo raised the wages of the railroad men, he also raised the railroad rates; and there are more people hit by the raise in rates than helped by the raise in pay; and the war is over.

Also, even though the internal-revenue bureau is vastly expanded, with good, handy boys as agents everywhere, it isn't so vastly expanded as the taxes those good, handy boys collect from the voting populace. And lastly it seems to the casual observer that the man who put those standardized meals into the dining cars of this country has his nerve with him to think of running for President. Will any person who has tried to eat those meals ever vote for McAdoo? Never!

We hear, also, that when Brother McAdoo removed himself from the cabinet he left remaining in the cabinet a palpable and palpitating heir expectant—possibly more expectant than anything else; heir contingent, let us say, for what there is to him is contingent on what the Great Testator may decide when he comes to apportion the candidacy, either to himself or to another.

Reference is made to Brother Baker, at present Secretary of War, who, it is currently reported, is patted on the head by the President oftener than any other. Though it may be true that Brother Baker has had considerable success in concealing his qualifications from the general public, that is of minor importance in the general scheme. It largely goes to show a most commendable concentration of endeavor on the part of Brother Baker.

A less acute Secretary of War might have been led into an attempt to gain the good opinion of the country at large by exhibiting now and then some of his excellencies of official aptitude. Brother Baker has not been so crude and demagogic as that. He early discovered the correct point of contact, and addressed himself assiduously to that, with the result that, though the people may not wonder about him, the man who gave him his job seems to be well pleased. And what, after all, does a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President need?

As to Brother Cox

However, even with the highest cachet, a candidate for the presidential nomination needs the delegates from his own state, and the proponents of Brother Baker are viewing with considerable apprehension—envisaging, as Brother Baker himself would neatly say—the bringing forward of Brother James M. Cox, recently reëlected governor of Brother Baker's state, Ohio.

It may be urged against Brother Cox that he has never had that close communion with the White House which Brethren McAdoo and Baker have enjoyed, but then again it may be urged in his favor that such is the case. One never can tell. There is considerable testimony to the effect that republics and those who live in them are not only unmindful of what is done for them but ungrateful.

Anyhow, Brother Cox has his friends, all standing at strained attention at present to hear whether anything is said when the President drops into the country again for a few days of relaxation after his strenuous labors abroad.

It is not my intention, in commenting thus at some length on the hopes and fears of Brother McAdoo and Brother Baker, to be invidious. There are seven other members of the cabinet, and five of them may cherish ambitions, for all I know. Possibly Brother Daniels and Brother Burleson may be waiting for the word of approval. The only ones outside the possible range of commendation in this particular regard are Brothers Lane and Wilson, who were not born in this country. Possibly, too, Brother Gregory gave it up for a bad job, for he quit a time ago. Still, he will be replaced, and there is a potentiality in the new man.

It is a year and a few months until the time for nominating.

We hear whispers, also, that Brother A. Mitchell Palmer might not be averse to having the dispensation descend on his Apollonian self; and it may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that in the matter of personal pulchritude Brother Palmer would outclass any other.

Then, too, Brother John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, may have his hopes. Brother Williams has lately forcefully established the principle that it is lese majesty for any person—especially a newspaper correspondent—to intimate that Brother Williams is not best fitted of all persons in our teeming midst to hold his present position; and it would not be difficult to extend the principle to include all other positions to which Brother Williams might aspire.

Standing and Waiting

Once this was done—and Brother Williams certainly has the high and assured conception of his own position in the matter—there would be little to it, it would appear. For no one would dare to criticize his selection, once the dire results of such criticism were apparent—a principle, by the way, which we look to find in full operation as to all others in high government service, especially Democrats, as soon as the others discover the undoubted merits of the innovation.

A world war develops many hitherto unsuspected manners in which a democracy may express itself, or a Democrat express himself. Really the old idea we had that a public man is open to criticism and comment as to his public acts seems absurd, even archaic now. We might never have learned these things if we had not become a World Power. We might have gone fatuously along, for years and years, thinking that all men are created free and equal, and never have experienced the advantages that come with the development of a ruling class, immune from criticism on the ground that to say they are not impeccable is to give aid and comfort to the enemy. It took a world war to sink that into us—a world war and a lot of officeholders at Washington.

Pardon the digression. We were speaking of those Democrats who hope they may be the anointed and fear they may not be. Individually, of course, their first loyalty is to the President, and they are fully aware—as are the other Democrats—that if the President decides to run again their parts will be to assert that that is exactly what they advised.

So, until they find out what the President intends to do, they are immobilized. They must stand and wait.

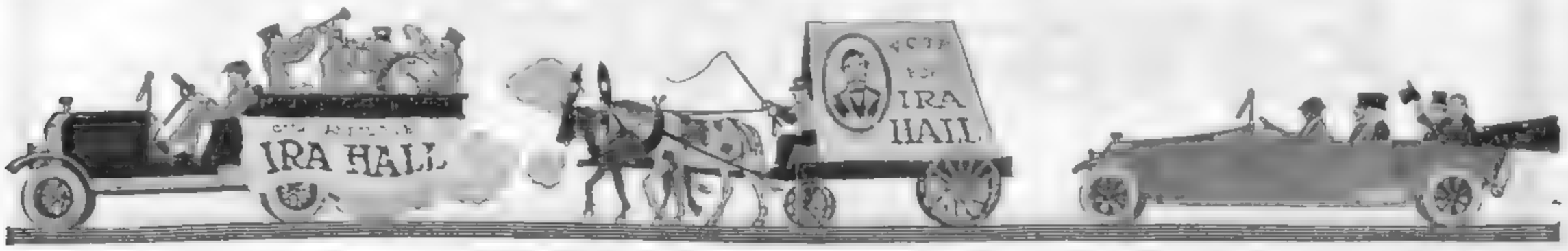
Possibly the President will not decide for some time. That being the case, we shall have on our hands a lot of aspiring Democrats who are in a doleful state of suspended animation. Likewise the Democratic Party, now inoperative, will continue inoperative until it discovers what the Chief Democrat has in mind. Then it will do as it is told, both as to candidates and as to all else. That is all there is to the Democratic situation, presidential and political.

It is quite possible that the Republicans would be in better case if they had somebody to tell them what to do, some potent voice. As it is, the Democratic Party is an individual and the Republican Party is a mob.

There are the makings of a good deal of fun in the situation, and it will not hurt any to have a gleam of merriment across the gloom. At that, it will be reasonably difficult for the people to maintain their sense of humor while they watch the gyrations of the politicians on both sides; but probably they will.

At least it is to be hoped they will; for when the time comes it will be simple to straighten things out. And undoubtedly that will be done.

Meantime, as Citizen Bill Lewis expressed it, "For the love of Mike!"



The New Industry-Motor-Truck Express

"Ship by Truck" Is a Live Issue for Every Shipper

By Harvey S. Firestone, President Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

THERE are today in active operation several thousand truck-transportation companies. From every large distributing center, and many small ones, these arteries of express trucking reach out, relieving—even revolutionizing—the older methods of moving freight.

Already the tendency is toward organizations of financial stability and high efficiency of operation.

When you entrust a shipment to one of these forwarders by truck, you have ample assurance of punctual delivery.

These companies are dispatching their trucks on regular schedules over carefully planned routes. In addition to prompt shipment they afford you extra precautions and special care in the handling of your goods.

The transport company's truck backs up to your shipping platform. Your consignment is loaded and receipt given. The truck rolls out; is shortly moving on its sure, rapid, uninterrupted course to its destination.

Upon its arrival, the truck goes directly to the receiving platform of the consignee.

Your goods are handled only two or three times. Breakage is reduced to the minimum.

By way of contrast, ask your traffic man to outline to you the course of an ordinary freight shipment from your plant to a customer.

Learn from him the delays and rehandling of such a shipment. Look into the complications of transfer and re-distribution in belt road collections, freight houses, junction points. The ordinary freight shipment undergoes from six to eight handlings, with consequent delay and damage and labor expense.

You probably know these conditions. Correct them. The remedy is at hand.

"Ship by Truck."

Get in touch with your local Chamber of Commerce or Return Loads Bureau. Obtain at once the complete schedules of the truck-transportation companies serving your city. You'll discover that short and medium distance freight transportation is being revolutionized through the idea "Ship by Truck."

You'll see how the railroads are being freed from the complications of short-haul freight and less than carload-lot shipments. You'll see that rail channels are being cleared for their heavy responsibility of through freights.

"Ship by Truck."

Every box and case loaded on a truck is not only a matter of better service for you and for your customer, but a contribution to our national welfare.

"Ship by Truck."

Half The Truck Tonnage Of America Is Carried On

Firestone Tires

MAN SNATCHERS

(Continued from Page 4)

"I've got to, son. I've got to trust to you. I don't know ideals, but I can pick men. I've read your letters and I've watched you all the afternoon. I've come across the man at last who's got the idea in his system that I want. Look here, son, maybe you didn't understand that I'm willing to pay, and pay well, for the idea. . . . No, I beg your pardon, son. I see it ain't that. I didn't suppose it was. Then why hold back?"

Young Mercer grinned.

"To tell the truth," he said, "it's a hell of a responsibility—for me. Suppose I'm wrong. Suppose those eight million and the rest—suppose they don't rise up and call you blessed. Suppose they call you a damned old fool. This idea, it's a will-o'-the-wisp. You can't change human nature overnight."

"Nobody wants to change it," returned Forbes, "and if I size you up right, you don't want it changed. Human nature's just like sex—they're both all right, if you'll only leave 'em to work out their own salvation. Corrupt 'em—there's the devil to pay. But don't you worry about the hell of a responsibility, nor about their calling me a damned old fool. You've got an idea somewhere in your head that's never been tried out—and that ought to be tried out—and that's got to be tried out. Maybe it's piffling and wild; maybe it's a will-o'-the-wisp. Will-o'-the-wisp! Set the clock back just two short years, son, and take a look at things as they were before you went to France. Suppose you'd been told that a man in Washington could hold up a finger of one hand and make a nation go bone-dry. Suppose you'd been told that a hundred million people with money in their pockets would stop eating wheat and meat and sugar just so's another hundred could fill up on 'em. Suppose you'd been told that twenty-three million free and independent Americans would submit to a war draft without a murmur, that war bonds would sell like hot cakes, that an army of four million men, for the first time in the history of war, could be kept free from vice. Human nature—will-o'-the-wisp. Son, I've got all the machinery and the ammunition and the ingenuity for a big, strenuous campaign. I lack objective, son. Son, talk up. You furnish the objective—and, by gosh, we'll start the drive."

At midnight the lieutenant went to bed. For half an hour, with lights out in the living room, Pemberton Forbes sat at his observation window staring through the moonlight toward the east. Finally he switched on the table light and consulted a New York telephone directory. He asked Central for a New York number and got it on the wire.

"I want Mr. Duncan of the Duncan Detective Agency," he said to somebody at the other end. "Oh, Aleck, is this you? This is Forbes—Pemberton Forbes. Excuse me for calling you up at your house, Aleck, at this time of night. Fact is, I've got a hen on, Aleck, and it won't wait. I'd like to see you at my New York office tomorrow morning—this morning, rather—at half past eight. You personally, Aleck. Much obliged. Good night."

On Wednesday of the week following Mercer was mustered out. At five o'clock that afternoon he dropped from the front end of a trolley car into the middle of a comfortable residence neighborhood in Newark and plunged down a hillside toward a house he knew. He found the house, a cozy cottage on a corner. Without taking time to reconnoiter he dashed up the steps and rang the bell.

There was no response. He rang again. Silence. For the first time it occurred to him that all was not well. The blinds in the house were drawn, the porch was dusty and dirty, rain-soaked autumn leaves clustered in the corners. He perceived the reason; he saw now that a very conspicuous sign—To Let—was tacked to the porch railing. The lieutenant stared at the sign aghast. Then his face broke into a broad and youthful grin.

"Somebody kick me, please," he demanded of the circumambient atmosphere. He mentally performed that office for himself without waiting for response. Then, to make sure of his ground, he consulted a letter in his pocket and immediately set forth for the other end of town, bound, as he supposed, for another cozy cottage on another side street. He reached the other street, a new and unusually fashionable parkway. He watched the numbers as he went along; found the right one, darted up a walk and—stopped. This was no cozy cottage that confronted him; this was a well-built, half-timbered Elizabethan structure, set in the midst of spacious grounds, a palace for a king. He rubbed his eyes to make sure—then he realized suddenly that all was right. The huge front door was opened suddenly; a girl came tripping down the path of light to meet him. He caught her in his arms and held her tight and kissed her. He had a very definite idea at the same time that she was following his lead. All was well, very, very well indeed. He picked the girl up bodily and carried her, still kissing him, into the Elizabethan house and set her once more on her feet. But he didn't let go, nor, for the matter of that, did she.

"Polly Ingersoll," he cried at length, as though that eloquent utterance settled everything for all time to come.

"Dickie!" she responded, summing up her past, present and future in one word.

He held her at arm's length and looked her over. What he saw astounded him. He had gone to France bearing with him the mental picture of a very dear, sweet, gentle, spicy little Polly, a tender, warm, pretty little girl who belonged somehow, and always would belong, in a cozy little cottage. He had come back to find something else—a bewildering sort of beauty, just as winsome, just as tender, but a princess living in a palace.

"Polly," he gasped, "I never dreamed of your looking. . . . Why, you're like a queen!"

Polly gloated, her eyes sparkled. She revolved slowly on an invisible pivot, like the models in the fashion shows.

"Your favorite mezzotint, Dickie," she assured him; "had it made for you. Do you—do you like me in it, Dickie?"

The lieutenant tried to tell her in words. Then he changed his mind. The whole thing—the months of weary waiting, of unutterable longing, of dreaming, hoping—choked him up.

"Oh, hell!" he cried sentimentally at length; "I'm home."

"Oh, hell!" echoed Polly ecstatically; "so'm I."

They got somehow to a settee in a small, wonderful reception room and clung there to each other, chirping—chirping and seeing things in the glowing embers of the wood fire burning there. They didn't hear the scraping of a key in the front-door lock for several reasons—one being that the key didn't scrape. They were still very hopelessly and quite shamelessly amalgamated when Ingersoll tiptoed into the room behind them, and placed a hand on either head.

"Come out of the ether," he commanded. They came out with a bound. The lieutenant was immaculate as usual—only Polly was disheveled. But she shook herself vigorously, and all was well. Mercer grabbed the older man with both hands at once.

"Chief," he stammered, his eyes moist with sudden emotion, "it's so g-g-g-good to see you, chief."

Ingersoll, a grayish, keen-eyed, pleasant-faced individual, tapped Dick lightly on the shoulder.

"The same here, boy," he said.

"Look here," exclaimed the officer, "I'm out a week ahead of time. You—you must have had a hand in that."

"Not I," said Ingersoll.

"Somebody did," said Dick.

"Not I," repeated the older man. Then he added: "What do you think of the place, Mercer?"

Mercer shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"It's too good to be true," he said.

Ingersoll nodded.

"It's true, Mercer. It's free and clear—all paid for. That's the thing that counts. And I've got more back where this came from. Dick, the Ingersoll Audit Company is one of the strongest concerns downtown to-day. Fact, Dick, I'm rich."

"You look it," nodded Mercer. "Whew! I didn't suppose any expert accountant, even you, chief, could own a ranch like this."

"Some day you'll own one like it, Dick. I suppose," went on Ingersoll, "that you had some idea that you'd get your old job back."

"Why, it doesn't matter, chief," said Mercer tremulously. "I'm not butting in. I can't expect ——"

"As a matter of fact," said Ingersoll, "your place is filled. A likely young fellow that Polly rather likes ——"

"Don't you believe it, Dick," exclaimed the girl. She caught Dick about the shoulders and dragged his head down to her own level. She whispered into his ear in a tone of voice that, save for the surrounding walls, might have been heard half a block away. "Dick," she screamed, "you're a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man; you're the assistant manager of the Ingersoll Audit Company."

"No," cried the lieutenant, startled.

"Decidedly yes," said Ingersoll.

"What about Grigsby, then? You haven't fired the old chap on my account?"

"He's retained at his old salary—he's under you."

"Under me?" gasped Mercer.

"Sit down," commanded Ingersoll. Dick sat down; he was wobbly on his legs.

"Dick," said his chief, "I'm going to give the devil his due. Polly thinks I'm handing you this job because of her. You think so too. You've got another guess. You'll be worth every dollar that I pay you. I'll tell you why. You've got something that Grigsby hasn't got, I haven't got. Five years ago I'd have snickered if anybody'd told me that an expert accountant ought to be a man with considerable imagination. I know differently now. The Ingersoll Audit Company has got to have just as big a vision, just as big an outlook, as its client. Grigsby's a bookkeeper. He can see as far as his nose, no farther. You can see ahead a hundred years. That's my idea of you."

Dick wagged his head; he was all choked up again.

"Look here," he said, stammering once more, "all that I am to-day I owe to Polly—and to you."

Ingersoll smiled inscrutably; he glanced about him at the rich furnishings of his parkway palace. He cast an appraising glance toward Polly's latest gown.

"I owe it all to Polly—and to you," repeated Mercer.

"And to the war," smiled Ingersoll.

Richard Mercer snatched eagerly at that. His eyes glowed.

"Yes," he added, "you're right—and to the war."

Next morning, at eight-thirty sharp, Mercer swung into the private office of Pemberton Forbes of the Forbes Powder Works, Inc. Pemberton Forbes, with shining morning face, was sitting at this desk. He nodded a bit curtly.

"Came in to—to register," said the young lieutenant; "I'm on my way to work. You got me out a week early."

"Had to get down on my marrow bones to 'em," grinned Forbes. He rose and dragged Mercer to the window.

"Got something to show you," he exclaimed. "You look at that."

Across the way a skyscraper was in process of erection. The sidewalk was covered by the usual protection, a timbered tunnel twenty-five feet high and seventy-five feet long. This lean-to, otherwise ugly and unattractive, had become suddenly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. To the full extent of its length and breadth it was covered by a poster, a poster with a deep purple background, its lettering of gold:

IF YOU WORK FOR GEORGE—
LET GEORGE DO IT

DO—WHAT?

JOIN THE I O I AND FIND OUT

Lieutenant Mercer stared at the poster in astonishment.

"My gosh!" he said; "you're a swift worker, Mr. Forbes."

"Nothing to it," said Forbes, returning to his desk; "all I have to do is to give an order and to draw a check. Where you goin', son?"

"I'm on my way to work"

"Won't keep you but a minute, son," said Forbes. On his desk there lay a brand-new ledger, bound expensively in the best morocco. He opened it at Page One and placed his finger on the top line.

"You break the ice," he smiled; "I follow."

"No," said the lieutenant, holding his pen out to the other man.

"Yes," said Pemberton Forbes. He watched Mercer sign his name, then scribbled his own upon the second line. He tossed a small purple envelope across the desk.

"Paraphernalia," he commented. "Son, you've registered. You're through."

As the young army officer left the powder offices two rather shifty looking individuals who had been lurking about the hallway crowded with him into the descending elevator and followed him to the Ingersoll Audit Company's offices. Dick Mercer stepped into the reception room of the Audit Company, and held his breath. Less than two years before Ingersoll had maintained somewhat shabby offices on the tenth floor of a building just around the corner. And now!

He stepped up to the railing. A bewildering young woman confronted him.

"You don't know me," he said; "my name is Mercer."

The young woman's smirk was succeeded by a look of awe and admiration.

"Oh, yes, indeed, lieutenant," she said tremulously. "Mr. Ingersoll is waiting in his private office."

"Wait a bit there," exclaimed somebody behind Mercer. The newcomer, unconsciously perhaps, shouldered Dick out of the way, or tried to, and caught the young woman by the arm.

"Look here," said the stranger, "I want to see Ingersoll pretty bad." He nodded to Mercer. "You won't mind, will you? I'm Temple, of the Breed By-Products Company. Time is limited. I've got to see him right away."

The lieutenant gasped. Temple, of the Breed By-Products Company! A forty-thousand-dollar-a-year man, one of the wonders of the business world.

"I can wait," Mercer assured him. "I—I belong here anyway."

The girl took Temple in to Ingersoll. Ingersoll was ready for him. For one whole year Ingersoll had been angling for this fish, and here he was at last.

Temple took a chair and laid his hat down upon the desk.

"Ingersoll," smiled Temple helplessly, "a man that's his own lawyer has a fool for a client. Breed and I thought we knew enough about bookkeeping—well, we've come a cropper, that's all. They tell me you're the cleverest surgeon in New York—so I came."

"You've the annual complaint, I take it," smiled Ingersoll.

"We're lousy with war profits," groaned Temple, as though in actual physical pain.

"You want 'em amputated," nodded Ingersoll.

"This new income tax—war revenue law—whatever you call it . . . . it'll go through, I take it."

"Pretty much in its present form, I think," said Ingersoll.

"Breed can't see—and I can't either—why we should hand the Government half of all we've made. We work for our money, Mr. Ingersoll."

"And how much money have you worked for, Mr. Temple?"

"You know what we've been doing?" asked Temple.

"Chiefly, as I got it," said Ingersoll, "making everything over here that Germany formerly made over there."

"We've made a killing," said Temple in a low voice; "seventy-five million doesn't begin to spell our profits."

"What?" cried Ingersoll.

Temple nodded.

"It's God's own truth. We worked for that money, Breed and I," he repeated; "why should we split with the internal revenue collector?"

"I don't know why you should," laughed Ingersoll, "and I don't believe you will. How much tax do you think you ought to pay?"

"Breed thinks—and I think, too—that if we show a profit of twenty-five million . . ."

"That's more than fair," said Ingersoll.

"As I told you," said Temple, "we tried to swing the thing ourselves. Got into a devil of a mess. You've got to pull us up by the roots and start us fresh."

"I'd have to do that anyway," said Ingersoll.

Temple held out his hand.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he said with a confidential nod, "you give us the best man that

(Continued on Page 103)

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HAYNES
Four factors of character in the new series Haynes
BEAUTY, strength, power, comfort—these are the four factors of character in a car.
They are splendidly combined in the new series Haynes.
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Car users of America have known and depended upon the Haynes and upon Haynes principles for more than a quarter of a century. With the longest record of any American automobile, the Haynes has outlived literally hundreds of cars and car-building enterprises.
It is natural that the new series Haynes should embody the experience, the skill, the pride, the inspiration of the whole Haynes organization. Never before was the Haynes in such great demand. To be sure of getting your new series Haynes, please be prompt.
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Open Cars Closed Cars
Touring Car—7 Pass. . . . $2485 Coupe—4 Pass. . . $3100
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Please ask for LEE UNION-ALLS by the full name. If your dealer is without them write for descriptive booklet. We will quickly tell you a dealer near you who has them in stock. Address department 1003.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.

Kansas City, Mo. Kansas City, Kas. South Bend, Ind. Trenton, N. J.

(Continued from Page 100)

you've got—you see? We'll make it worth your while."

Ingersoll excused himself a moment and left the room. He stepped into an office which, in point of simple elegance, was second only to his own. His new assistant manager was seated at a five-hundred-dollar mahogany desk.

"Dick," said Ingersoll, "have you taken a squint at the new revenue bill?"

"Surest thing you know," responded Dick. "You sent me a copy—read it at camp. The new bill and last year's rulings. Know it by heart, I think."

"You're the salt of the earth," said Ingersoll fervently. He jerked his head. "Temple's in here. Dick, this means money; unless I'm mistaken, it's a million-dollar job."

"No!"

Ingersoll nodded.

"I'm going to soak 'em the regular percentage on every dollar that I save. Come on, Mr. Temple," he said as he presented Mercer to Sam Breed's right-hand man, "you told me to give you the best man I've got. I'm doing more: I'm giving you the best man that anybody's got."

"He knows what we want?" queried Temple.

"In a general way," said Ingersoll, "he knows what everybody wants. He's that kind. Take him along, Mr. Temple. Dick, you can see how much of a crew you need and then report to me. Good luck."

As they strode into the corridor of the building two men detached themselves from the crowd that surrounded the cigar-stand and followed on behind.

"You see," Temple said to Mercer after they had reached the Breed offices and after he had explained in detail all that he had discussed generally with Ingersoll, "by rights we'll need one set of books for the revenue collector, one for our stockholders—and then, of course, an ultra-confidential set for Mr. Breed himself."

Mercer nodded. Temple glanced over the lieutenant's uniform and commented upon the wound stripe fastened to his sleeve. Then, singularly, his gaze fastened itself upon the lieutenant's collar.

"Tanky little button you wear," he said. Mercer took it off and handed it to Temple. It was a gold pin, circular in shape, richly enameled in the deepest of deep royal purples; set in this background was a device in very yellow gold: I O I

"One—oh—one?" queried Temple.

"Eye—oh—eye," said Mercer, restoring it to its place. "As a matter of fact, it's a secret society that I belong to—tell you about it some day, maybe. Now, can I see your books?"

Half an hour later he was back with Ingersoll.

"Chief," he said, "Breed has got a complicated system. My idea is that you'll need all of a dozen men."

"We'll pick 'em right away," said Ingersoll.

"So much for that," went on Dick Mercer. "Now I've got to tell you something else." He took a deep breath and shivered as he said it: "This job is not for me."

"Not for you?" repeated Ingersoll. "Too big—you can't handle it, you mean? Lost your cunning? Piffle! You can have all the help you need."

Lieutenant Richard Mercer recovered his composure.

"I mean," he returned, "that I don't want to handle it. This man Temple, and his boss, Breed, are out to do the Government. I decline to help."

"Out to do the Government?" echoed Ingersoll. "Good Lord, isn't everybody out to do the Government?"

"I'm not," said Mercer.

"Of course you're not," assented Ingersoll; "neither am I. And it's no business of yours or mine what Breed is out to do. I don't swear to his income-tax return, neither do you. Temple attends to that. Temple gives us orders to make up a set of books, or two sets, or three sets. We make 'em up according to instructions. That's all there is to it.

"It's the one big job I've been working for. I've got it, Dick, and if we have good luck we can stick Breed for a million, do you understand?"

"I understand," said Mercer, "that I can't go on with it. I'm talking like a schoolboy, maybe, Mr. Ingersoll, but I mean business. I can't take pay from you or anybody else for doing crooked work."

Ingersoll turned pale, then livid, as though Mercer had struck him.

"Good Lord," he said, "you don't think I do crooked work? Out with it now."

Mercer stood silent. Ingersoll stepped to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Look here, Dick," he said gently, "you're off your feed. You go out and get a cocktail and a bite of food and some strong coffee—and then come back to me. This job is our one big job, and you're the boy to swing it. Go out and brace up—and get back at one o'clock."

Lieutenant Richard Mercer went back to Forbes. He confronted Forbes with rueful countenance.

"Well," he sighed, "I've set the ball a-rolling."

"No!" returned Forbes, staring at him hard. "Swift work. You've quit?"

"Cold," said Mercer, "and insulted my best friend into the bargain. Look here," he went on fiercely, "I've got to tell somebody what it means. Just a few years ago I was a kid, and on my uppers. I didn't have anybody in the world—people all dead. I—my gosh, I was starving! A man took hold of me and put me on my feet—taught me all I know. Staked me to good pay. Stuck to me. Ingersoll—he's got a daughter, Polly. They're all the home I know."

"Not the girl in Newark?"

Mercer nodded, his eyes woebegone.

"It's the girl that matters," he went on.

"And you've quit cold?"

"I had to, didn't I?"

Pemberton Forbes thought it over.

"The girl does matter," he conceded, "and there's only one thing to do about that girl—go and tell her. Make a clean breast of the whole thing. This is no moving-picture show; a girl has got to be told a vital thing like that."

"Has she?" queried Mercer. "How can I tell her anything without damning her father up and down? You're right, it's no moving-picture show. If I tell her anything I've got to tell her everything. And I can't do it—it's not fair to Ingersoll. So what am I going to do?"

"Tell her," floundered Forbes, "that if she trusts you it'll all come right."

"Piffle!" grumbled Mercer.

"Well, what are you going to say?"

"Nothing"

"Grit your teeth and just sit tight?"

"I've got to"

Forbes held out his hand.

"By gad," he cried, "you're game!"

At half past twelve Temple, of the Breed By-Products Company, called up Ingersoll.

"Your man reported yet?" queried Temple a bit impatiently.

"Getting his crew together," returned Ingersoll; "we're sending over Grigsby."

"Who's Grigsby?"

"Old stand-by. Deputy assistant. He and his men will be there at one o'clock."

"Good work," said Temple, ringing off.

At one-fifteen that afternoon Grigsby, the stand-by, made his way from the accounting rooms of the Breed By-Products Company to Temple's private office on the next floor.

"Mr. Temple," he said, "I wish to call your attention to these balance sheets. I have found this label pasted on the face of each one."

Temple stared at the label. It was an oval seal, purple in color, bearing golden letters:

CONTRA
I O I

"That's a funny note," said Temple. "Private mark probably of your man Mercer. Mystery to me."

"And to me," said Grigsby. He withdrew. As he left the fifth-floor offices on his way back to the fourth, he noted that in one corner of the outer door a similar label had been pasted. Wondering, he continued downstairs to the accounting rooms. As he was about to enter them a hand was placed upon his arm. A stranger with an insinuating glance was confronting him.

"Mr. Grigsby?" queried the stranger.

"The same," said Grigsby.

"Confidential," said the stranger, placing a letter in Grigsby's hands; "and would you mind reading it while I wait?"

Grigsby nodded and opened the letter. It was typed upon expensively engraved heavy white paper. This is what it said:

MR. GRIGSBY:

Confidential. I have a business proposition to make to you. It won't wait. Can you come round at once? Very sincerely,

PEMBERTON FORBES.

Grigsby's eyes bulged.

"Are you sure this is for me?" he demanded.

"Positive," said the stranger.

"But I never met Mr. Forbes," faltered the awe-stricken Grigsby.

"You are the man he wants to see," persisted the stranger. "Will you—would you mind keeping that letter out of sight? I'll wait here until you get your hat and coat."

Ten minutes later Grigsby, quivering with wonderment, was ushered into the presence of Pemberton Forbes.

"Are you sure," faltered Grigsby as he shook hands with the powder king, "that it's me you want to see—Grigsby, of Ingersoll's?"

Then for the first time Grigsby saw Dick Mercer. Mercer was sitting at the far end of the desk with his back to the light. Grigsby blinked in wonder. Mercer nodded.

"Sit down, Mr. Grigsby," said Forbes; "you're the man I want to see. I want to talk to you confidentially about that job you're working on at Breed's—the little job that's to be completed by March first—the three sets of books, you know. One in particular for the internal revenue collector."

Grigsby stared at Forbes. Then he turned a steady gaze, full of rancor and contempt, upon Lieutenant Mercer. It was this man in uniform, he took pains to remember, who had taken Grigsby's place at Ingersoll's.

Grigsby turned back to Forbes.

"I am glad to say, sir," he exclaimed, "that it is not my habit to betray the confidences of our clients, or of my employer, Mr. Ingersoll."

Forbes held up his hand.

"You misjudge Lieutenant Mercer," he explained; "he is quite as circumspect as you. He has told me nothing. I merely know."

"How do you know?" asked Grigsby, still eying Mercer with suspicion.

"Easy," smiled Forbes; "my agents are everywhere. I have three in Breed's establishment. I have two in Ingersoll's. One of those two is on the crew you're working with right now. That," said Forbes, "is not what I want to talk to you about. Mr. Grigsby, you possess one priceless quality—you are absolutely loyal to your chief."

"Man who isn't," grunted Grigsby, eying Mercer once again, "is the scum of the earth. That's my idea at least."

"Loyalty to a man is one thing," mused Forbes, "loyalty to a principle—that counts too. Mr. Grigsby," he went on swiftly, "I wrote you that I had a business proposition to make to you. I have. I want to offer you a job at a salary of ten thousand a year."

"Me?" cried Grigsby.

"You—you're worth it," returned Forbes.

"What kind of a job?"

"A decent one—your line."

"Does it involve telling tales out of school?"

"Hardly," said Forbes.

"You tell me about it," cried Grigsby eagerly.

The powder man nodded to Mercer.

"Dick," he said, "will you take Mr. Grigsby into your room and explain the matter in detail?"

On his way home that night Mr. Grigsby bought an evening paper. He sat, holding it in his hand, staring at it, half stunned, with unseeing eyes. It was not until the express passed Seventy-second Street that he opened up his paper and began to read. Huge black type caught his eye. The whole last page was given over to an advertisement:

IF YOU WORK FOR GEORGE—
LET GEORGE DO IT

DO WHAT?

HIS OWN DIRTY WORK
JOIN THE I O I AND FIND OUT WHY

As he read the advertisement over, Mr. Grigsby's right hand unconsciously strayed to his left-hand coat lapel, feeling there to see whether the button that he wore was still in place.

The next day at noon Temple, of the Breed By-Products Company, called up Ingersoll.

"Ingersoll," he said, "I know that you've got a right to swing this job of ours in your own way. Only, you ought to be put wise to the fact that your crew is soldiering on you."

"Soldiering—how?"

"Your man Grigsby, I am told, went out early yesterday and never came back."

"He's there now, isn't he?" cried Ingersoll.

"Nobody's here now," yelled Temple; "neither Grigsby nor his crew."

Ingersoll called up Grigsby's house on the wire and got his wife. Yes, his wife said, he had come home as usual the night before. But he'd left word to say, if anybody called, that he'd been assigned to an overtime job and might have to sleep downtown for a week. It wasn't unusual this time of the year, of course. She'd packed his dress suitcase for him he was to call her up and let her know later where he was stopping.

"He didn't say what job?" queried Ingersoll.

"No, he didn't," admitted Mrs. Grigsby; "it's one of yours, of course."

"Oh, of course," said Ingersoll, "but there's a mix-up in assignments here and I want to get hold of him. When he calls you, Mrs. Grigsby, have him call me. Yes, thank you very much." He rang off. "Miss Tidy," he said to his stenographer, "get the names and addresses of that crew we put on the Breed job—I've forgotten whom Grigsby took along. Call up their homes and find out where they are. We've got to know."

But they didn't find out. Every member of the crew had started off that morning expecting to be held at work both night and day for several days. And if the Ingersoll Audit Company didn't know what job it was, how could anybody know? That's the argument one housewife used, and it was unanswerable.

"All right," said Ingersoll, mystified but resigned; "put Lanning on the Breed job with another crew—there's nothing else to do."

They put Lanning on with Lanning's crew. They were satisfactory as far as they went. But they didn't go very far. By the next day Lanning and his crew had disappeared as the first crew had. They had vanished overnight into the thinnest of thin air.

Three more efficient crews went the way of the first two.

And then, late one afternoon, Temple, of the Breed By-Products Company, swung into the private office of Pemberton Forbes. Forbes was alone.

"Mr. Forbes," said Temple, "you sent for me?"

"I did," said Forbes. "I want to have a confidential chat with you. Like all the chats I have, I must insist on that."

"On what?"

"On its being confidential."

Temple shook his head.

"There are two sides to a bargain," he began.

"You're through at your offices for to-day?" queried Forbes.

"Yep."

"Won't see Breed till nine o'clock to-morrow?"

"Nope"

"Good," went on Forbes. "Do this: Keep it confidential until nine to-morrow. What do you say to that?"

"That's fair," nodded Temple.

"You've got a salary contract with Sam Breed at forty thousand that's got four years to run," said Forbes.

"How do you know?" queried Temple.

"Never mind," said Forbes; "I'll make you an offer. I'll give you a four-year contract to take its place. Fifty thousand for the first two years, the last two at sixty."

Temple stared at him.

"What doing?" he queried.

"Something decent—your line," said Forbes.

"String to it?" queried Temple. It looked too good to be true.

"Yep. Without mentioning my name I want you to tell Breed your reason for breaking with him."

"How can I do it without mentioning your name?"

"Got the best reason in the world," smiled Forbes.

"What reason have I got?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow morning."

"Breed'll hold me to my contract. I'm worth a hundred thousand a year to Breed. He'll sue me; he'll get a court of equity to enjoin me."

"No, he won't," said Forbes.

"How do you know?"

"Tell you to-morrow," returned Forbes. "Meantime, there's something I'd like to

(Continued on Page 107)

IN FIVE CONTINENTS, IN TWENTY-

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers

SEVEN COUNTRIES · · · · IT DOES ITS WORK

The "Yellow Chassis" Republic your eye sees Everywhere

ROADS know its hum, shipping has felt its work—the "yellow chassis" truck your eye sees everywhere. It carries the burden that distance imposes upon Industry. It carries that burden in every continent, along every highway. . . . More than 50,000 Republics are out at work.

Not unnaturally we have pride in these mere numbers. Yet we are prouder of each Republic for what it will do. We know the quality of steel which builded it. We know the ordeal of its tests; the excess strength-margins we provided for it.

We know that an institution which concentrates its whole resources upon building motor trucks builded Republic Trucks. We know the will of this great institution to build faithfully.

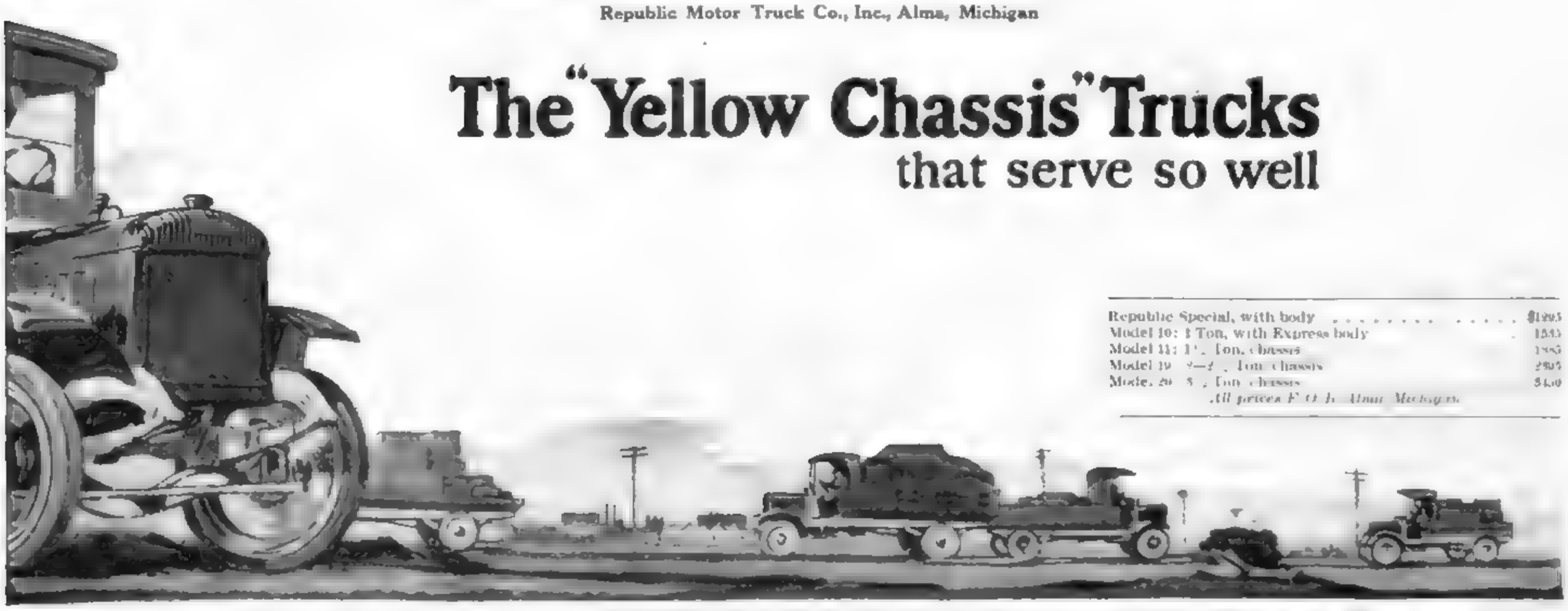
We believe it is sheer *in-built quality* which has caused this "yellow chassis" truck to be the one that dominates the highways of the world. We believe that quality has caused its owners loyally to seek it when they need further trucks. Its work is done well.

* * *

There's a Republic for every trucking job. Republic Service Stations throughout the land are ready to serve Republic users.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks that serve so well



Republic Special, with body	$1295
Model 10: 1 Ton, with Express body	1545
Model 11: 1½ Ton, chassis	1395
Model 19: 2–3 Ton chassis	2095
Model 20: 5 Ton chassis	3450

All prices F. O. B. Alma, Michigan

TRUCKS

of Motor Trucks in the World

The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive—used only by Republic Trucks—delivers 98% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate live rear axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but drive the truck

Printing
The Strong Right Arm of Business

AMERICAN business supremacy is the result of fine ideals, energy and Printer's Ink. Advertising is the twin of salesmanship. Never are they separated. Every business, profession, or vocation, uses them both in some form.

The main-spring of all business is advertising—and Printing is the voice that carries the message to its market. You call upon Printing to establish confidence and good will; to create desire to buy.

Indeed your *Printing* is *yourself*, multiplied to the quantity necessary to reach the vast number you can not possibly reach in person.

National advertising is a wonderful force to exert when your distribution is country-wide; but *first* of all—and *always*—must you employ the more intimate appeal of DIRECT ADVERTISING—The Strong Right Arm of Business.

Let your Printed message impress its importance and your own personality by its quality—the work of a U. T. A. Master Printer.

THE emblem shown is the trade-mark of all Master Printers, wherever located, who conduct their businesses according to the principles of fairness, integrity and square dealing, fostered by the International Association of Master Printers [United Typothetae of America].

The emblem itself is assurance that your requirements will be met in a business-like, satisfactory manner.

Mark well the Mark!

Attention is called to this mark and its importance to all business men

Every Printer who displays this mark may supply practical advice or counsel on Direct Advertising, either through his own organization or by co-operation with the Central Advertising Bureau of this Association. Good printing—and practical help in its planning—is a matter of choosing a good Printer—equipped to serve—a Printer who has good type, good paper and good ink, and knows how to use them to your advantage. He will help you with your illustrations, cuts and your ideas—for his "Heart is in his Art."

Let your next work be produced by a U. T. A. Printer

This Campaign is in co-operation with Paper Manufacturers and Merchants, Manufacturers of Type and Printing Machinery, Engravers and Electrotypers

United Typothetae of America

(INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MASTER PRINTERS)

Not Conducted for Profit

General Offices: Transportation Building
608 South Dearborn Street
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 103)

have you do to-night. Got your car downtown? Going to ride home? Good. Now look here. You drive up Broadway. When you get to Forty-fourth Street you get out. When you get out stand still and look north."

"What then?" queried Temple.

"That's all," said Forbes; "you just look north. Then come back here at half past eight to-morrow morning, and we'll do the rest. Good day."

At Forty-fourth Street and Broadway Temple alighted from his car and poised himself on the curbstone out of the way of the crowd. Then he looked north. Then he saw.

Longacre Square is a wilderness of huge electric signs. The whole world knows about these signs; but there was a new one that it had yet to learn about. To the north, as Temple stared, there blazed into view a sign perched a hundred feet above all other signs—it seemed literally to be hung from the clouds. Located at about Fiftieth Street, it was as long as or longer than the space between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. In width it was two-thirds its length. And it was nothing at first, nothing save a cozy red-brick fireplace, within which blazed a roaring yellow fire. Nothing but the fireplace and the fire; it made scurrying crowds think of home and Santa Claus and Christmas. Then suddenly from nowhere appeared the figure of a cat, a huge, crouching feline, creeping stealthily and sullenly across the floor. It reached the blazing fire. Once or twice it glanced cringingly backward over its shoulder, then, prodded by a sharp stick, it began to rake small objects out of the embers.

Chestnuts!

Temple didn't realize it then, he found out later. He had no time to speculate, for suddenly the simian sprang into view, a lean, snakelike monkey with a long stick in his hand. He was a figure to shudder at, this monkey. And in his hand was that long stick. And ever he kept prodding that sullen but obedient feline with the stick. And the cat kept to its job, stretching forth a paw, garnering smoking chestnuts, passing them on to the monkey, and then holding that burnt paw in its mouth until prodded by the stick again.

A dramatic picture; a wonderfully executed masterpiece of electrical art. Temple stared at it, fascinated. Then it flashed out and for an instant all was dark. Then this warning, written in letters of flame, flashed into view:

DECLINE TO BE A CATSPAW

DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM AN UNSINGED MONKEY

JOIN I O I

DM AND FIND OUT WHY

Temple nudged a bystander.

"What's the I O I stand for?" he queried.

"Search me," said the bystander; "some labor union, I imagine. Want to know myself."

Temple found Forbes next morning, his desk littered with trade magazines.

"Well," smiled Forbes, "you looked north, I take it?"

"The unsinged monkey?" queried Temple.

"Exactly," said Forbes. "Now you know what to tell Sam Breed."

Temple started.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "that's the idea?"

"You can tell Sam Breed that your contract doesn't cover iniquity," nodded Forbes.

Temple considered the matter.

"You don't know Sam Breed."

"I think I do," smiled Forbes.

"If I turn him down he's liable to railroad me," said Temple.

"I'll railroad him first," said Forbes. "First off, I'll turn him over to the revenue collector; the revenue collector'll send him to Atlanta."

Sudden understanding leaped into Temple's eyes.

"So you're behind that, Mr. Forbes—the disappearance of those crews?"

"Thin edge of the wedge," smiled Forbes; "they've only begun to disappear. If all the accountants in New York tackle Breed's books, all the accountants in New York, so far as Sam Breed's concerned, will disappear. But that's a mere detail. It's an appetizer."

"What are you going to do?" queried Temple, wondering.

"I'm going to have you sign this contract," returned Forbes.

Temple glanced it over; he read it carefully and read it twice.

"I'll sign it," he announced.

"You sign it," said Forbes; "then you go to Sam Breed and tell him you can't do any more of his dirty work. Then you come back to me."

Two hours later Temple was back again, this time nursing a bruised jaw.

"Breed tried to lick me," he grinned.

"You hit him back?"

Temple shook his head.

"I wanted to, but ducked."

"Anybody follow you here?"

"Nope. I took a taxi for uptown. Doubled on my tracks. One of your men may have chased me, but nobody from Breed's. What's next?"

"Potash," said Forbes.

"What?" yelled Temple. "Breed was relying on your having quit."

"I have quit—work," smiled Forbes. "I'm going to spend some of my declining years playing—playing a game, Temple," he went on, "been thinkin' gunpowder, smellin' gunpowder, for seven years. Nothin' else. You tell me about potash. See if I'm right. Germany's got it—all of it. That's what she thinks. Am I right?"

"Right," said Temple.

"And she's holding back on us to force our hand—peace conference. Right? And we got to have potash—got to have it, I'm told.

"Can't get along without it in America. Important, that. Am I right?"

"Good Lord!" said Temple; "it's the one thing our soil lacks, that's common property. Cotton, grain, potatoes, anything you say—can't grow 'em without potash. Good Lord, we'll starve without it!"

"Got to have it now, to-day?" said Forbes.

"Yes."

"And America's got some?"

"Yes, and she's making more."

"Potash fields stuck over the country—in spots—California, Utah, Nebraska. Am I right? And Breed's rounded up the bulk of it. Breed's got half of it, gettin' more. Swift worker. He'll have it all. And people got to have it. And Sam Breed'll make a killing. Am I right?"

"I miss my guess if he doesn't," smiled Temple.

"I miss my guess if he does," said Forbes.

"How are you going to block him?" queried Temple.

"Going to keep on same way I began," said Forbes. "Sam Breed's got to have good men about him—men like you. He can't work alone. He hasn't got the bean; he's got to buy his brains. Get me? Unsinged monkey for various reasons. One is, he doesn't know how to roast chestnuts. That's a fact. I'm going to take away from Breed something that Breed needs just as bad as a cotton planter needs potash. I'm going to take away his props. You've had an object lesson—every man he's got, every man he hires'll disappear, vanish into air. Result—before you know it, I'll have Sam Breed groggy, wobblin' on his pins. Great game!"

"It's a big order," said Temple.

"I can fill it," nodded Forbes. "Now potash. We gotta plunge."

"There's a man in California that's got a process," said Temple; "strong for it, myself. Breed turned him down wouldn't pay his price."

"You got faith in it?" asked Forbes.

"Decidedly."

"Get the California man on the wire," commanded Forbes, "tell him on the q. t. who he's dealing with. Tell him we'll pay him his price. From now on you take hold."

"*Carte blanche?*"

"Practically, yes. But keep in touch with me. See me nights at Cragmoor, when you've got to. Never see me here."

On the first of the following month Ingersoll, of the Ingersoll Audit Company, handed his daughter her customary check across the dinner table. Polly looked at it and then blew a kiss to him by way of thanks—two kisses, double thanks. The check was twice its usual size. Ingersoll was taking every means to bring back Polly's roses into Polly's face. Checks always help.

"Got a sheaf of letters from Grigsby and those disappearing crews this morning," he told Polly.

"What did they say?"

"Piffle!" said Ingersoll. "Insulting piffle! In another month they'll all come whining back. Polly?"

"Yes."

"Mercer's at the bottom of the whole thing."

Polly shook her head.

"You don't want to talk about him, do you?" she queried.

"No."

"I don't either," said Polly. "Let's drive over to New York to-night. There's a full moon."

"What for?"

"I want to see the unsinged monkey sign. Everybody talks about it. I haven't seen it yet."

"All right," said Ingersoll; "let's."

Their car halted at the Hotel Astor. Polly got out, followed by her father. They were lucky; the show had just begun. The red-brick fireplace flashed into view, the cat, the monkey with the stick. And then the warning.

"Piffle!" grunted Ingersoll.

"Wait a bit," said Polly; "here's another." There was another—a new one, so it seemed:

OLD SCOUT:

ARE YOU RICH OR POOR? ARE YOU DISHONEST?

YOU KNOW WHETHER YOU ARE RICH OR POOR

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER YOU ARE DISHONEST?

JOIN THE I O I AND FIND OUT

ALL THE HONEST MEN ARE JOINING—AND SOME OF THE DISHONEST ONES AS WELL

YOU MAY BE UNCONSCIOUSLY UNETHICAL—MECHANICALLY CORRUPT

DON'T CONSULT A DICTIONARY—INQUIRE OF US

ALL THAT WE ASK IS A BACKBONE AND A PROMISE

WE'LL FURNISH SOME OF THE BACKBONE IF YOU'LL FURNISH ALL THE PROMISE

WATCH THE DAILY PAPERS—FIND OUT HOW TO JOIN DM

"Come on," said Ingersoll; "we'll see a first-run show."

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Polly, "here comes another one."

It came:

LADIES:

ANYBODY CAN DRESS ON DISHONEST DOLLARS

WOMEN OF THE DEMIMONDE DO THAT

HOW ABOUT YOU?

WHAT KIND OF DOLLARS DO YOU DRESS ON?

WHAT KIND OF DOLLARS DOES YOUR HUSBAND, SON, BROTHER, FATHER EARN?

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE HONEST DOLLAR FASHIONABLE

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE OTHER KIND TABOO

JOIN I O I

DM FIND OUT WHY

Ingersoll tugged at her arm.

"You'd better come," he said; "there's a reason. Never mind, just come."

He was too late. Polly had seen Mercer. Mercer was standing, still in his uniform, bareheaded at the curb, not ten paces from her. He had a napkin in his hand; his other hand supported the arm of the prettiest girl that Polly Ingersoll had ever laid eyes upon, a girl with a ten-thousand-dollar Russian sable cloak clutched carelessly and hastily about a dinner gown worth a considerable fraction of that figure. Polly stared at the girl and her companion for the fraction of a moment. Then a bit testily she caught her father by the arm.

"You're not going to stick here all night, I hope," she said. "Come on, let's go home."

Pemberton Forbes made his way into the private sanctum dedicated to the use of the president of the Tri-State National Bank in Newark. He was in the habit of entering almost any sanctum that he wanted to. He regarded the president of the Tri-State Bank with a malevolent grin.

"Potter," he said, "I've got a bone to pick with you."

"Pick all the bones you like," returned Potter, shaking hands.

Forbes took a seat.

"There's a man I'm interested in," went on Forbes; "Mercer, of the I O I Chemical Concern out on the meadows here."

"I know him," nodded Potter; "his father was a chum of mine before he died. I know the boy. I like him too."

"You know what he's doing out there on the meadows?"

"Making potash," said Potter.

"Making it fast," nodded Forbes. "Know who's with him?"

"Temple," said Potter.

"Sam Breed's old right-hand man—one of the soundest business experts in the world."

"I know Temple," assented Potter.

"Young Mercer's come to me. Says he applied to the Tri-State for a fair run of loans and accommodation—says you turned him down."

"I had to," said Potter.

"What for?" asked Forbes.

"We can't loan 'em, that's all," returned Potter.

"What's the matter with 'em?" queried Forbes. "They're capitalized with money, they're a going concern, they're on a solid business basis. What's more, they've offered you indorsers on their paper that are good as gold."

Potter nodded.

"Their security was gilt-edged," he admitted.

"You're a national bank," persisted Forbes, "and besides, you've got the interest of your town at heart. You know what my powder factory out there on the meadows did for the town. Five years ago what did I have out there? Plant big as this bank. Potash is as good a game as powder. These boys have leased my factory they're going to make things hum. Tri-State Bank ought to help 'em make it hum. Ought to give 'em what they ask for they don't ask for much."

"Why don't they go to another bank?" queried Potter.

"Why don't your depositors go to another bank?" queried Forbes. "Maybe they will if you tell 'em you've turned down these boys. Now I want to know why you don't make this loan. I'm a depositor——"

"A rather small depositor, Mr. Forbes," Potter reminded him.

"I'm a depositor, and I got a small block of your stock."

"A very small block."

"I got it," persisted Forbes. "Now you tell me why you decline to make these loans."

"If the loans are good," said Potter, "some other bank'll snap 'em up. Why don't you snap them up yourself?"

"Beside the question," said Forbes. "I told these boys to tackle the Tri-State; assured 'em they'd get fair treatment here. They tackled you and they got turned down. Now you tell me why?"

"There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you, Mr. Forbes," said Potter, unperturbed. "The matter was put up to our loan committee. Our loan committee turned it down. It went before the board of directors. The board turned it down."

"Now, Potter," said Forbes, "I know something too. You're one of the best banking men in Jersey. You know more than your loan committee, more than your board. They know it too. They take your say-so. Nobody else's—yours. They turned Dick Mercer down because you turned him down. Now I want to know why you turned him down."

"Perhaps," said Potter, nettled, "that is none of your affair."

"You decline to tell me?" went on Forbes; "then I'll tell you. You personally turned down this boy because Sam Breed instructed you to turn him down. No; keep your shirt on, Mr. Potter. I'm telling you—you're not telling me. Sam Breed's got fifteen per cent or so of your capital stock—he's your biggest depositor. You're feeding him more stock and you're getting more of his money. Sam Breed has bought you up."

"Bought who up?" cried Potter.

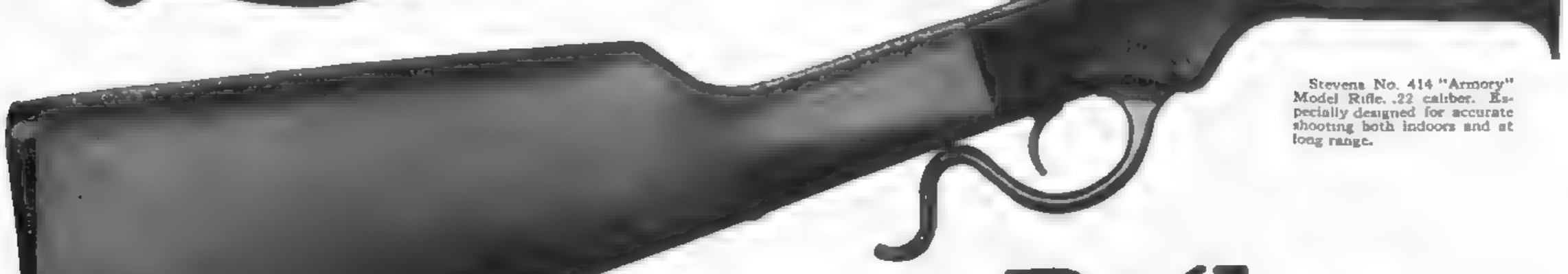
"You," cried Forbes; "personally—you."

"No man can buy me up," said Potter.

"Potter," went on Forbes, "Sam Breed has bought you up. I'm going to prove it to you step by step. First off, you know

(Continued on Page 110)

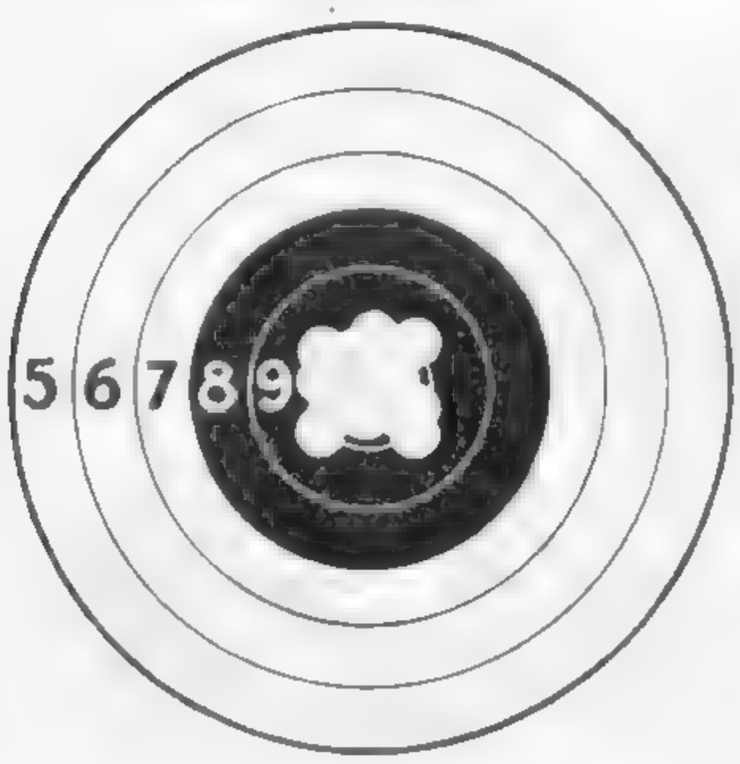
Hitting the Star



Stevens No. 414 "Armory" Model Rifle. .22 caliber. Especially designed for accurate shooting both indoors and at long range.

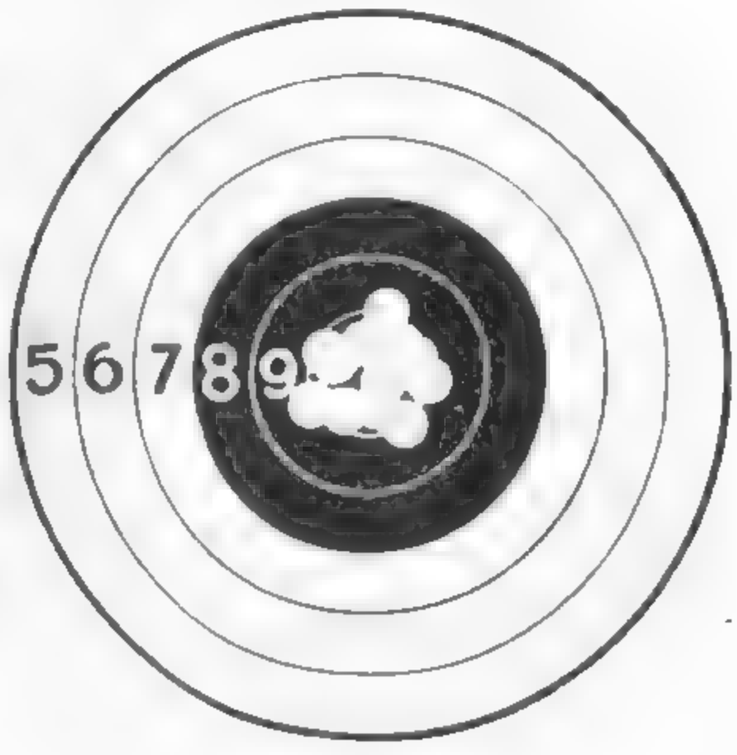
Rifles Shotguns Pistols

Robert E. Fowle, of Stoneham (Massachusetts) High School, made this score of 100 straight in 1914 with the help of a Stevens Rifle.

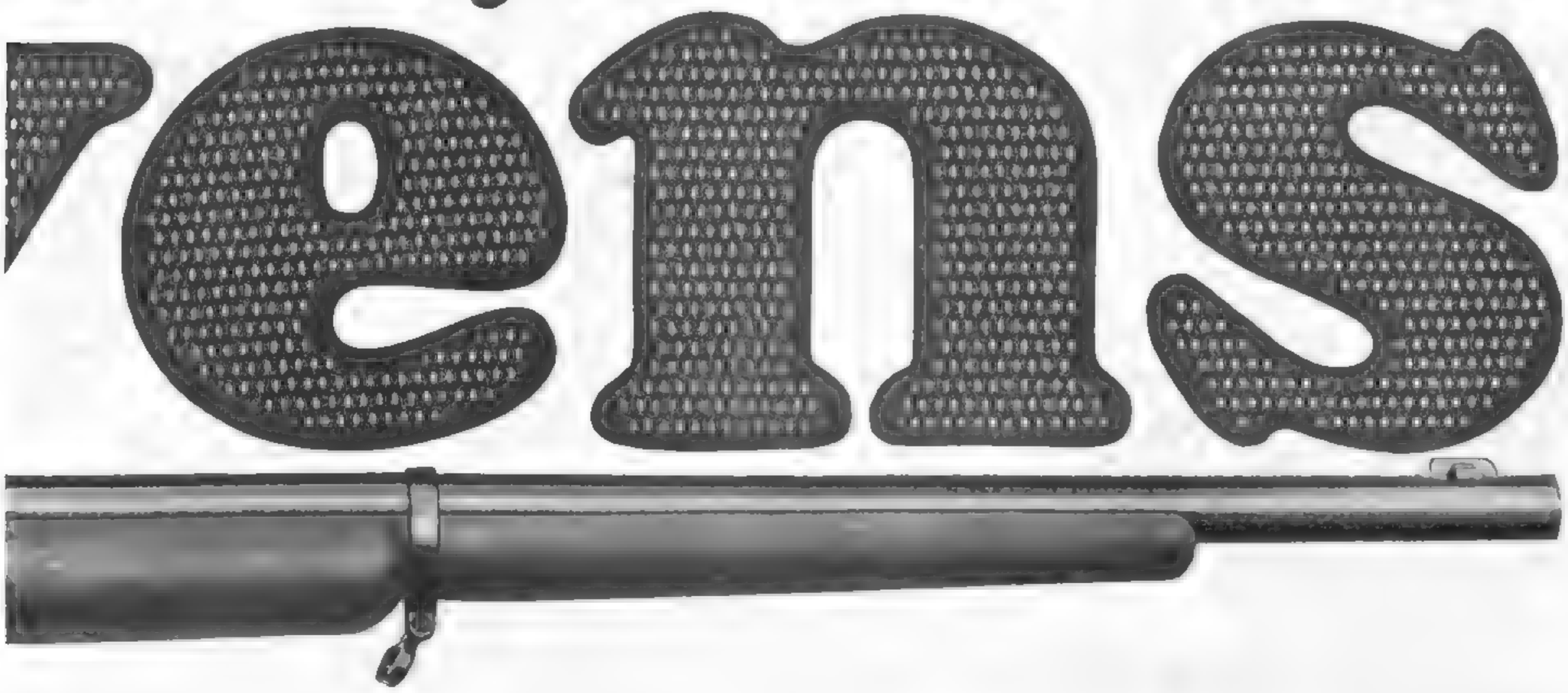


A. Hubalek, of Brooklyn, made 2484 out of a possible 2500 with a Stevens Rifle on March 15, 1911, a world's record that has stood for eight years.

In N. R. A. United States Individual Championship of 1916, A. R. Sammons, Marion, Ohio, made this perfect fifty-shot score with a Stevens Rifle.



Bullseye Since 1864



FIFTY-FIVE years of accuracy—that's the reputation behind Stevens Firearms. It is a reputation that is maintained to-day by such targets as those shown on these two pages.

On rifle and pistol range, marksmen who cannot afford to entrust their reputations to any but the most accurate firearms, use Stevens.

At the traps, men who pride themselves on their ability to break ninety or more of a hundred clay pigeons, put Stevens Shotguns to their shoulders with full confidence.

On the trail, hunters, trappers, guides and sportsmen, carry Stevens Firearms.

Hundreds of thousands of young Americans have learned to shoot with Stevens Rifles.

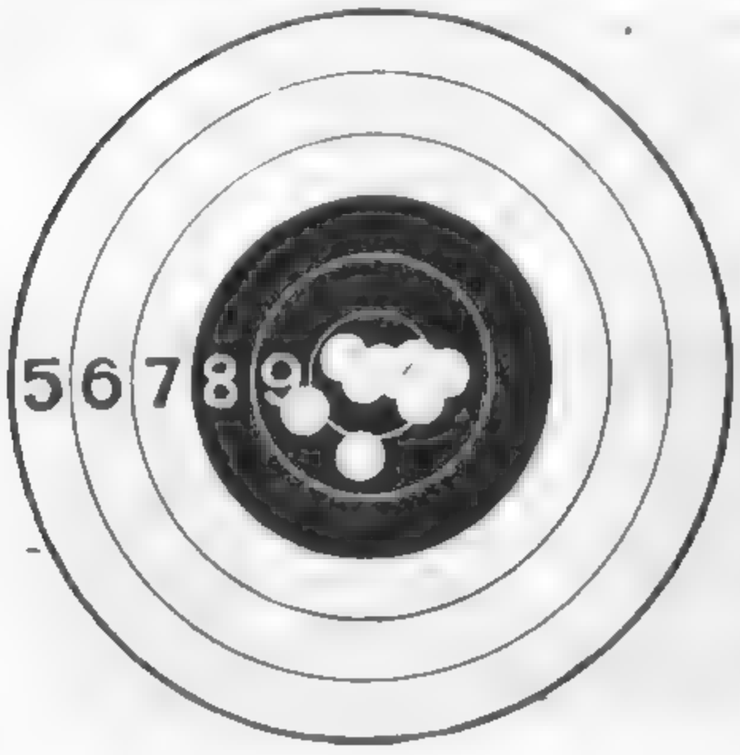
Men and boys alike know from experience that Stevens Firearms shoot true.

TRADE MARK —STEVENS— REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FGN.

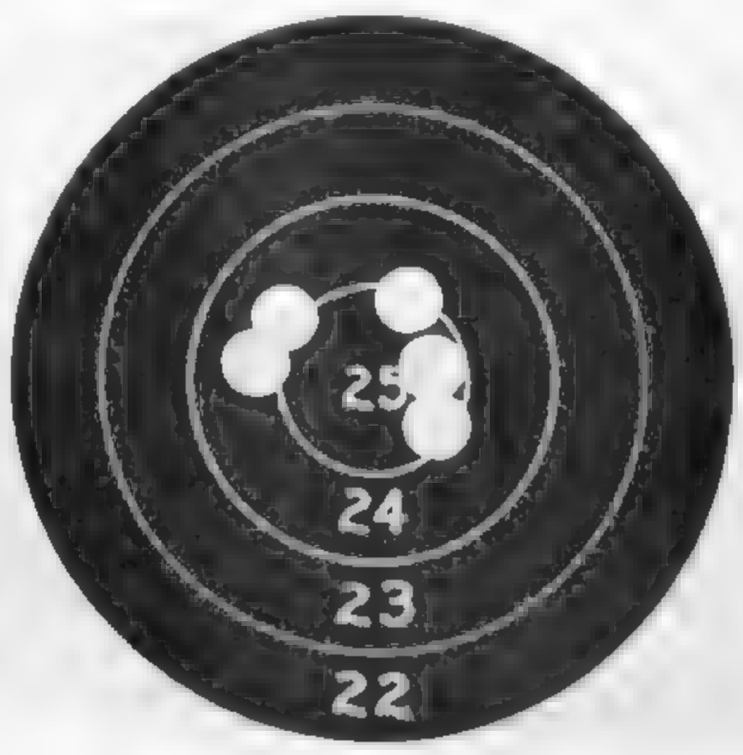
J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Export Office: 5 State Street, New York

TRADE MARK —STEVENS— REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FGN.

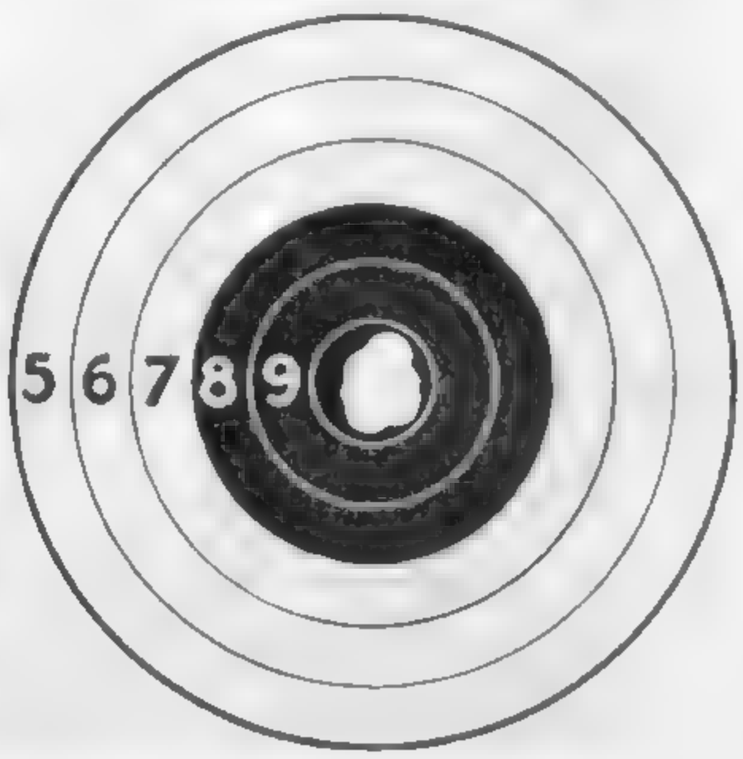
Fred Hearn, of Detroit, made this score of a possible 100 in 1917, using a Stevens Armory Rifle with a No. 161 Stevens Telescope Sight.



J. W. Hessian, of New York, made this possible score of 125, using a Stevens Rifle with a Stevens Telescope Sight.



With a Stevens T. K. Lee, of Birmingham, Ala., in 1914, made a world's record of 4599 out of a possible 4600. Forty-five targets were like this one.



(Continued from Page 107)

what everybody knows—that Sam Breed is out to corner potash. That means he's out to stifle honest competition. He's got to have assistants. He can't do a thing like that alone. Among other things he's got to use banks to crush out rivals. Nothing new. I'm only giving it to you in primer-book style. Sam Breed wants to corner potash to make a killing—more primer stuff.

"The killing comes out of the public. Competition baffles Sam; Sam's got to stifle competition. All right. Sam Breed came into this bank and gave you orders ——"

"How do you know he did?" asked Potter, his eyes blinking.

"I know," said Forbes. "He gave you orders—and you obeyed 'em. Why? Because your job here depended on it. You're at the head of this bank to get results. If you don't get results you lose your job. Breed was one of the results you were out to get. And you got him—he was in your bank.

"Here was a boy," went on Forbes, "whose father you were chummy with, a boy with a straight business proposition, a boy that had to have a bank. Here's the Tri-State, the servant of the public ——"

"Not the servant of the public," said Potter; "we don't have to make loans."

"The public trusts you," went on Forbes, "trusts you to play fair with money that you're not paying a red cent of interest upon. Here's a city asking you to help develop it. Here are the Jersey farmers holding out their arms for potash. And Sam Breed tells you to turn 'em all down, and you turn 'em down, because if the Tri-State loses Sam Breed you lose your job. And if the bank won't fire you Sam Breed will fire the bank. Mr. Potter," went on Forbes indignantly, "you've got a reputation for honesty and straight dealing that every bank man envies. I envy it myself. And then along comes this Sam Breed with his dirty dollars, and just because you want to hold your salary and the prestige you've enjoyed you allow Sam Breed to buy you up. It's a damnable outrage, Mr. Potter!"

Potter rose. His face was white.

"Mr. Forbes," he said angrily, "there are some things that no self-respecting man ——"

"Potter," yelled Forbes, "you sit down! At this very minute I've got far deeper respect for you than you've got for yourself. Sit down, Potter; I've only just begun. From now on I've got to talk turkey, nothing less."

Pemberton Forbes drew from his pocket his pocket check book. He wrote out a check and signed it. Then he tossed it across the desk to Potter.

"There's a check," said Forbes, "for three times Sam Breed's balance in this bank. You can deposit it to my account."

Potter stared at the check. He stared at Forbes. His face grew whiter still. Forbes fumbled in his pocket once again.

"Now," said Forbes, drawing forth a sheaf of crinkling papers and tossing them across the desk, "just cast your eye on those. What do you make of them?"

Potter, his eyes bulging, leafed over fifty certificates of stock. Forbes watched him, smiling.

"Stock in your bank, eh, Potter?" he commented.

"Looks like it," faltered Potter.

"All indorsed to me?" smiled Forbes.

"Y-yes."

"Mr. Potter," said Forbes, "how much do I seem to have?"

Potter's heart was in his throat.

"Good Lord!" he choked; "you've got control. You—you want these shares transferred on the books."

"Not so you can notice it," said Forbes grimly, gathering up the shares and thrusting them back into his breast pocket. "I just wanted you to see who'd bought your bank."

"I see," faltered Potter. "I take it that you've come here to ask me to resign."

"Resign," echoed Forbes; "do you think I'd waste half an hour of my time on a man I wanted to put out? You've got another guess. I've dropped in to attain an objective. I'm making early morning calls this morning, getting new members for the I O I."

"The I O I?" repeated Potter.

"You're acquainted with the Unsinged Monkey?" queried Forbes.

"Oh," said Potter, "that stuff! What is the I O I?"

"Secret society," smiled Forbes; "members sworn to secrecy. You can't know unless you join. At liberty to guess, though. Look at this morning's Morning Mail; that'll give you some idea."

He spread before the bank man the latest full-page advertisement of the I O I:

TO THE MAN WHO WORKS FOR GEORGE:
TO THE CATSPAWS:
TO THE OLD SCOUTS:
TO THE LADIES:

REGARD THE I O I

IT HAS UNLIMITED POWER, INFLUENCE, BACKING, MONEY

IT OWNS, RUNS, CONTROLS—

21 PRODUCING PLANTS
21 SELLING AGENCIES
21 BUSINESS OFFICES
21 NEWSPAPERS
21 BANKS

THESE FOOT UP TO 105 MAN FACTORIES IN ALL

WITHIN THE NEXT SIX MONTHS THE I O I WILL THROW OPEN 250,000 DECENT HONEST JOBS, RANGING FROM $5.00 PER DAY TO $50,000 PER YEAR TO 250,000 DECENT HONEST MEN. GET ON OUR WAITING LIST, GO INTO OUR MAN FACTORIES AND COME THROUGH CLEAN. WRITE US AND FIND OUT

THE FIRST STEP IS TO JOIN THE I O I DM

"Man factories," mused Potter, puzzled.

"Easy," smiled Forbes. "The Tri-State Bank is one of 'em and you're one of the 250,000 men."

"What do I do first?" asked Potter.

"You sign this card," said Forbes, placing one before him.

Potter read it.

"That's a large order," he commented.

"Glad to hear you say so," said Forbes. "Most people sign it without giving it a thought. Think about it hard."

"I'm thinking," mused Potter. "Suppose I sign. You're the owner of this bank. What will you be asking me to do?"

"I'm no unsinged monkey," smiled Forbes. "You've got to understand that I've signed one of those myself."

"I'll sign it," said Potter. "I've got to die some day. I suppose, whatever else happens, this'll help me to die righter than I ever hoped I'd die."

Forbes laid down a thick stack of pasteboards.

"Bunch of blank cards," he said, "for everybody in the bank."

"Now tell me," begged Potter, "just what the I O I is laying out to do."

Forbes told him. He took another half hour in the telling. When he was through Potter slowly shook his head.

"I get your point," said Potter frankly. "I appreciate your ideal. And I'm one of you. But I don't see how you're changing men."

"Don't want to change 'em," said Forbes.

"Take me, for instance," said Potter, flushing. "The I O I has, in a measure, bought me up."

"Just like Breed did," nodded Forbes.

"You haven't taught me any lesson," went on Potter.

"Why not?"

"You've made the thing attractive, easy. Any fish would fall for it."

"We're not picking fish—not yet. We're picking two hundred and fifty thousand men. Picking 'em. You see."

"And paying them from $5.00 a day to $50,000 a year?"

"Good," said Forbes, "and getting 'em to play the game under a hundred and five different business roofs in twenty-one different Atlantic Coast cities. We're getting 'em to talk about it; we're getting 'em to demonstrate that the game is a game that can be played. We're making 'em see, hear, think, talk, nothing but the I O I. Mr. Potter, you've got an idea that money can do anything. Take Sam Breed's money—it can knock down faster than anybody can build up. There's one thing sure that money can accomplish. It can make talk. What's more, it can't get away from talk. Newspaper men, if they knew I was in here closeted with you, would be lined up, waiting for me at the entrance. Money makes talk and talk makes good. How many millions did it take the Government to make enough talk to fetch the patriotism of every man, woman, child in this country to the surface and to keep it there? It came to the surface and it stuck. Just talk, nothing else. Newspapers, billboards, moving pictures. Mr. Potter, will you come out and take a drink?"

Potter shook his head.

"I haven't had a drink in ten years," he said.

"Neither have I," said Forbes. "Why haven't I? Why haven't you? Just talk. Look here, Mr. Potter, why did you ever take a drink? You know. So do I. You liked to take a drink. You liked it because you'd had a chance to try its effects. You knew what it was, knew how it tingled, knew what it would do. Get this: Your grandchildren will grow up without knowing anything about it—there's not one of 'em will care. What's done it? Talk. Talk without money, backing, influence, power. Just talk. I'm going to give 'em more than talk. I'm going to give 'em something they'll gobble up alive."

"What's that?"

"Drama. I'm going to match an ideal against a world power. I'm going to start in with Sam Breed; when I'm through with him I'll tackle the next man. Just now I'm going to smash Sam Breed hip and thigh."

"Can you smash him?" queried Potter.

"Doubtful, curious already, aren't you, Potter? You want to watch and see what's coming off. That's the way you feel."

"I sure do," admitted Potter.

"So in time will everybody else," said Forbes.

On his way back to New York, across the meadows, he glanced with supreme satisfaction at the old plant of the Forbes Powder Works, Inc., now the new plant of the I O I Chemical Concern. He rubbed his eyes and stared. Above the plant, printed in glaring characters that all the world might read, there rose the hugest signboard that the world had ever known. It was but one of twenty-one that were scattered up and down the coast. This is what it said:

A WARNING—A PROMISE—A PROPHECY:

REMEMBER—THE I O I HAS UNLIMITED MONEY AND UNLIMITED POWER. IT CAN DO WHAT IT STARTS OUT TO DO

WHAT IS IT STARTING OUT TO DO?

CONSIDER THIS: THERE ARE MANY FORMS OF DISHONESTY THAT THE LAW CANNOT REACH

BUT THE I O I CAN

THE I O I IS GOING TO MAKE BUSINESS DISHONESTY, WHETHER LEGITIMATE OR ILLEGITIMATE, AS UNPOPULAR AS THE SPANISH INFLUENZA

AS UNHEALTHY AS TREASON

THE I O I IS GOING TO MAKE HONESTY AS POPULAR AS PATRIOTISM

IT WILL PLACE THE MAN ABOVE THE DOLLAR

IT WILL MAKE HONOR THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THIS, DO YOU?

YOU, WE MEAN

WATCH THE COLUMNS OF THE DAILY PAPERS AND BE CONVINCED

THE WAR AGAINST INIQUITY IS ON DM

Josiah Scroggins was a decent, honest man. He was careful, he was shrewd, he was experienced. He was an expert buyer; his stamping ground was the market of the world—New York. For the first time in his life he was distinctly worried. He had been retained by an association of big cotton growers in the South for one purpose and one purpose only: They wanted potash. And they wanted it at the best figure they could get.

At twelve o'clock noon, on a day in early spring, Mr. Scroggins made his appearance at the offices of the I O I Chemical Concern. He saw Lieutenant Richard Mercer, the president of that concern.

"I saw your announcement in the Times this morning," said Mr. Scroggins, "to the effect that you've got a hundred carloads of Triple X Potash ready for the slaughter."

"Been reading our ad?" asked Mercer.

Mr. Scroggins shook his head.

"News story," he returned.

"The press," smiled Mercer, "regards us with suspicion."

"Who doesn't?" laughed Scroggins.

"Do you?"

Scroggins shrugged his shoulders.

"You've only started manufacture. Where do you get the potash you're offering for sale?"

Mercer palpably changed color.

"That," he returned, "we decline to tell. What we've got we're offering at rock-bottom prices to a man like you."

"Why pick on me?"

"We want your standing order for continuous deliveries for the next five years," said Mercer.

"What's the inducement?"

"War rates—cost plus ten per cent. A maximum figure, with our promise to keep down to the minimum if possible. Our books subject to inspection, so you can figure up the cost at any time to suit yourself. That's fair."

"What's the alternative?" queried Scroggins.

"Sam Breed'll do his best to freeze us out. He can't freeze us out if we get your trade. If we get your trade we win and you win. If we don't, you'll pay Sam Breed ten prices in the end."

"I see myself paying Sam Breed ten prices," said Scroggins.

"You're paying him five now," said Mercer.

"Humph! I'm not paying him anything now. Haven't bought a single ounce of Breed."

"Tie up with us and you won't have to," went on Mercer. But Mr. Scroggins had no idea of tying himself up.

"What's your price on this hundred carloads?" he queried. "Make that attractive and I'll think about the rest."

Before Mercer had a chance to make the price attractive the telephone buzzer sounded.

Mercer picked up the instrument. He must have held the receiver somewhat loosely to his ear, for the man at the other end of the wire possessed a perfect telephone voice. Mr. Scroggins could hear plainly almost every word he said. This is what Scroggins heard:

"Hello, Mr. Mercer—Briggs speaking. . . . About that hundred-car lot Triple X. . . ."

"Wait a bit," said Mercer, "I'll speak to you on another wire."

He excused himself, left the room and returned almost immediately.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Scroggins," he explained, "but that hundred-car lot is disposed of. . . . Come back to-morrow and we're sure to have some more. Meantime, you can chew on that proposition that I made."

"Nothin' doin' on your proposition," said Scroggins; "might as well tell you that right now."

"All right," warned Mercer. "Mark my words, the day's coming when you'll pay ten prices instead of one."

"I'll chance it," said Scroggins as he left.

Once in the corridor he jotted down the name of Briggs. He didn't know just why. He didn't know any buyer of the name of Briggs. But it bothered him. On his way down to the Breed Building the name of Briggs buzzed about him like a persistent gnat. Otherwise his interview had been most satisfactory.

"Soft stuff, that Mercer chap," he assured himself; "heart on his sleeve. See through him to the middle of next week."

He was in excellent spirits when he saw Sam Breed; but Sam Breed wasn't. There were various reasons: for one thing, Sam Breed had been out the night before. He was surly as a bear and was smoking black cigars to brace his nerves.

"Mr. Breed," said Scroggins, "the I O I Concern offers me Triple X at breakneck prices."

"What prices?" demanded Breed.

Scroggins told him.

"Don't believe it," snapped Breed.

"Send somebody up there and find out," suggested Scroggins.

"Can't send anybody there," said Breed; "every man I send they buy. If I've sent one man over to the meadows I've sent forty. They bought 'em all. It's Temple—he's the nigger in that woodpile. I've sued him and he's sore. And they steal my men—left me nobody but fish. Ought to see the pie-faced monkey I've hired in Temple's place. Got to think for myself; got to do for myself. All Temple and his mangy tricks."

"Mr. Breed," said Scroggins, "I'm in the market for a couple of hundred carloads Triple X. Want to buy 'em of you, but I want 'em at their price."

(Continued on Page 112)

See Their Uniform Mileage Through Your Meter's Eye

That Long-Distance Service Every Miller Gives

WE pay our respects to the motor car's odometer—for next to our system of Uniform workmanship, it is winning more motorists to Miller Tires than any other single factor.

It is proving that tire after tire, Miller casings under like conditions wear alike. That tire after tire they are long-distance runners. That tire after tire they are built to be championship standard. This Miller feat of producing Uniform Tires is much discussed by tire men. They know how difficult it is for a maker to build *all* his tires as good as his best ones. Of course this requires the choicest rubber and fabric. But more than that, the workers must be trained to build alike. Otherwise they can't make tires that run the same.

This we've accomplished and your odometer will prove it. It will prove that Uniform Millers mean no "second bests."

Not Luck—But Certainty

Here in the Miller factory we keep books on every builder; also on every tire he makes.

Before the Miller O. K. seal goes on it, each tire must grade to our uniform standard.

Thus Miller Tires give you mileage certainty. If that's what you want, don't let anyone dissuade you. Insist on the Miller—Cord type or fabric.

Geared-to-the-Road

Just one point more—these tires are **Geared-to-the-Road.** Their tread of many caterpiller feet engages the ground like cogs. Our way of meshing tread and road produces positive traction. The wheels do not lose power or slip. And driving is safe.

What these tires offer is worth your seeking. So please be sure to go to the Miller dealer. If you don't know his name we'll gladly send it if you write.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. A-105 **Akron, Ohio**

Makers of Miller Surgeon Grade Rubber Goods—for Home as Well as Hospital

To Dealers: Write for attractive agency proposition in open territories

[224]

W H Guscott
$9000 extra a month

Raymond Starr
$100 a week

What is Your Age?

It doesn't matter whether you are this side of twenty or beyond fifty, you can make money as a representative of this Company.

If you want a spare-time opportunity, our proposition offers you a chance to make *a dollar an hour*. If you want a regular salaried job, we have one waiting with fifty or sixty dollars a week, *besides commission*, as the reward.

The men on this page, and hundreds like them, are making good with us. Why not you too?

This Spring nearly a half a million orders for our three publications will be placed. You can share in this business—and in the profits! Whatever your age or position, if you want more money, let us tell you how to make it.

Edwin Kohl
$500 a month

A B Arment
$125 a month

Clip off the coupon and mail it now

The Curtis Publishing Company
924 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:

Please tell me how I can make money by your plan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 110)

"By the eternal," said Breed, "might as well start the ball a-rolling. Got to crush that snake in the grass sometime. I don't know but I'll take you up."

Breed's telephone buzzer sounded. Breed answered the call. Mr. Scroggins imperceptibly edged his chair close to the desk. He listened—to the talk of a man with a perfect telephone voice.

"Briggs is speaking," said the voice. Ensued a few moments of conversation, sharp, curt and to the point. To Mr. Scroggins it seemed as though the air was full of gnats.

"All right," shouted Breed into the phone; "I'll go you. Two points under—yes."

He hung up his receiver.

"Sold," smiled Scroggins with his most knowing air, "to Mr. Briggs."

"To—whom?" asked Breed.

"To Briggs."

Sam Breed shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said, "one name's as good as another—man's good customer of mine—looks like bigger man than you."

"That couple of hundred carloads Triple X," Scroggins reminded him.

"Oh, hell," said Breed, "just sold three hundred carloads under Temple's price. Good customer of mine. Lost enough money for one day. You come on out and have a drink with me."

Mr. Scroggins didn't go out and have a drink with Mr. Breed. Instead, he spent the best part of the next twenty-four hours in considering a very interesting situation. At noon next day he swung once more into Lieutenant Mercer's private office. Mercer was not alone; he was just bidding good-by to a lean, well-dressed old party with a gray mustache, a red necktie, and tortoise-shell glasses on his nose. Instinctively Scroggins knew who this man was—the gnat was buzzing persistently about his ears. The man was Briggs. Briggs left immediately and Mercer turned to Scroggins.

"You're doing well," said Scroggins. "Star customer of Breed's."

"How do you know?" queried Mercer.

"I know everyth ng," said Scroggins.

"Do you?" smiled Mercer.

"Look-a-here," said Scroggins, "why don't you act like decent folk? Why don't you sell your stuff on the exchange?"

"Any law to compel me to?" asked Mercer.

"Customary method," said Scroggins. "Sam Breed doesn't sell his on the exchange."

"That's different," said Scroggins. "Man of Breed's methods—they'd rule him off. He's playin' safe."

"So are we—I think," returned Mercer.

"Came to tell you," went on Scroggins, "that Breed's underselling you five points."

Mercer nodded.

"We'll meet his price," said Mercer.

"Won't do," said Scroggins; "might as well buy of Breed. Want you to beat his price."

"We'll do it when we have some more to sell," said Mercer.

"You got some now," said Scroggins; "said so yesterday."

Mercer glanced at the door through which the lean party with the red tie had made his exit. He shook his head again.

"Yes, but we have none now. Come in to-morrow and I'll make a price."

"Make it to-day."

"Can't do it."

Scroggins was glad he couldn't. He trotted back to Breed's office. Breed was busy, so Scroggins cooled his heels in the reception room. Finally Breed's door opened. Out of it came the lean old party with the red tie. The lean old party was smiling to himself. Scroggins hastened in to Breed.

Breed only shook his head.

"I'm a hard loser, Scroggins," he complained. "Been here an hour ago, might have sold you something. No more to-day. You come out with me an' blow me to a drink."

Within the next few days several important facts became very clear to Mr. Scroggins. A private war was on. It was clear that Sam Breed was liberally underselling the I O I concern. It was also clear that the I O I concern was underselling Sam Breed. It was clear, further, that both were selling far below cost, recklessly and ruinously. But the appalling fact was that somebody was getting the benefit—and that somebody was not Scroggins. Not at any time Scroggins, but always Briggs. Mr. Scroggins was indefatigable, ingenious and astute. His agents camped upon the trail of Breed and of the I O I. He hung like a millstone about young Mercer's neck; he went out and bought drinks for Sam Breed. And all to no effect. Scroggins was the best buyer in the world, but Briggs was a better one. As for the rest of the buyers, who wanted potash just as bad as anybody did, they struggled on, hopelessly and helplessly behind Scroggins, gobbling up the few crumbs that fell by the wayside, bewildered and desperate. They were literally all at sea. There was no market place to meet in, there were no quotations to go by—there was nothing but sales. Sales anywhere and everywhere. Sales by Breed in cafés and restaurants, in boxes at the theater—wherever his sales managers could find him day or night. Sales by Mercer on the curbstone or in his bachelor apartment. Sales by the hundred. Fight to the fill. But when, after each skirmish, the dust had cleared away, it was found that the unknown syndicate invariably had the potash, and Scroggins and his lesser rivals went without.

"Who's this Briggs you talk about?" a Chicago buyer asked of Scroggins.

"All I know is that I've seen him and I've heard him talk, and his name is Briggs," said Scroggins. "Don't know his first name even. Newspapers don't mention him. He's got no office. He's got no phone. So far's I can find he doesn't live anywhere. And so far's I can find out, what he buys he keeps."

Of course anybody that knew Sam Breed or had read about him—anybody that had followed his sober, honest, industrious and successful career—knew that there could be but one issue to this private war. Sam Breed understood that himself. It was only a question of time before his heavy heel would squash the I O I Chemical Concern so far down into the mire of the Jersey meadows that it could never struggle to the surface through the muck. The difficulty was to get his heel squarely on its neck. In this he wasn't so successful. Temple, that snake in the grass, kept wriggling about a bit too much. But one day Temple went too far, very much too far.

"You know," Temple said to Mercer one pleasant afternoon, "Sam Breed stops drinking cocktails just as suddenly as he begins. I know him. And he's got maybe just two days more to run. Let's close him out."

Close him out—close Sam Breed out? A vigilant and somewhat indiscreet newspaper reporter overheard the remark. His paper printed it. Sam Breed read it, and read something else besides. Overnight the I O I Concern had flung a hundred thousand tons of potash on the market at a new low level, far below the lowest estimate of cost. This was not only a formidable challenge, it was an appalling fact. Temple's chance remark—if it were a chance remark—had stung Breed to the quick. The report of this tremendous sale stordied him. He locked himself in his office and made careful calculations. He studied the situation. He had just so much actual commodity on hand, he had so much on the rails and he held hard and fast options for early deliveries on the output of all the leading potash producers in the country. He had spoken the truth to Forbes—Sam Breed and potash could lick the world. Having made up his mind to that tremendous fact, Sam Breed went out and had another cocktail. In the end he took just one too many.

"By the eternal," cried Sam Breed, "may the Lord have mercy on that I O I Concern, for I certainly will not!"

He didn't. With a recklessness that he had never equaled he scattered his product right and left, first come, first served, and the devil take the hindmost. When the third day dawned he had disposed of all his stock, all his consignments, and had strained his options to the uttermost. But he was satisfied. No potash manufacturer or set of manufacturers could have stood up against his onslaught, let alone the I O I.

"It's all all right," he told his manager. "When the smoke's cleared I'll go out and buy it up again, no matter who's got it. Meantime we'll sit back and watch the I O I just shrivel up and blow away."

His manager handed him a sheaf of telegrams. Sam Breed looked the first one over. It was from Goble, owner of the Arline beds in Utah:

"Positively decline to make deliveries to you under your options. Have read the daily papers. Do not approve your market manipulation of essential product. Will not assist you in your schemes."

Breed stared at his manager.

"Goble's crazy as a bedbug," he exclaimed; "he's gotta make deliveries. What the ——"

"Unfortunately," said his manager, "the others are just as crazy as this man Goble is."

It was quite true; they were. Grabau, of California; Stern, of Nevada; Haviland, of Nebraska, and the Sunken Marsh crowd—all of them had wired, cancelling their contracts and declining to deliver.

"Besides that," went on his manager, "the news is in the papers."

It was, in all of them. This complete renunciation was exploited by the daily press as the most astounding fact in the history of business. Eight or nine of the big potash producers of the country had deliberately violated their contracts without giving the slightest legal excuse. Their purely ethical reason was likely to ruin them for life.

"They haven't got a leg to stand on," yelled Breed. "I'll have their hides or I'll know the reason why."

"Meantime?" suggested his manager.

Meantime?—there was the rub. Meantime, Sam Breed was in the position of a man who had sold short and couldn't deliver. He couldn't make good on the bulk of the sales. In place of potash he held nothing except cast-iron causes of action for damages against the renegades out West. He could get damages; that much was clear. But when?

Meantime, he must deliver. To deliver potash he must have potash to deliver. To have potash, he must get potash—he must pay for potash. He had sacrificed his holdings for a figure far below cost. How much would he have to pay to get potash to deliver? He didn't know. Could he get it to deliver? He made a desperate attempt—and failed. Whoever held the supply was apparently content to hold it. In the midst of it all his purchasers attached all his New York holdings to answer for the damages due them.

This crippled him, destroyed his credit. For the first time in his business career Sam Breed was effectually tied up, sewed in. But he was still Sam Breed; he clutched at straws.

The day after the writs of attachment had been served, the I O I Concern, by way of shriveling up and blowing away, inserted this full-page advertisement in all the local papers, and in the leading papers of all the cities on the coast:

"To Whom it may Concern:

"Take notice that on Friday of this week at two o'clock P. M., at its offices in its potash plant upon the Newark meadows, the I O I Chemical Concern of N. J.

Will Sell

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Tons of Potash and Potash Salts to the Highest Bidder

pursuant to the terms of sale to be announced. All bids must be accompanied by duly certified check upon New York funds to the amount of ten per cent. The company reserves the right to reject any or all bids and to withdraw any or all of its product from the sale."

At one-forty-five on the appointed day Sam Breed occupied a front-row seat in the office of the meadows plant. He looked like a million dollars; he hadn't had a cocktail for ten days. Why he was there he didn't just know—his bank accounts were all tied up. But he didn't want to miss a trick—it wasn't in his line to miss tricks. With him luck always lurked round the corner.

At two o'clock Lieutenant Richard Mercer, the president of the I O I Concern, ascended a small platform on which the auctioneer had already installed himself and his assistants.

"Gentlemen," said Mercer, "we're going to sell some potash here this afternoon—and what's more, we're going to make deliveries of all we sell. You don't mind my saying that we know just who is here—just what he's here for—and whether he's financially responsible. We've safeguarded our product at every point against mere speculation. We're selling potash to you gentlemen for one purpose, and one purpose only, and that is to be scattered on the soil."

Mercer sat down and the auctioneer arose. As he did so the door swung open and Pemberton Forbes strode into the room and strode up to the platform.

"One moment, if you please," said Pemberton Forbes. He stepped up onto the

(Concluded on Page 115)

Begin this treatment tonight

WRING a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Always dry your skin carefully.

You will find this treatment and the other famous treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Conspicuous Nose pores — *How to reduce them*

DO you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores, the bugbear of so many men—as well as women?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose, especially,* there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the reason why a great many people have conspicuous nose pores.

Try the special treatment for this trouble given above, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will notice how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the particular treatment your skin needs.

A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap
with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 604 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 604 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

EVERYONE knows the value of a clear, healthy skin, free from imperfections. Make the famous Woodbury treatment for your particular problem a daily habit. See how it will gradually improve your skin.

Your skin is changing every day

As old skin dies, *new* forms to take its place. This is your opportunity to keep this new skin as fine and soft as it should be. You will find treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ARMCO IRON

ENAMELED PRODUCTS

In The Home

"I CALL this my model Armco Iron kitchen," the housewife said. "That stove, that refrigerator, that kitchen cabinet, and that finely polished table-top are all Armco Iron Enameled Products."

"I've never seen anything more exquisite," her friend replied. "Is that what you call it—Armco Iron? Who would dream that enameled surfaces could be so beautifully smooth and perfect?"

Armco (American Ingot) Iron—*the metal beneath the enameling*—is the purest iron made, the most carefully manufactured.

Its evenness and freedom from occluded gases, seams, scars, cracks, spots, pin-holes, and other defects are what make possible the polished perfection of Armco Iron Enameled Products. They don't show ugly spots or rough places.

Many leading manufacturers are using Armco Iron exclusively for all enameled parts in the manufacture of their kitchen cabinets, stoves, and table-tops—and by doing so they have reduced their losses 50% to 75%. The Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company of Grand Rapids, Mich., use Armco Iron exclusively in their Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators.

We will gladly aid any housewife to obtain Armco Iron Enameled Products for her home. Write us for complete, free information.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Dept. 937
Middletown, Ohio

Purity ARMCO IRON Durability

(Concluded from Page 112)

platform and waved the auctioneer back to his seat. "I've got a statement to make with reference to this sale this afternoon. Gentlemen," he went on, glancing down at the astonished faces of the conservative business crowd before him, "you were brought here by an advertisement in the daily papers to the effect that one hundred and fifty thousand tons of potash and potash salts were to be sold at public auction. It brought you all out—you're here. But there's something that you don't know and that I'm going to tell you. Not only one hundred and fifty thousand tons are going to be disposed of this afternoon—more, vastly more. Gentlemen, we are going to place on sale to-day eighty-five per cent of all the available potash and potash salts in the country. We're going to place 'em on sale because we own 'em and have got 'em to sell."

"Who's we?" queried Sam Breed.

Pemberton Forbes grinned.

"Sam," he chuckled, "when I say 'we' I use it literally. The I O I Chemical Concern owns all the potash, and I own most of the I O I Chemical Concern."

"You old fox!" cried Breed.

"Now, gentlemen," said Forbes, "I want to make one thing very clear. The difficulty so far with this new potash industry in America has been the tendency of certain speculators to fix a wholly arbitrary price." He chuckled again. "We might, if we chose, fix an arbitrary price on such potash as we own—and if we fixed such arbitrary price you'd have to pay it. Instead of doing it, we're adopting the fair and square method—we're selling to the highest bidder."

"Selling to the highest bidder," echoed Sam Breed. "The old fox—won't fix an arbitrary price. Sell to the highest bidder—get twice as much."

"Now, gentlemen," went on Pemberton Forbes when the buzz of excitement and dismay had quieted, "I see some big buyers here to-day. To accommodate gentlemen like Mr. Scroggins and Mr. Grigsby here ——"

"Who is Mr. Grigsby?" queried Scroggins.

"I am," said a lean party with tortoise-shell glasses and a red necktie.

"You're Briggs," said Scroggins. "Briggs, I've heard you on the wire. 'Briggs is speaking.' Very words you used. Can't fool me. You're Briggs."

"I never talked to you on the wire," said Grigsby, smiling, "but when I do I open up like this—'Grigsby speaking.' Perhaps ——"

"Gosh!" said Scroggins. "No wonder I couldn't locate your office in the book."

"Now, gentlemen," went on Pemberton Forbes, glancing sternly at Grigsby, one time manager of the Ingersoll Audit Company, "to accommodate these gentlemen and some other big guns here, we're going to put up fifty thousand tons of Triple X to start her off."

They put it up and started her off. The bidding, lively at the start, simmered down at length to a contest between Scroggins, of the Southern planters, and Grigsby, of the unknown delegation.

"Gone," said the auctioneer at length, "to Mr. Scroggins here."

Scroggins took in the second lot, and the third and fourth. He had to outbid everybody in the field; the pack of cotton planters was snapping at his heels. At last he sat down—he had bought enough.

"Ten prices," cried Sam Breed, "and the poor simp had a chance to buy of me at half what he's paying now."

"Ten prices," echoed Richard Mercer. "Mr. Scroggins, do you remember my telling you that you'd pay ten prices if you didn't deal with me?"

"Now, gentlemen," said Pemberton Forbes, "one thing at a time. I see that Mr. Scroggins has his bank cashier with him, ready to certify his check. If you'll all remain quiet, Mr. Scroggins and his cashier will come up to the captain's office and make a deposit of ten per cent upon his purchases. After he does that we'll sell the balance of the stuff."

"Old fox!" repeated Sam Breed; "skinning me out of my eye teeth—buying my potash. Selling it at auction—no arbitrary prices—selling to the highest bidder—getting twice as much."

Mr. Scroggins drew his check. The cashier certified it. Mr. Pemberton Forbes inspected it carefully. Then Mr. Pemberton Forbes nodded to the newspaper men present.

"Mr. Scroggins," said Pemberton Forbes, "I don't want to rub it in. But man to man, don't you wish that you had taken advantage of our offer made you some weeks ago? We wanted a fair price, Mr. Scroggins. You wouldn't pay it. You thought we were riding for a fall. Now you see what's happened. Ten prices. You've got yourself to thank."

"You said," returned Scroggins ruefully, "that you didn't want to rub it in. Well don't. I've got to stand the gaff. I'm standing it."

"Very well," went on Pemberton Forbes, "here's a receipt in full and here's your bill of sale."

Scroggins took them. He didn't get what Forbes had said. He looked at the receipt.

"Hold on," he said, "this is a receipt in full for the entire purchase price. And this bill of lading here. There's some mistake."

"No, there's no mistake," said Forbes. "You've bought your potash and you've paid us a fair price for it in cash. We have the cash, you get the potash. See?"

"Do you mean to say ——" began Scroggins.

"I mean to say," smiled Forbes, "that you'd better hand those back to me for a moment."

Scroggins handed them back.

"Now," said Forbes, "there's no mistake, but there is a string attached to this transaction. Before you get these papers back I must ask you to sign your name to this piece of pasteboard here."

"What is that piece of pasteboard?" queried Scroggins.

"It is your application for membership in I O I."

"That is, it will be when I sign it," said Scroggins.

"Read it carefully before you sign," commanded Forbes.

Scroggins read it carefully. Then he shook his head.

"I don't know," he said; "that's a good deal to ask of a man like me."

"Is it too much to ask of any man?" queried Forbes.

Scroggins read the card again. He looked at Forbes; he looked at Richard Mercer.

"No," he said finally, "it isn't. I'll sign it here and now."

"Having signed it," said Pemberton Forbes, "will you now be good enough to read it to Sam Breed?"

"This pledge?" asked Scroggins.

"If you please."

Scroggins read it:

"HENCEFORTH, ON MY HONOR, TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY I SHALL NOT BE GUILTY OF ANY UNCONSCIENTIOUS ACT OR OMISSION IN THE PERFORMANCE OF MY DUTY AS A BUSINESS MAN."

"You've signed it?" said Forbes.

"Yes."

"And you mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

Pemberton Forbes handed back to Scroggins his receipt and his bill of lading.

"Of course," said Forbes, "you'd have gotten these anyway, but we need a man like you, so I thought I'd take this opportunity to get you in. Now, gentlemen," went on Forbes, "this auction is called off. We're here to sell potash at a fair and honest price. First come, first served. But there's plenty here for all. Instead of paying us ten prices, as you thought you'd have to, you'll pay us only one."

"Do you mean to tell me, Forbes," cried Sam Breed, "that you bought up all my potash and cornered this market, just to sell the whole lot for a song?"

"Just about the size of it, Sam."

"Well, of all the ——" cried Sam Breed. "Well, the damned old fool!"

Dick Mercer nudged Forbes.

"Didn't I tell you when we started out," he said to Forbes, "that if you tried this out they'd be calling you a damned old fool?"

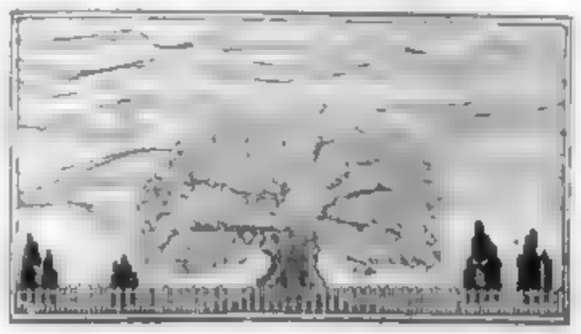
"They aren't calling me a damned old fool," chuckled Pemberton Forbes; "that's only Sam Breed over there calling himself hard names."

He left the platform and drew Sam into a corner.

"Look here, Sam," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. I've got you on your failure to deliver, and you've got those Western chaps on theirs. What do you say we call it even steven all round?"

Sam Breed stared at him hard. Then he held out his hand to Forbes.

"By gosh!" he said; "you're white."



Ingersoll, of the Ingersoll Audit Company, rolled in his limousine under his porte-cochère and let himself into the house. He was white and worn and weary. He had had, he assured himself, one devil of a time of it for the past few months. He was about to have another devil of a time. On the hall table in plain sight there was a note for him, addressed in Polly's handwriting:

"*Popsy Dear:* Listen. Dick and I are married. We couldn't help it somehow. We're living at the Gouverneur in Dick's apartment, and you're to come down there and look us up to-night. Popsy, you be sure to come, for it isn't anybody's fault. We couldn't help it—we really couldn't, dear. Love and lots of X's. POLLY.

"P. S. I forgot to say that that girl was nothing but a married niece of Mr. Forbes'. Her husband was blowing Dick to dinner and wouldn't come out to see the Unsinged Monkey for fear of taking cold."

Ingersoll went. When he reached the Gouverneur he found Mr. Pemberton Forbes already there. Forbes rose and caught up his hat as Ingersoll came in.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he said, "I'm glad to meet you, sir. Family all here. I won't intrude. I just dropped in to give a message to Dick Mercer. Mr. Ingersoll, this is about as pretty a picture as you want to see. Had a girl once myself—she died." He started for the door.

"Mr. Forbes," cried Ingersoll, "just a moment, please."

"As many as you like," said Forbes.

"There's something," said Ingersoll, "that I want to explain. Polly's mother—when Polly's mother went, I had only Polly left. Will you take it from me that money's nothing to a man like me? I don't spend money on myself. I don't know what to do with money. But Polly was the—well, sir, she was my pride—she's—she's everything to me. Can you understand that I wanted things for her—all that money could buy? Home, gowns, social prestige. I wanted it—it wasn't Polly. I wanted to make her the richest and happiest girl in America—if I could. My fault, not hers. I started out—it wasn't drink, or women, or Wall Street, or poker. I wanted money just for her. I got it in the same way that other men get money. It's the system—the way I was taught. It's all my fault, not hers."

"I get you, sir," said Forbes. "We've all of us been tarred with the same stick till now. Way you were taught," he went on, "reminds me of what I came in here for to-night. Mercer, I've got news. Biggest news that ever came down the pike."

"Tell us," said Polly.

"Get it, Polly—get it, Dick—get it, Ingersoll," said Forbes: "To-morrow morning, for the first time, our I O I teachers begin their lectures in all the New York public schools. Think what that's going to mean a quarter of a century from now."

"That's very nice," said Polly, who, having no children of her own, couldn't appreciate just what it really meant—"that's very nice. But I want to know something more important. On all your electric signs and posters, right down in the corner, you have DM. I think I know what it stands for, but Dick won't tell me, so I've got to know from you."

"It's vital you should know, I take it?" laughed Forbes.

"Oh, please," said Polly.

"Polly," said Forbes, "by nature I'm an egotist. From the word go it's been my habit to take the credit for every big thing that I put through, whether it's my idea or not. Now to remind myself of something, and to keep myself from bursting with conceit, I've made the artist sign his pictures. I want you to know, and everybody else to know, that Dick Mercer and not I is the dreamer of the dream, the seer of the vision, the schemer of one of the greatest schemes that ever came down the pike—the founder of the Independent Order of Integrity."

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above a living in the last three years, which is directly traceable to my experience and earnings as a Curtis Salesman.

"It was the extra dollars I earned by representing your publications that gave me my start."

So writes J. N. Quinn, the cashier of "the best country bank in Colorado."

And Mr. Quinn is only one of scores of young men and women who tell us how valuable they find *Curtis experience* and *Curtis cash*.

Most of our representatives give us only spare hours, but we pay them, on an average,

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Do you want more money? Do you want sales training—*at our expense?* Have you some spare time? Then—clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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GENTLEMEN: I'd like to follow Mr. Quinn's example by getting some sales experience which YOU will pay for! Please send me full details of your best offer.

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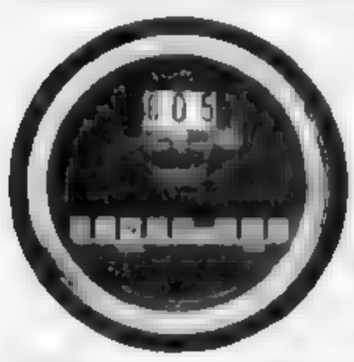
Stewart

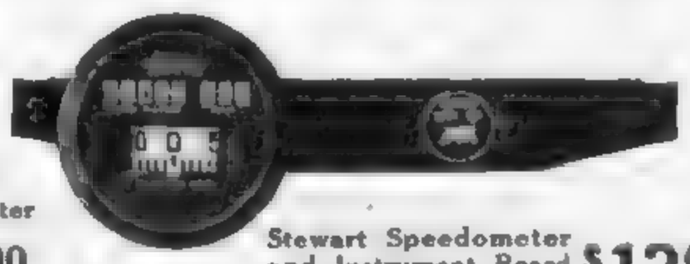
"IT'S a safe bet that the car maker who equips the Stewart Speedometer and Stewart Vacuum System is giving real value throughout his car. He has not skimped.

The Stewart Speedometer and the Stewart Vacuum System are the most universally adopted accessories in the world. Used as standard equipment on 95% of all cars."

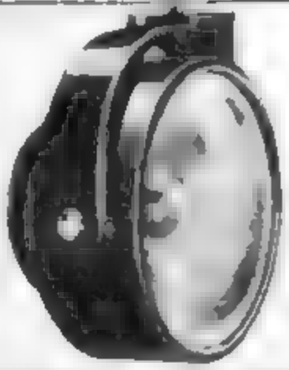


Warner Speedometer

$50.00

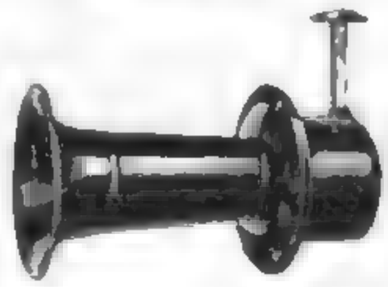


Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Cars Complete $13.00



Stewart V-Ray Searchlight

$6.00



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal

$4.50

The Steward Big Ten are the Aristocrats of Motor Equipment

CUSTOM BILT NECESSITIES

"They're More Than Accessories"

Here are the Two Most Necessary Things to Look for on that New Car

YOU can accurately judge the value of a motor car by its equipment. You do not have to be a mechanic to know that the Stewart Speedometer and Stewart Vacuum System are the earmarks of a good car. If you see them on the car you are considering, you can conclude it will be a good buy. *Why?*

Look on the Dash

Its makers are willing to pay a little more to equip with a Stewart and give you a real "Custombilt" Speedometer. They know that the magnetic is an absolutely trustworthy speedometer principle. They want you to have the standard speedometer equipped by 95% of all cars.

Look Under the Hood

Its makers want you to have the most satisfactory, troubleproof method of gasoline feed, so they put on the Stewart Vacuum System. They gladly expend more money to equip with a really scientific gasoline feed. The Stewart Vacuum System assures an even, constant, unvarying flow of gas to the carburetor under any and all motoring conditions.

See that these Two Necessities are on Your Car

If your new or old car is not equipped with these two Stewart Necessities, drive to the nearest Stewart Service Station or Stewart dealer today and have them put on. You will derive new motoring satisfaction.

In fact, you need all the Stewart "Big Ten." Study them below. "They're more than accessories"—they're necessities. And all "Custombilt," too—built up to a standard of quality, not down to a predetermined price.

Be Sure You Get Genuine Stewart Parts

In buying parts for any Stewart Product get the genuine, if you expect genuine Stewart results. Inferior substitutions are in circulation. Accept only those marked "Stewart". Every genuine Stewart Part has a red tag attached bearing the Stewart trademark.

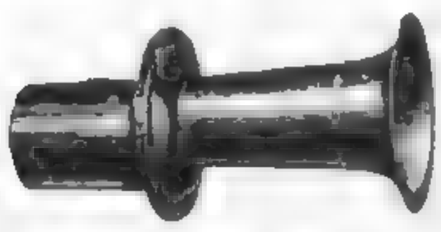
THE STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Service Stations in all Principal Cities and Towns

The Stewart factories at Chicago

Miss Stewart Custombilt Says—
(Posed by Miss Marilynn Miller)

"Stewart Custombilt necessities are made by the largest accessory factory in the world. Its buildings comprise a total of 470,000 square feet of manufacturing floor space. 3500 skilled Stewart experts man the hundreds of modern machines that turn out 'Custombilt' products of unvarying high quality."



Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal **$7.50**

Stewart Autoguard **$12.00**
Ford and Chevrolet sizes $10

Stewart Truck Speedometer **$35.00**

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug **$1.25**

Each as Noteworthy as the Famous Stewart Speedometer

Red Cedar Shingles

"The Roof of Ages"

From Nature's Product

THE wonderful, enduring, weather-resisting quality of Red Cedar Shingles is the true economic reason for their first place in the minds and hearts of the American builder and home owner.

All the qualifications of a perfect building material are found in this product of the stately Cedars—dignity, architectural beauty, charm and permanence.

The home, the country club, the barn, the garage, the parish church, and the schoolhouse all are enhanced by the use of Red Cedar Shingles as exterior covering, for roof and sides.

Heat, cold, wind, rain, snow or hail can not impair this sturdy product of nature when properly nailed with rust proof nails.

The trademark "Rite-Grade Inspected" on a bunch of shingles means that they are produced by a member of our association from first-class cedar trees, and are guaranteed by official inspection to be up-to-grade as to thickness, grain, grade, selection and uniform size.

In this way you will always know that you are purchasing a shingle which properly laid will make a life-long roof or siding and which will look the way a first-class shingle roof should look.

One more important thing—proper nailing. Always use nails that will not rust—hot dipped, zinc coated, cut iron nails. This is essential for "the roof of ages."

Progressive lumber dealers sell "Rite-Grade Inspected" Shingles.

Send 2-cent stamp for plan book, "Distinctive American Homes."

—and ideal for siding

Shingle Branch
West Coast Lumbermen's Assn.,
425 Henry Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

The Shingle Agency of British Columbia,
1026 Standard Bank Bldg.,
Vancouver, B. C.

DELBART: TIMBER CRUISER

By Hugh Kennedy

GLAD to be free from the confining Pullman, Delbart confidently set foot in Seacoma. He followed his suitcase and grip in the hands of an expectant porter and looked about him with the keen brisk air of a man accustomed to cities but new to his present surroundings.

"Not so dusty," he approved. "Not so dusty for the Pacific Coast. Some depot!"

"Yessuh; fines' deepot wes' of Chicago. Dis way, suh." The porter beamed as he led the way to a waiting taxi. "Heah yo' ah, suh!"

The driver sprang to his door with alacrity.

"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?" He could tell a free spender a block away.

"What's the swellest dump you got in this man's town?"

"The Washolympic, sir, ain't surpassed in this nor no other man's town—bar none."

"Brakes, De Palma, brakes! Your foot's on the gas, old speed fiend. No fair knocking the old home town that way. You gotta show me. In with the leather goods, Booker."

To a roaring exhaust and crashing gears the taxi shot away, leaving the porter grinning into his palm the grin of exceeded expectations.

At the desk of the Washolympic, Delbart had instant service; he seemed to make his presence felt like a breeze from an open door. "J. Pearse Boylston," he signed, in script dashing swiftly to a bold terminal flourish.

"Bath? Sure; and none of those back rooms with a full view of the cat's happy hunting grounds. Something overlooking the harbor. Service and scenery—when a man's paying for both he wants 'em delivered. Eh, Clerkski?"

"Spruce," he intimated soon afterward in the course of scraping acquaintance in the smoking room—"interested in spruce. Planes, y'understand. There's an industry with a future. If anybody in this little burg can make a noise like a real spruce limit, J. P. Boylston is listening. 'S my card."

Though he allowed himself leisure for a carefully ordered lunch and a deliberately smoked cigar, Delbart had no time to waste. First, his business called for some attention to details of toilet. His pearl scarfpin he transferred from his flowered purple four-in-hand to its plush-lined case, which he put in his trousers pocket; he did not trust hotel servants. The tie he replaced with one of plain poplin. His ring, a brilliant sapphire set in diamonds—being for luck as well as ornament—he left on its accustomed finger, but so turned as to hide its luster in the palm of his hand, where he caressed it lovingly with his thumb.

Next he took a tweed fedora from his suitcase and tried its effect before the mirror. An instant he stood, eyes closed and breath indrawn, like an actor calling up his mimetic powers in the moment of stepping into his part. Then he made his way to the street, a straight-lipped, hard-featured business man, with the quick confident movements and compelling gestures of the successful hustler.

A taxi, following his brief directions, set him down at the uptown offices of the N. W. C. Navigation Company. There he obtained a time-table of departures, containing maps, and ascertained by inquiry that the only boat to serve his purpose would be the Canadian coasting steamer Cortes, sailing at eleven the following night for Prince Rupert and way ports.

At the Public Library, on Texada Avenue, he dismissed the taxi. He did not immediately enter the building, but walked once round the block before scaling the terraced flights of broad steps leading up to the imposing structure. The reference room, a vast space, he found dotted with readers, but his keen glance of scrutiny missed no one of them as he made his way to the encyclopedia section. There he drew down a volume and leafed its pages as though looking up a reference, but all the time kept an eye for the room and the arrangement of its various sections. Satisfied, he gave himself up to the minute study of his maps and time-tables.

Half an hour later he rose and walked the length of the room, to come to a halt in the atlas section. There he searched until he found a rack labeled Hydrographic Charts, which was furnished, as he noted with a repressed grunt of satisfaction, with a completeness justified by the needs of a seafaring population. He handled the unwieldily bound volumes with an inlander's unpracticed hesitance, but persisted till he had found what he required. He took no notes; but from time to time his gray eyes became fixed in the stare of concentration as he tabulated in his memory the details germane to his purpose.

Descending the broad steps to the street again, he reviewed what he had learned. He knew that Metlas-qualmie Sound is a long, narrow winding passage between the island of the same name and the mainland. He could give its length, its average width, its maximum depth and the character of the deposit at its bottom. He knew also that the Cortes, due to sail at eleven o'clock, must pass through that sound late the second night out. As he regained the level of the avenue he gently caressed the sapphire with his thumb.

Crossing by Fourteenth Street to the retail section of the city, Delbart entered a sporting-goods store.

"First time I've been on the Coast, colonel, and I want to hook a salmon. Show me some gear," he demanded of a clerk. The trolling line the young man produced he promptly waved aside. "Stouter than that, my boy. Me, I'm out to hook a big one. 'S better! Think I can land a fifteen-pounder with that?"

"You certainly can," smiled the clerk. "The biggest tyee that ever swam couldn't strain that line."

"Wrap it up. No—wait! Twice on it, will you? I got a friend along. Charlie'll want a salmon lariat too."

"Spoons?"

"Huh? Sp[illegible] Nope; got aplenty."

"Nothing else?"

"Not a thing. Er—yes there is too. Just put me up a coupla good heavy sinkers."

"The cohoes are running pretty good this fall."

"Cohoes? Strangers to me. Know some Cohens; but ——"

"Salmon," grinned the clerk—"the kind you are after."

"You win, old expert! Never heard their family name before. What's the best time of day to go after them?"

"No time like early morning—about sunup. Sundown is all right too."

"Me for sundown. Send it? Nope; take it with me."

In a less thriving part of the city he soon afterward entered an outfitter's store whose window display leaned heavily on the logging trade. He singled out a grizzled clerk.

"Got something, pop, in the way of a kit bag? I'll be out in the woods a few days and want something knock-about to pack my dunnage in."

"Savvy! How's this for a turkey?"

"Come again, Ambrose. How do you say that in Yewnited States?"

The clerk grinned, taking in his customer.

"My mistake," he apologized. "I should have said: 'I'm on! Whadda you know about this for a duffel bag?'"

"Got you this time! Ain't you got them waterproof? That's the main idea with me; I may be lying out in the rain. No processed canvas, mind. I want it watertight."

"I savvy—er—get the idea. How is this—rubber-lined, perfectly waterproof? They come a little higher; but ——"

"Looks like a winner! I'll take a chance on it. Now for a pair of logger's boots. Can't cruise timber in patent-leather button boots, eh?"

Delbart returned to his room and, without a thought of the weather, threw his light raincoat over his arm and again sought the street. Ignoring the upraised fingers of fareless taxi drivers, he walked a block beyond the hotel and took his stand at the street curb to fix a selective eye on the passing tramcars. He loathed street cars, but journeys by street car are not easily traced. The car he finally hailed was for Tidewater Park, and not until the conductor had called "Terminus!" did he leave it. A short walk brought him to the seashore.

It was a day in early September, mild, still, cloudless. Along the horizon a mellowing haze hung faintly lucent. All Nature, quiescent, still glowed with the warm charms of departing summer; but soberly and with a chastened warmth, as though reluctantly admitting the first faint tempering presages of the oncoming season of rain. It was a day to glory in. Delbart paid it the brief tribute: "'S a bird, all right!"

The broad sandy beach was animated with busy children and variegated with the gay dresses and colored parasols of their attendant elders. The sea was glassy smooth, but the swell of the incoming tide seethed gently up and back over the sand like the long, slow, unconscious breathing of a giant asleep. A distant headland, half revealing the bay beyond, invited the normal-minded to a stroll. Delbart no more heeded the invitation than he noted the brooding deep or smiled on the children at play; yet he did set off saunteringly along the sands.

His walk soon ended, for his watchful eye had detected the thing he sought. On any beach washed by waters in which fish are seined may readily be found one of the little wooden floats used to buoy a line of nets and commonly known among fishermen as corks. They are barrel-shaped, no greater in diameter than a teacup, and bored from end to end for ease in threading on a line. One of them may be carried in the pocket of a raincoat thrown over the arm without the remotest possibility of its attracting any notice whatever. No child would be unduly elated at finding an object so familiar; yet Delbart, feeling the tug of the slight weight on his arm, repressed an impulse to smile, and sought with his thumb the hard facets of his sapphire in a gratified caress.

The setting sun found Delbart rowing across the bay. Though hands and spirit were both already chafed, he labored unskillfully on. Already he was so far offshore that the long low swell had begun to cause him discomfort. On every hand small craft dotted the water—rowboats, skiffs, slow-moving launches with throttled engines—all with hopeful lines astern and moving at trolling speed. One eager sportsman, his whiplike rod bent almost double, was excitedly playing his catch, a leaping, gleaming, darting, diving, stout-hearted submarine fighter. Delbart felt no sportsman's thrill. He rowed doggedly on. Across the bay, now deep in the shadows thrown by the hidden sun, lay the Quadra Roadstead, an anchorage little used in these days of steam. Toward that he labored.

If his handling of the oars had been inexpert, his preparations for fishing were even less usual. First beaching his boat, he produced from his light overcoat a hand towel with the laundry mark of the Washolympic in one corner. Laying this on the beach, he piled it with pebbles to a weight that he estimated with some care. Then, after tying the four corners securely in the manner of a pudding cloth, he pushed off. Not till he had reached a point offshore where a vessel might ride at anchor did he cease rowing. There he produced the float, round which the trolling line was now evenly wound. The hook he fastened into the knots of the towel, and then lowered the whole into the water.

Slowly he rowed away, looking astern like one intent on a trolling line, but never losing sight of the action of the float. Tugged at by the sinking weight, it whirled in the water and paid out the line as a free reel might do. Rowing in a wide circle, he returned to find the cork quietly bobbing to the ripple from his oars, while round it some yards of slack line were streaming in the tide.

"Punk!" he grunted disgustedly.

Considering a moment, he took up the float, measured roughly six arm lengths along the line, and there fastened an extra sinker. When again committed to the water the slack of the line disappeared: nothing was observable but an ordinary fishing cork drifting most naturally on the tide. Watching it in the fading light, Delbart compressed his lips in the grimace that was his nearest approach to a grin of triumph, and pressed the sapphire—now worn normally on his finger—to his lips.

He roused himself to pull up the weighted towel, noted carefully the strain required to start it from the bottom, cut the line close to the hook, let the weight sink again, rewound the line on the float, and began to row slowly back to the boathouse, as though still hopefully trolling. He was a firm believer in taking chances—after first stacking the cards and dealing himself a hand for a try out.

For a lover of ease, Delbart had had a busy day; but more remained to be done. Keeping to the street-car line as a guide, he walked back toward the city until he reached a corner drug store he had noted on his outward journey. Ruefully exhibiting his bruised palms, he called for a bottle of tincture of arnica. Continuing his walk, he did not again pause until confronted by the lights of another drug store. In this he purchased a phial somewhat resembling the first, but containing a perfectly colorless fluid and having a label that bore, in all the emphasis of red ink, the warning—Poison!

Arrived at his room in the hotel, he made it his first care to empty the contents of the arnica bottle down the waste pipe of the hand basin. Thoroughly rinsing it, he refilled it with the colorless liquid. Both labels he carefully removed by soaking them in water. Then he dried them and touched a match to them over the basin, finally washing all trace of the ashes down the waste pipe. The empty bottle he placed in his raincoat, with a view to dropping it into the harbor on the morrow. Then, to bed; something attempted, something done, had earned him a night's repose.

Next morning, soon after his leisurely breakfast, Delbart was called to the telephone. Though far from his usual haunts, and in a strange city under an assumed name, he felt no surprise at the call. His hints as to the nature of his business, thrown off in the smoking room or within hearing of the desk clerk, had been intended to produce such a result. The call was from a salesman in the office of a timber broker in the Elsworthy Building.

"See me here? Nothing like that, my dear sir. Wouldn't think of putting you to all that trouble. I'll run up and look over what you've got. Be a pleasure! 'S what I'm here for. Ten-thirty? Fine and dandy!"

(Continued on Page 123)

Tom Wye
KNIT JACKET

TOM WYE utility jackets have a character that comes not alone from the looms and the cutter's shears, but is an expression of the man who makes them—there's a touch of personality about them—Tom Wye's personality.

When Tom Wye was born, everyone knew he was going to be a knitter. Why, the whole family were knitters—had been for generations. They were right. He is a knitter—a master of the craft—as his father was before him, and is to this day.

He worked years, slowly, painstakingly, with patience and insight until he discovered and perfected the wonderful Tom Wye stitch. By its use he takes a strong, elastic thread of pure worsted, reinforced, and knits a firm, supple fabric in a blurry heather mixture that reminds you of the misty English moors. A fabric firm enough, bear in mind, to tailor as smartly as a cheviot or tweed.

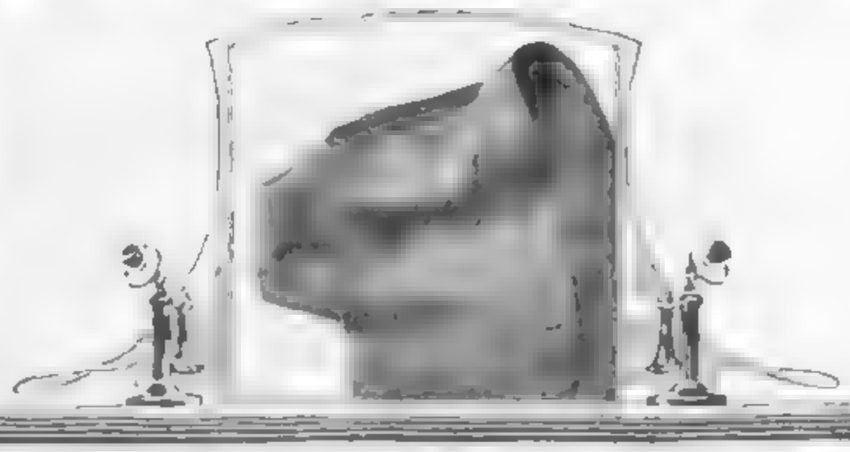
Custom-built style marks the lines of the utility jacket Tom Wye makes of his close-knit fabric. It is all a sporting garment should be. Yet it is smart enough for business wear and is widely popular with men of affairs because it is thin enough to go under a coat. And when it comes to wear—well, just try one!

Only the finest brands of woolen yarn obtainable are used in the Tom Wye. The close-knit material holds its elasticity and stands hard wear, sheds fog and dampness, and gives warmth without weight.

The Tom Wye is made with four roomy pockets that add to the convenience, the looks and wear of the garment. Ask to see the Tom Wye line wherever men's wear or sporting goods are sold.

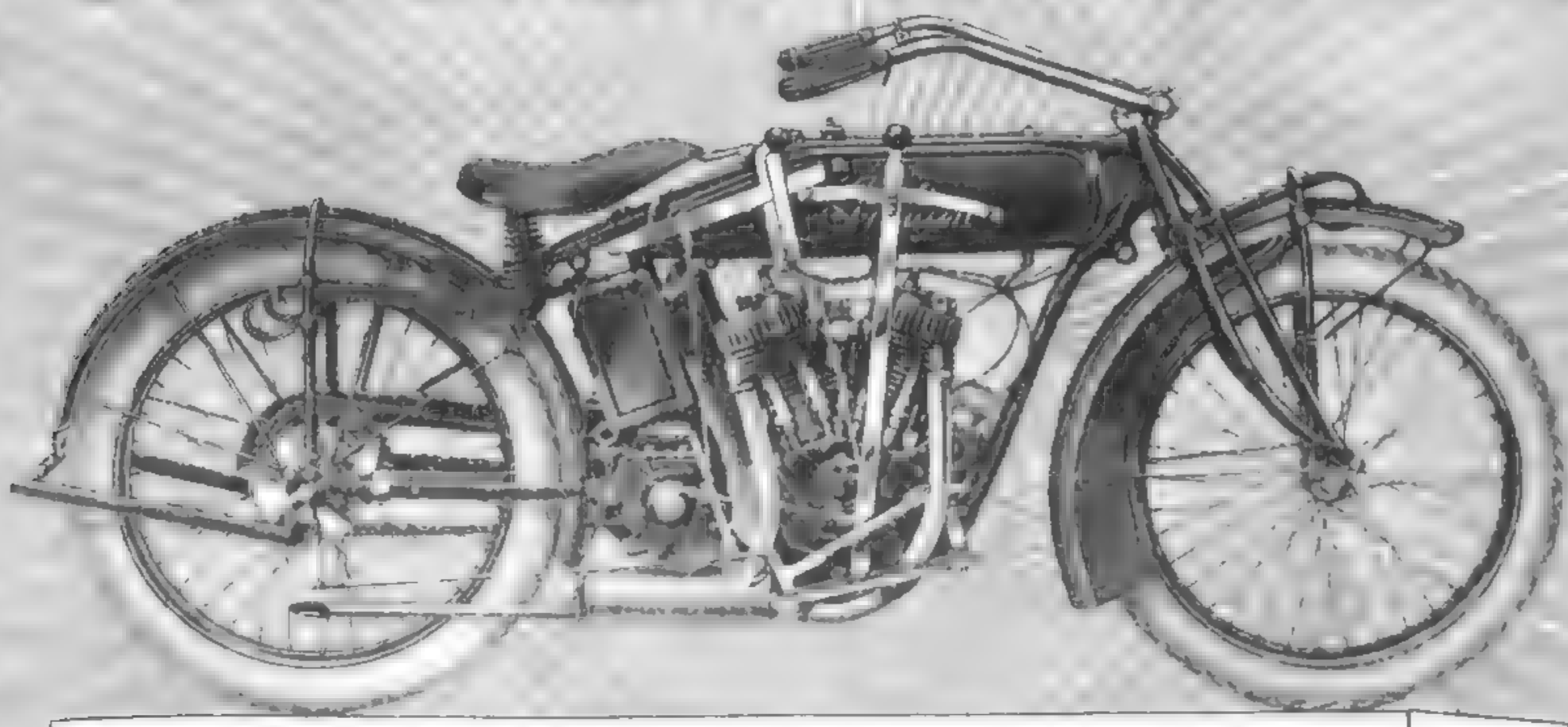
Tom Wye of Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye



The shoulders won't stretch, they are reinforced; the buttonholes hold their shape; there is no bulging under the arms.

ACHIEVEMENT



For many years the Indian has held every record worth considering. This long list of track triumphs has easily placed the Indian in a position of eminence that is not approached by any other motorcycle.

To these glorious racing records which have kept Indian the undeniable leader, may now be added the proud achievements of Indian Motocycles in our country's war activities.

It is impossible to recite the magnificent performances of Indian Motocycles in military service in the same definite way that track records are enumerated. But there is one gratifying fact that may be set down as indicating the pre-eminence of the Indian: Approximately SIXTY per cent. of all the motorcycles ordered by the United States Government for military purposes were INDIANS. The remainder was made up of all other makes combined.

We offer this *percentage* as voicing the Government's opinion of Indian as compared with ALL other motorcycles.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.

The Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the World

WORLD'S RECORDS

World's 500-mile Record

Made by E. G. (Cannonball) Baker riding a stock Indian Powerplus at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 500 miles in 6 hours, 59 minutes and 15 seconds

World's 1000-mile Record

Made by E. G. (Cannonball) Baker riding a stock Indian Powerplus at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 1000 miles in 16 hours, 14 minutes and 15 seconds

World's 12-hour Record (with side car)

Made by Teddy Carroll and George Van Staden using a stock Indian outfit at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 661½ miles in 12 hours

World's 1-mile Record

Made by Jack Booth at Adelaide, Australia. 1 mile in 35 seconds. This being at the rate of 102.8 miles per hour, is the fastest time ever made on a motorcycle. (Flying start.)

World's 12-hour Record

Made by E. G. (Cannonball) Baker riding a stock Indian Powerplus at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 821½ miles in 12 hours

World's 24-hour Record (with Light Twin)

Made by E. J. Bergstrom riding a stock Indian Light Twin at the Tacoma Speedway, August 29, 1918: 1106 miles in 24 hours

World's 24-hour Record (with Powerplus)

Made by E. G. (Cannonball) Baker riding a stock Indian Powerplus at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 1534¾ miles in 24 hours

World's 500-mile Record (with side car)

Made by Teddy Carroll and George Van Staden using a stock Indian outfit at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 500 miles in 8 hours and 56 minutes

World's 1000-mile Record (with side car)

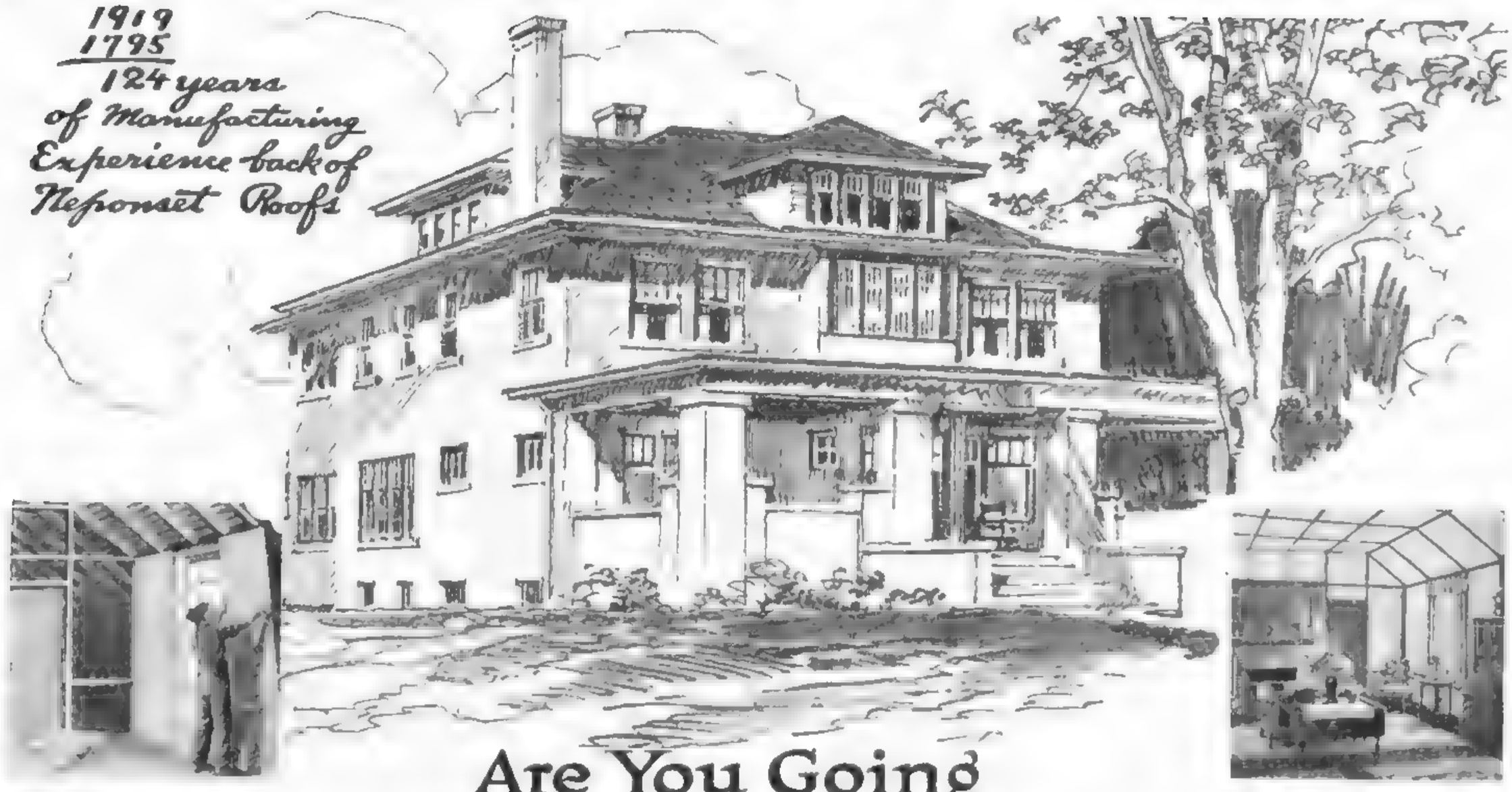
Made by Teddy Carroll and George Van Staden using a stock Indian outfit at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 1000 miles in 18 hours, 48 minutes and 30 seconds

World's 24-hour Record (with side car)

Made by Teddy Carroll and George Van Staden using a stock Indian outfit at Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1917: 1275⅞ miles in 24 hours

Indian Motocycle

1919
1795
124 years
of Manufacturing
Experience back of
Neponset Roofs



Showing how easy it is to apply Neponset Board

Showing a beautiful finish obtainable with Neponset Board

Are You Going to Build or Repair?

FOUR points of superiority mark a Neponset Roof—full protection for your home and its contents; beauty, economy and long, long resistance against all weathers of all seasons. For twenty years Neponset Roofs have proved themselves the lowest-cost-per-year roofs. They have proved themselves fire-resisting. They have defied time and wear. They have proved their own quality by their continued fine appearance.

For the new home, use Neponset Twin Shingles, because they are beautiful, economical, and labor-saving. Use them because they add to the appearance of any house. Use them because they protect your purse while they protect your home. For a new roof on the old home use Neponset Paroid Roofing or our pattern roofing, right over the old wooden shingles. The cost is half. The labor is half. There's no additional wasteful labor of tearing off the old roof. And there is full satisfaction.

Neponset Twin Shingles Two handsome colors, natural slate-red and slate-green. Weather won't crack them or blow them off—tough, strong, pliable. A time-tested, water-proofing and fire-checking combination of everlasting asphalt and slate. Fire-safe, water-proof. One man can lay them. Self-spacing—the only twin shingle.

Neponset Paroid Roofing Neponset Paroid solves the roofing problem of roof repairs. It wears, wears, wears. It keeps out all weather. Impregnated with asphalt, surfaced with slate or talc, it is fire-safe, water-proofed, tough, strong, flexible. Natural slate-red, slate-gray, slate-green.

Neponset Building Paper Use the greatest care in selecting the building paper. The paper must be waterproof. Neponset Building Papers are waterproof, air-proof, odorless, and save coal because they keep out draughts, dampness and cold.

Neponset Board (Quartered Oak Finish)

Neponset Board makes fine walls for home or office. Needs no decorating. Takes the place of lath and plaster in new work; for covering old cracked walls in repairing. Application rapid, easy—winter or summer. Finishes: oak, cream-white.

Write today for our practical, helpful book, "Repairing and Building." No charge.
There is a Neponset Roof for every Purpose and every Purse.

BIRD & SON, Inc. Established 1795 **278 Neponset St., East Walpole, Massachusetts**
New York Washington, D. C. 1472 West 76th Street, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

NEPONSET ROOFS SAVE YOU REAL MONEY

NEPONSET ROOFS

(Continued from Page 119)

In the broker's office the polite efforts of the salesman to materialize from the nimbus of Eastern capital some figure with a name and substance recognizable in the world of finance were waved aside by J. Pearce Boylston with the easy hand of assurance.

"Don't worry, my good friend, on that score. Show your goods. Provided you've got what I want, you'll get p'ticulars to make your eyes bulge before your firm's asked to put up a nickel of expense. Now, where're your blue prints and cruisers' reports?"

Half an hour later he snapped his watch shut.

"Enough for now, friend Fulliston. None of that bench-land timber appeals to me. Tidewater stuff—that's what goes with my bunch. That block of limits on Meta—Metla—how d'you say it?—Metlasqualmie Island—there might be something doing in that. Got a spare blue print of it? Fine and dandy! I'll take it along."

"And the cruisers' reports—wouldn't your principals like to see them?"

"Not so you'd notice it, son—not till they're initialed J. P. B. on every page. I'll take them along, though, so's I can verify them on the ground. What's the nearest way port where a man could get off that coasting steamer to get a look at the stuff?"

"Quatsicum is the nearest port of call. Here it is on the map—see?—at the head of the sound. On the trip north the Cortes—she's the only boat that calls there—makes it anywhere round four in the morning. The accommodation at Quatsicum—er—it may mean roughing it a bit."

"Fair enough for me, son. Can't expect to cruise timber in a limousine. So long's I can hire some kind of a catamaran at this Whatsicum place—launch, rowboat or raft; I ain't p'ticular—I'll give the whole works the once-over from the water. Got to get the boat on the return trip. If the showing along tidewater makes a hit with me we'll talk turkey when I get back."

There was still time before Delbart's lunch hour to permit the transaction of a little matter of business at the ticket office of the N. W. C. Navigation Company. There he scrutinized the deck plan of the steamer Cortes and displayed some fussiness as to the location of the stateroom he finally secured. He also made inquiries as to the boat's return trip and as to the length of time he would have at his disposal for investigating what he rather largely referred to as his timber interests along the sound.

Delbart was now at leisure; all his business in Seacoma preparatory to his sailing was finished. Firmly ignoring the attractions of all sample rooms, he whiled away the afternoon at the Alhambra Picture Palace, where he inwardly derided as crude the efforts of the villain to steal the magnate's precious stones, but melted in admiration of the soft girlish charms of the magnate's daughter, who—only at the last moment—was saved from the same fate as had threatened her father's more negotiable treasures.

Promptly at ten o'clock the earliest moment at which passengers were permitted to board the Cortes, Delbart, his single grip and logging boots already in the hands of a steward, was proffering his ticket at the gangplank. Applying for the key of his stateroom at the purser's window, which looked out on the forward promenade deck, he found that official absorbed in the checking of figures at his desk. The resulting delay was brief but sufficient to enable Delbart to exercise his habit of swift and accurate observation.

Against the left wall of the room, and convenient to the window, stood the purser's desk. Along the rear wall ran a single white-counterpaned bunk; while the central object on the right was the ship's safe, let into a recess in the wall. With inward derision, Delbart noted its inconsiderable size and antiquated style.

"They used to hide that kind for fear of them being swiped," he sneered to himself. "The only way to make such a contraption safe would be to drop it overboard."

Almost equally with his safe, the purser came in for his share of Delbart's amused scrutiny. An anxious ineffective little man of forty-odd he looked as he pored over his ruled yellow forms. A harried driven man—reserved, almost secretive too; a man to be handled gingerly. He sprang up apologetically on becoming aware of a passenger at his wicket. As he selected a key from the numbered hooks on his board, Delbart made no further advances than a cool "Smoke, commodore?" He had no reason for cultivating the purser.

The steward led the way to a stateroom only two doors distant along the promenade deck.

"Fair enough, chevalier," pronounced Delbart, surveying the cramped and crowded space and inhaling its cleanly odor of a ship's paint. "Not exactly the Olympic, but fair enough. D'you think you'd care to look me up again if I ring for anything?"

Chevalier, otherwise Harry Higgs, swiftly appraised the weight and diameter of the coin in his palm and thought as 'ow 'e could—thenky, sir!

Alone in his room, Delbart lighted a fresh cigar. The vessel quivered to the vibrations of its humming dynamo. The pier alongside rumbled as the stevedores trundled their barrows of freight. Shouts arose, command and answer mingled, while the pier warehouse thundered to the tread of horses drawing heavy trucks. The ship's winch gave out a harsh clanking as the cargo net was lowered through the hatch.

Delbart gave heed to none of these things. He switched off the electric light, opened the shutter of his window and satisfied himself that it commanded a view of the gangplank. Not a passenger or article of baggage could traverse it without coming under his inspection. He settled himself to an hour of watching.

Passengers began to arrive—crestfallen fellows, some of them, unshaved and haggard; roustabouts of the woods and mines. One group of them was herded on board by a bullying employment agent with the harsh voice and callous manner of a crimp; derelicts all, their last cent caroused away, now bound for some camp upcoast to renew their stake and their jaded appetites. Stalwarts there were in the heavy Mackinaw and tucked-in trousers of the logger, showing a ring of gray sock above the high-laced boots. Nearly all, the competent and the unfit, carried a roll of blankets, and many had a dunnage bag as well—a turkey. Was it not that the outfitter's clerk had called it?

Again came men of a different stamp—four well-dressed, hearty, intimately jocular fellows, hiding their shrewd designs under an outing air; agents, brokers, Delbart guessed, or budding capitalists, on a trip of inspection to timberland or mining property or fishing concession.

Patiently Delbart took note of them all—patiently but indifferently. They neither amused nor interested him. They were denizens of another world than his; he could not use them. Suddenly his interest quickened.

"Pipe the Johnny!" he smiled to himself. "I wish Old Bud was here to lamp this one. Oh, you Launcelot!"

A new passenger was arriving, a passenger as foreign to Delbart's world as the most hopeless roustabout of them all. He was spare of frame and, in the glare of the overhead light, rather pinched and overrefined of feature. He wore a checked cap and an unbelievable sort of shapeless yellow raincoat, much soiled and belted in at the waist, which held a suggestion of the trenches.

Two stewards staggered before him under parcels of his belongings, for which he evinced the concern of a mother hen for her too-adventurous brood of ducklings. Kit bags numerous there were, such as an officer might carry on active service, with rugs and a walking stick and an umbrella shawl-strapped together; to all of which steamer labels and hotel stickers gave a far-traveled appearance. Largest parcel of all was a much bestrapped roll of canvas, a camper's bed apparently, stenciled with some name and additions impossible to read at the distance, on which its owner cast his fussiest glances. In his own hand he carried a gun case and jointed fishing rod too precious to intrust to any flunky's care.

"The helpless molly!" sniffed Delbart as the procession halted at the purser's window. "How did he ever stray so far from the Strand?" He tilted his head back in his silent inward laughter.

Suddenly his head shot back to the window.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed. "I might 'a' missed it!"

His face became set and his eyes glowed in a concentrated stare. A man was ascending the gangplank—a sturdy thickset man; but for him Delbart had no eyes. The thing he bore appeared to be a stout canvas sack, tucked at the top and padlocked like an ordinary mail sack. Delbart devoured it with his gaze. Behind came two big-framed men who carried no impedimenta whatever.

"Bulls!" gloated Delbart, and laughed again his silent, inward, tight-lipped laughter. "I thought as much. Bulls!"

The man with the mail sack disappeared on board. The two men followed. Delbart sat motionless. Shortly all three reappeared and descended the gangplank, their air of veiled alertness and responsibility giving place to one of care-free leisure as they produced and lighted cigarettes.

Delbart shuttered the window, switched on the light and prepared for bed. A satisfied grin was reflected in the face that looked out from his mirror. Instantly he repressed it, with a note of self-reproof, and contented himself with fingering his sapphire, which did not leave his finger even when he was ready for the sheets.

No sooner had he lain comfortably back than he stretched a hand to his suspended waistcoat and took from a buttoned pocket in its lining a letter.

"I should have burnt you before," he addressed it affectionately; "but I'll take a chance on reading you just once more."

With a relaxation of his usual guarded expression, he proceeded to read, much as one might reread a favorite passage from a novel, as a preparation and a pattern for the dreams that are soon to follow:

Dear Del: Don't throw a fit when you see the postmark on this and get wise that it's me writing. I'm a sure-thing coon now—what you call an Opapcoon, meaning a cit of Opapco. Wouldn't it jar you? Brain boy that you are, I bet you never heard tell of Opapco before. Do I win? Sure! You ain't hep to whether it's a new Pullman on the N. P. or an old town the Russians uncovered when they was retreating. Opapco, let me tell you, is the top egg in the strictly new-laid class, and it couldn't be more out of the world if it was in Russia. I was retreating, too, or I'd never have found it. Get me? From the bulls!

Well, it's a one-horse town, all right; but some horses has got a bigger pull than a Tammany mayor; and that's no joke either! The one horse in this town is the Okaloola Pulp and Paper Company. Get all that in one eyeful? Well, this company got so many men together up here that they had to set up a post office; and they called it O-p-a-p-c-o. Get it? They took the first letter of each word in the company's name, like they wrote it for short in signing things. Anyway, the war kinda boosted the paper biz and the pay roll took a jump every time a new country declared itself in. They handle mostly spruce; and the latest is, they are horning into the aëroplane game. The clear stuff goes into the planes and the culls into the pulp. Money in it? Oh, no!

What the hellspond am I doing up here? says you. Well, after a certain little tea party you know about, it didn't seem like I was stuck on city life no more; and when the best friend I got—and you know who that is—tipped me off to a joint that was needing a smart barkeep up here, I wasn't overlooking no bets like that. Quiet? You bet she's quiet! Think I'd be writing so long-winded if she wasn't? Trimming a boob at blackjack is the nearest to living you can come up here. I should worry! It's whole gobs better than a quieter place we know of, where there's plenty boobs, mebbe, but no blackjack.

Now about this pay roll: It don't seem right to let a thing like that go on month after month and nothing doing. It ain't natural. They're so darn' open about it, it'd give notions to a church deacon. They put it aboard an old tub—the Cortes—like it was freight; only they let an old woman of a purser nurse it in a bum safe with a combination you could play Annie Laurie on if you had five minutes kinda private with it to learn the key. And that's no joke either! Centuries! It looks like their taste in bills is the same as mine and the hundred-dollar baby is their favorite. My cash register gets choked with them after every pay day. They wrap up all that mazoom in a common mail sack; and they got to have their joke, so they stick a padlock on it. Mamma! Fifty thou. if there's a kopeck! And they clap a padlock on it! The disrespectful way they handle it on the dock up here would bring tears to your eyes. They got no more feeling for it than a bag of last month's newspapers.

Well, says you, why don't I take a chance? It wouldn't be no chance; it'd be a cinch! Little Buddy would be pinched. There's one boat and a cargo tramp calls in here, and no railroad. There's no get-away. Nothing to it at this end! Coming up on the boat, it's no better. You might get it away from the purser, but they'd get it away from you before you could land. They got a cinch there. But down at the other end, before they put it on board —— Get me? Well, it's out of my class, anyway.

The purser guy that has charge of all that high-class temptation don't look to me like a guy that if the sun was shining he couldn't see light. Understand? It's something fierce to pay a guy like that, with proba'ly kids at home, seventy-five per, and then hang a strain like that on him every other trip! If I was him I'd know what to do.

Now I must close. Mebbe you won't think the tip worth a trip to the Coast. Good luck, anyway! And remember me to Stella and the bunch. Just say you heard from me in Frisco. Your old side kicker, BUD.

P. S. I forgot to say the boat calls twice a month. The first trip is always the one. And say; I copped off the first two bars of that Annie Laurie thing just now. I been making up to Pursey for weeks and I got a chance to skin my eye while he twiddled the old knob. It goes right 40; left twice to 90; right somewheres round 30. Couldn't get the rest. It'll be nuts to you. BUD.

Not until nearly midnight did the Cortes leave her dock. Delbart, already sound asleep, heard none of the rumbling and throbbing that announced the starting and speeding up of her engines. Once during the night he wakened to a moment of bewilderment, a swift comprehension of his situation, a surmise that the ship must be docked at some port of call, and a contented turning over to further sleep as the screw resumed its opiate tune. Again the same experience, varied by the tap of a steward on his door: "Eight o'clock, sir!"

His day sped swiftly. Even a mind less active than his and lacking his definiteness of objective would have had small excuse for boredom. Past islands innumerable, through mazy windings of channel and gulf, the steamer plowed, here touching at the primitive jetty of some embryo port, there hanging offshore in the tide while a spluttering launch from some unseen settlement received its quota of freight and mail. Gradually the passengers decreased. Always the water was smooth; for always to the west—now close abeam, now far—the unending length of Vancouver Island shut off the swell of the Pacific.

Yet these things had no more interest for Delbart than had his fellow passengers or the crew. A primitive world, primitive men—he was concerned with neither the development of the one nor the struggles of the other. He had his own work in hand observations to make; things to do After breakfast he exercised on the narrow promenade deck; and he hated exercise. Down starboard, up port, he briskly walked.

The purser's window was scarcely more than a yard from the rail. Round again. That water pipe from the upper-deck scupper, and the stanchion to which it was attached, stood just astern of the window. To one looking

(Continued on Page 127)

When you step on the starting pedal, regardless of weather conditions you want the response to be instant, certain. You can rely on Remy to crank the engine in the most dependable way possible.

After dark you want positive, efficient service from your lighting system — plenty of current to make night driving comfortable and safe. Remy meets these requirements perfectly, efficiently.

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THE constant, perfect performance of your starting, lighting and ignition system is vital to the satisfactory operation of your car. Choose your car, therefore, with due regard to the quality of its electrical equipment.

Remy Engineers have planned each detail of Remy equipment with scrupulous care—laid strict standards of construction—built quality into every working part—given Remy Systems the ability and stability that has earned them their title "Products of Constant Performance."

The patented Remy Thermostat illustrates this perfectly. It makes possible a large capacity generator whose output of current is *sufficient* for the heaviest winter demand and made *safe* for summer—automatically adapted to the seasons by the Remy Thermostat. Three years of use on thousands of cars have proved the perfection of this feature.

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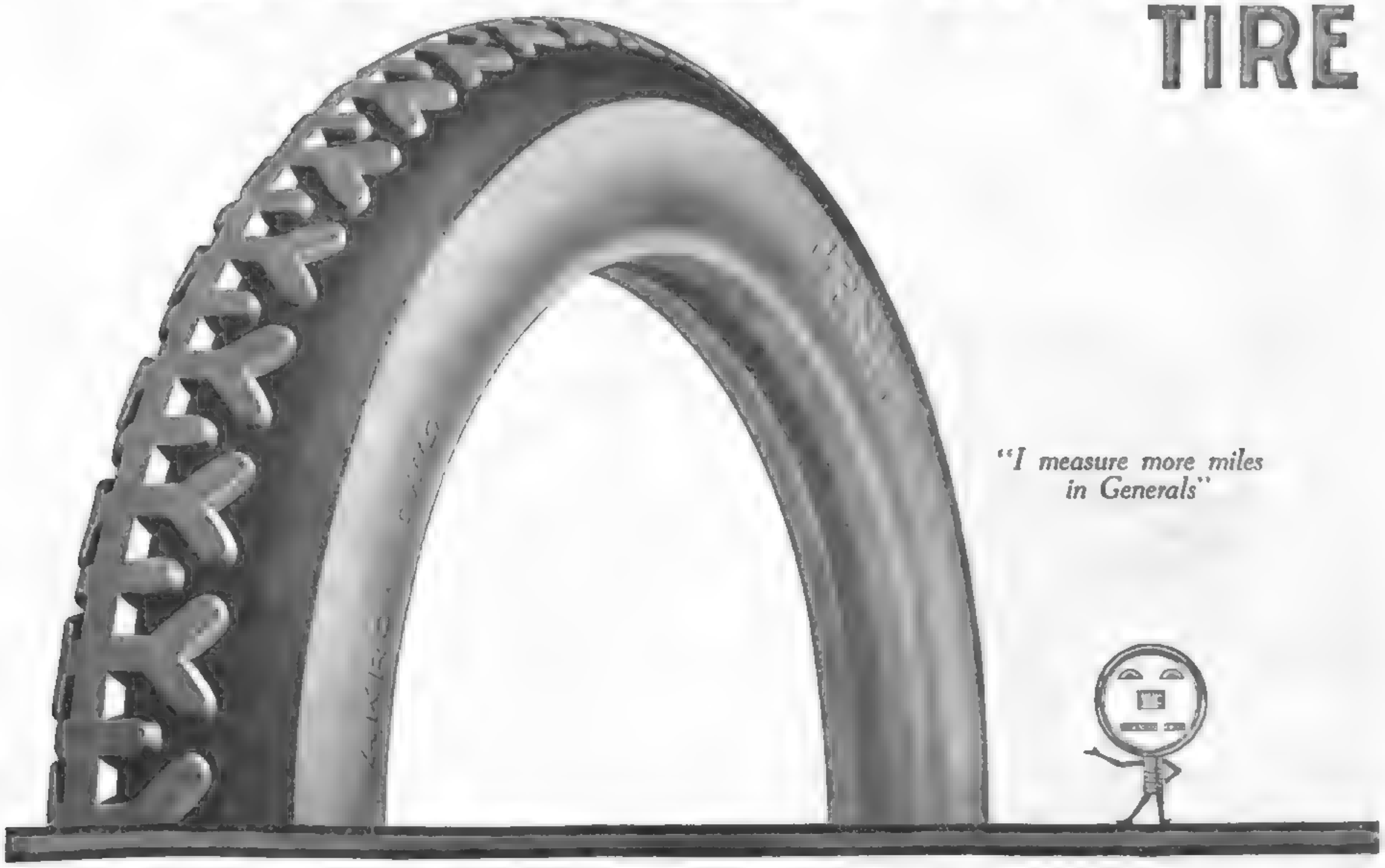
STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

THE GENERAL TIRE



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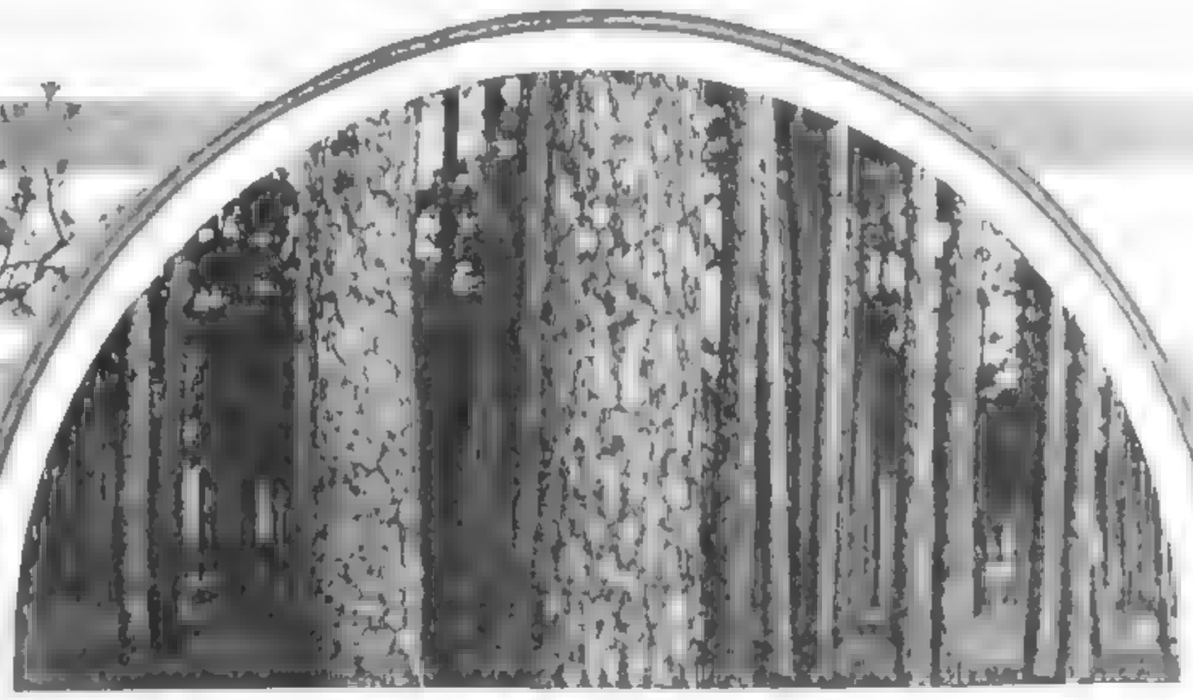

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THE Long-Bell Lumber Company is the largest manufacturer of Southern Pine in the United States. It owns vast virgin forests of different varieties of wood and can supply the right kind of lumber for each particular use. Thirteen modern sawmills are equipped with the latest type of machinery which receives the best of attention. All lumber and timbers bear this trade-mark:

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THE MARK ON QUALITY LUMBER

The same care is exercised in the manufacture of every grade of lumber. Each process is under the strict supervision of competent men whose chief instruction is, "Quality First." All lumber that is air-dried is soda dipped to prevent sap stain. The best of kiln-drying methods, care in piling both in yards and sheds, the large well-built storage sheds, the up-to-date planing mills, and the heed given to loading—all make **Long-Bell** lumber good lumber. Add to these the fact that most of the highly skilled employees have been with the Company for long periods and consequently have an interest in producing lumber worthy of the high standard of The Long-Bell Lumber Company. These are some of the reasons why you make a sound investment when you buy **Long-Bell** trade-marked lumber.

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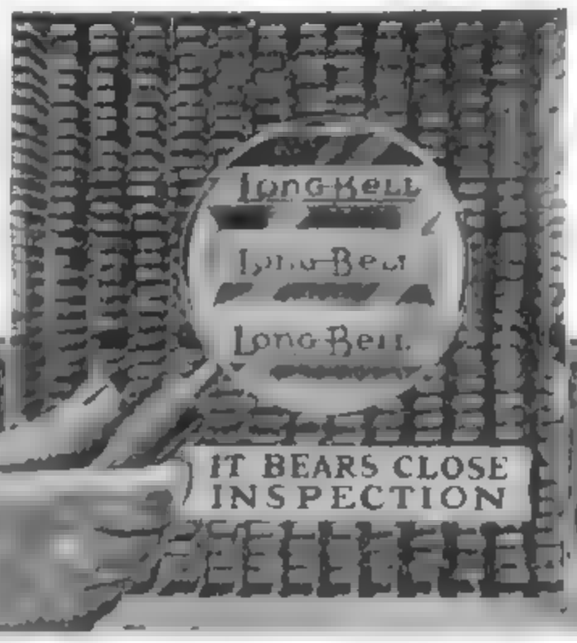

Manufacturer of
Creosoted Ties,
Posts, Poles,
Piling and
Wood Blocks

(Continued from Page 123)

out from the purser's room it would be on the left. Worth remembering!

Round again; up starboard, down port. The purser's door—not even a good lock in it! Just an ordinary stateroom key. Easy! Nine chances in ten the key, when turned, would be left in the lock, which would be easier still; his good old nippers key never failed in a case like that. Twice more round—just for the look of things. Now for a little work-out: Unlocking his own door, he left the key in the lock and tried his nippers in the keyhole from within. As he expected, it worked readily. Next for the tenth chance: Removing the key from the lock, and using it as his pattern in making a choice from his skeleton keys, he was presently certain of his ability to operate the lock under any circumstances.

He took a final turn round the deck, caressing his sapphire lovingly as he walked. As to gaining entrance to the purser's room—that was settled!

A little later one of his excellent perfectos obtained for Delbart the privilege of a chat with the captain on the bridge, a bluff-faced mariner, with a deep quiet voice and a kindly blue eye. The occasion seemed opportune for him once more to air his timber interests and to drop hints as to the nature of his business along Metlasqualmie Sound. The captain eyed him with a warmer interest.

"A noble stand of timber along there, Mr.—er ——"

"Boylston, cap—J. Pearse Boylston. 'S my card."

The captain, it soon appeared, was a timber enthusiast. He had general information—definite figures, even—as to stands of cedar, spruce and fir along other parts of his route. He himself had a tenth interest in a syndicate holding ——

Delbart managed to shift the talk to matters connected with the boat—its speed, tonnage, passenger capacity. Of its speed he made a mental note.

With the passengers he had classed as brokers he instinctively avoided any direct exchanges. "Wise guys," he decided; "may know too much."

In the Englishman—Launcelot, as he persisted in naming him—he was more interested, with the interest of an amateur entomologist for a rare bug. Himself by intention and habit positive, assured to the point of brazenness, it was his hobby to study the effects of an opposite disposition. How shyness, hesitation, reserve and sensibility unfit a man for a victor's part was his pet theory; how innate fear manifests itself in conduct was his favorite subject of observation.

His confidence in his theory was presently to suffer a shock. As he smoked an after-lunch cigar in the little card room astern, and idly leafed the pages of a discarded magazine, he was aware of the Englishman passing and repassing the windows in the course of his exercising on the deck without.

At a neighboring table three of the brokers awaited the arrival of the fourth to make up a game of bridge.

"Know him?" asked one, as the Englishman passed.

"No. Shipman, here, seems to have met him though. Odd sort of guy, I should say."

"Knew his brother slightly," admitted Shipman. "Retiring chaps, both. Odd how some of these educated fellows, brought up in the crowded cities of the Old Country, want to get as far as they can away from civilization!"

"Nothing odd about it," thought Delbart; "it's only a case of competition squeezing out the unfit."

"Where's this one going to bury himself—Kitsalis?"

Shipman roared.

"No crowded center like Kitsalis for him! His brother will meet him off the mouth of Kokasina Inlet—first stop this side of Kitsalis. Lives thirty miles inland at the head of the inlet, you know. I sold him his ranch there."

"Stung him with it!" grinned the man opposite him.

Delbart arrested the hand with which he was turning a page.

"Interesting," he thought; "a little story of respectable graft—legalized graft."

"Nothing of the kind!" Shipman defended himself. "I sold it to him on its mighty slim merits. He wouldn't look at land nearer town."

"And this Cuthbert—I suppose the folks at home got tired of him and shipped him off, addressed to brother."

"You've got him wrong. He's a shy bird. Have you noticed that scar near his left temple? He tries to comb his hair and wear his cap so as to hide it, and he is just as careful to keep it out of his talk. His brother gave him a letter to me, you know, and I had him up to the club to lunch. He got that scar at Gallipoli."

"Been in the army, eh?"

"Sure! He's seen the real thing; been in the thick of it. That scar accounts for most of his jumpiness. A little fussy and absent-minded, maybe; but a year in the open will set him up again. Nothing like the close-to-Nature stuff for shaken nerves. Wish we had more of his breed in the country."

"Cut for deal. Here's Andrews."

The Cortes had no freight port and all articles consigned to the hold had to be slung through the hatch and piled in readiness for unloading on the forward deck. As the boat neared the mouth of Kokasino Inlet the mate was already directing the preparations for debarking the articles consigned to Kitsalis, the next landing. Burlapped sides of beef, barrels, cases and mail sacks appeared; while the purser, with the air of a man weighted with responsibility, checked off each item on his sheets. Rolls of blankets and dunnage bags were also added to the growing pile; for at Kitsalis, a new town site, with a sawmill for its nucleus, a number of the remaining passengers were to disembark.

To all this confusion of wares was added the Englishman's baggage. He himself fluttered round his belongings in nervous concern, alternately counting them and questioning the attendant Higgs about them.

More than once he got in the way of a busy deck hand and came in for fervent though muttered imprecations. He seemed to regard it all as the common penalty of travelers, just as it was the preordained fate of baggage to be lost.

Presently the steamer's whistle sounded, and a sharp turn round a wooded island brought into view a gasoline launch managed by a man in cap and Norfolk jacket.

"By Jove, don't you know, it's old Ethelbert!" exclaimed the Englishman, who, as though rather ashamed of such a lapse into sentiment, permitted himself no further demonstrations of brotherly feeling.

From a point of vantage along the rail Delbart, in rather contemptuous amusement, watched the hurried transfer of passenger and baggage to the launch. He was witness to the casual handshake of the brothers, heard their low-voiced exchange of "Old top!" And in the failing light he had a last vision of the traveler nervously telling off his belongings while his brother swung the launch round for the long journey to the head of the inlet.

Between lounging in the smoking room and ostentatious exercising on the deck the long evening wore away for Delbart. The purser's room being lighted, with each circuit of the deck he had a momentary view of its interior. Once, even, as the safe stood open for the reception of the purser's books, he had a glimpse of the sack lying in the large lower compartment. At eleven he found the room in darkness. The purser had retired.

At midnight he took a final turn on the deck. The night was calm but dark; the sky had grown overcast with a hint of remotely impending rain. At the forward rail an overalled hand from the engine room took the air in an interval of his labor.

"Have a cigar, senator?" invited Delbart. "I suppose this is Metlasqualmie Sound we're in now?"

"Lord, no, sir; not for a coupla hours yet."

"I get off at Quatsicum. What time are we likely to get in there?"

"Lemme see. Generally we make it about four. Bucking a tide like this, we won't do better than four-thirty to-night."

"Tide, eh?. Much of a current in here?"

"Round four knots at high tide."

"Some tide! Must bring the boat's speed down to about ten knots, eh?"

"About that." The man prepared to descend again to his work. "I'll smoke your health later, sir."

Delbart retired to his stateroom. He made certain preparations, extinguished his light, and lay down fully dressed. He had instructed Higgs to call him within ten minutes of Quatsicum, but he had no fear of falling asleep. By the aid of his pocket flash he kept himself informed of the time. At two o'clock he rose and peered through his window into the night. He could distinguish little, but a denser blackness above the surface of the water gave the impression of a wooded shore close abeam.

"The north shore of the sound," he concluded. A sudden fancy struck him. "Some timber, I'll bet!" he thought contemptuously.

He listened intently. Above the deep low throb of the engines the screw thudded monotonously; the steering gear rattled as the boat swerved to a turn in the channel. All else was silence. The time to act had come.

Cautiously he opened his door and stepped out on the promenade deck. His light overcoat, worn carelessly open, gave him the appearance of a sleepless passenger driven out for a breath of fresh air. Its pockets and lining concealed the implements of his enterprise.

The deck was clear. A few quick steps brought him to the purser's door. In a few seconds he stood in the darkness of the purser's room. The breathing of a sleeper could be heard from the berth. As though oppressed by dreams, the sleeper moaned fitfully and stirred.

Delbart was prepared. "Sounder than that, Mister Purser!" he said to himself. Cautiously he advanced a chloroform-saturated handkerchief toward the pillow—slowly, noiselessly; closer, closer. Now a flash of the pocket lamp, a final adjustment of the cloth, a minute to wait. Now to work!

The moment his supple fingers closed on the knob of the safe Delbart had an exultant sense of mastery. Here was a business he knew. Here his long training and accurate information counted. His sensitive finger tips, with no other aid than their developed sense of touch, could play with this dial, these disks and soon win from them their poor secrets; with Bud's hint to go on, the task was barely worthy of his powers.

Using his pocket flash, he tried the first of Bud's directions. Good! The mechanism responded with a slight tremulous jar, a release of pressure palpable only to such finely trained nerves of touch as his. It was the delicate signal to be worked for in arriving at the unknown factors of the combination. It made his success a certainty. Five minutes later he threw the rays of his flash light into the lower compartment of the safe. The sack was his!

He tried its weight. Good! He ran a quick appraising hand over it to assure himself of the nature of its contents. At the bottom were rolls of varying diameters. They were the silver coins, done up in clips. Above were packages. Bills, bills! Bud's feeling reference to the centuries recurred to him. Here they were—piled deep in packets.

Swiftly he completed his work. He inserted the sack into his own waterproof bag. This he closed carefully, folding and refolding the slack material at its mouth and tying the whole firmly with the loose end of the trolling line. Then he laid the float, with its close-wound line, alongside the bag.

Next he cautiously opened the shutter and let the window down into its recess. He would not risk the open door or dare to appear on the deck with his burden. Not forgetting the position of the water pipe and stanchion, he thrust his precious parcel through the window; then, with a swift outward thrust, he heaved it clear of the rail. Faintly there came to him the splash of its impact against the water; then silence, except for the swishing sound of the boat's passage thrown back from the neighboring shore.

Quietly, deftly, without hurry, he closed the safe, put up the window and fastened the shutter. Then he removed the handkerchief, stepped to the deck and, with a quick application of his key locked the door behind him. The handkerchief he knotted and threw overboard. The chloroform bottle followed it.

In his own room he made careful note of the time. In no other way could he be sure of the position of the float than by reckoning the distance between it and Quatsicum, for the night was too dark to permit objects along the shore to be distinguished. Given the vessel's speed, to find the distance traversed from the time occupied would be a simple calculation.

Then he slept.

Ten o'clock the next morning found Delbart alone in a rowboat on the sound. A launch had been available, but he had taken a rowboat as something he could manage unaided. At Quatsicum he had found only the roughest accommodation in a primitive hotel; but he had not minded that. He loved physical comfort and his personal habits were fastidious, but the high thrill of the chase was on him and discomforts merely added to the zest of the pursuit. All recollection of them would be wiped out in the pleasures of the great reward.

According to his calculation he was nearing the object of his search. He ceased rowing and drifted; there was no reason for haste. The blades of his oars trailed in the water and made cheerful lapping noises in sliding over the ripples of the eddying current. Not a craft of any kind was in sight. On either side of the channel the gentle slopes were covered almost to the water's edge with stately somber trees.

Silently, derisively, Delbart laughed. Timber? Nothing for him so crude, so primitive, so fraught with harsh privation and sweaty toil. The clear mazoom for his; and when he should really need a little investment—why, nothing could equal a bushel or two of beauties like this. He glanced lovingly at his sapphire.

He began to scan the surface ahead. A feeling of exultation surged up within him, to be sternly repressed. He had an impulse to seize the oars and hasten his moment of triumph, but he schooled himself; he had time to spare; excitement and hurry weaken the nerve. Was that —— No; only a bulb of drifting kelp. Steady on that old heartbeat! Any strong-arm stiff or second-story lunkhead can be cool in danger; only the master mind is cool in the moment of triumph.

Another minute of drifting. He could not have missed it, for —— Ah, there it is! As naturally as ever a drifting cork could ride the tide it innocently floats; only, as it withstands the tug of the current at the end of its anchoring line, it sends a little ripple streaming off at either side. Delbart looked round. Not a boat was in sight; the woods were silent, tenantless. A single gull, waiting to attach itself to the next passing vessel, floated lazily down the channel above the tops of the trees.

He rowed directly toward the cork, but miscalculated, for the tide carried him beyond it. Against the stiff current he rowed back until he was in a position to drift down over the float. He let go the oars and leaned over the gunwale. Now it was under his hand, within reach of his grasp. A sudden thought restrained him—already the line was at stretch; he must not put on it the strain of checking the speed of his drifting boat. It might part. No risks like that—not at this stage! He had again drifted beyond his prize.

This time he took a different plan; he pointed his bow upstream and rowed directly at the floating cork. Faster he rowed, gaining against the tide. Now his bow touched it; now he himself was level with it. He let go an oar, snatched the cork with his free hand, and dropped it quickly into the bottom of the boat.

He bent to the oars again. Still headed upstream, the boat answered to his strokes before the slack of the line had all been taken up. The float lay undisturbed between the thwarts. The line over the gunwale dripped slackly. He rowed on till the line tightened and disturbed the cork at his feet: he was at the line's length upstream from the bag. He dropped both oars, seized the line and began to put a strain on it. It slackened in his hand as the boat again answered to the tide. Yard after yard he took in the slack, letting it fall in loose coils at his feet.

The strain once more increased; the moment for extreme caution had arrived. Gently he hauled on the cord, without jerk or sudden pull. A little more —— Ah! Something yielded that time. Had the line parted? No; a strain—a lighter strain—still held it taut. The bag had come free of the silt and was drifting deep down at the end of the line.

He hauled evenly on the weighted cord, aware each moment of the increasing tension. The bag was nearing the surface. He paused to look cautiously round. Upstream, downstream, wooded slope and wooded slope—not a witness of his triumph was in sight. Even the gull had disappeared. Surely now he might gloat—might indulge in a shout, a smile, a thrill. No; the discipline of the master is the discipline that never relaxes.

The line hung straight at the boat's side. Something dark appeared—something dim and shapeless and distorted beneath the

(Continued on Page 131)

New Mitchell Sixes

New Victory Model

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50% Added Strength

For Men Who Seek
A More Enduring Six

THIS new Mitchell is not merely a new model. It is a new criterion. It comes to introduce new standards and new principles.

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50% More Strength—
75% More Endurance—
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The Incentive

We decided on this new-type car two years ago. Then we employed many able specialists to aid in its creation.

They have done in two years what might have taken twice as long, save for the war-time lull. We went into truck building, and our designing staff could devote 18 months to this car.

The reason for it lies in facts which every maker knows. The Light Six type was too light. It was usually too small. It was too much affected by price competition. The general standards were not high enough.

Years of experience proved that. They also brought out new requirements in a high-grade car. Men nowadays buy cars to keep, and they expect permanence.

We Face the Facts

We have simply faced these facts. Mitchell pioneered the Six. All the world over Mitchell Sixes hold unique respect. When higher standards seemed essential, Mitchell was the car to introduce them. So in this new car we fulfill that obligation.

Some will call us extremists. They will say we have added too much, including some weight. But there is no such thing as over-strength in these days. The utmost endurance is none too much. There are thousands of motorists who think as we do, and this car is for them.

Incidental Facts

This is not to describe the car. More than 100 important improvements cannot be dealt with in this space. Write for our catalog, or go over the car with your dealer.

But note that to a strong car we have added 50 per cent more strength. To a many-year development we have added 75 per cent endurance.

Despite added weight, we have reduced operating cost by 25 per cent.

To insure finer workmanship and more exacting tests, we have spent $250,000 for new machinery and equipment. To insure perfection in every detail we have 135 trained inspectors.

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We build the complete car—motor, chassis and body—under scientific cost-reducing methods. Go see the result at your local Mitchell showroom. It will give you a new ideal.

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Five-Passenger.
120-Inch Wheelbase.
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Three-Passenger Roadster, same price.
New-Type Touring Sedan, $2175.

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Noise disappears. The car runs faster and smoother. Seems to have new life. Friction in the gears is removed almost entirely.

This wonderful lubricant is the result of a special process, invented by Dr. Edward G. Acheson and developed by years of scientific manufacturing of lubricants.

Gredag is incomparable
—for transmissions
—for differentials
—for the steering
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—for use on the farm
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—for use in industrial plants to save coal and increase efficiency.

Gredag keeps new cars new. Gives old cars new life. Adds years to the life of gears. Increases the re-sale value of your car.

Of course, Gredag costs slightly more. Why shouldn't it? It is more expensive to produce.

But, you'll never notice the cost, for it amounts after all to only a fraction of a cent per day.

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"Daddy, what is that queer-looking crack in your glasses?"

Observing daughter is not the only one who notices that "queer-looking crack" in Daddy's glasses. It's so conspicuous that it attracts the attention of everybody with whom he comes in contact. It mars his appearance—and is a tell-tale of his advancing years.

If Daddy only knew about KRYPTOK Glasses, he would not handicap himself a single day longer with those unsightly old-fashioned bifocals. KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)* give the convenience of near and far vision in one pair of glasses, *without* that conspicuous, age-revealing "crack" or seam.

The lower part of KRYPTOKS affords the necessary correction for reading or other close work; the upper part, for distance. Yet not the slightest trace of a dividing line is visible. The two powers are joined together in one solid, smooth, crystal-clear piece.

KRYPTOK Glasses give to the eyes the natural eyesight of youth—enable you to see both near and far objects with equally keen vision. Yet in appearance they are just like single vision glasses. That is why they are universally known as "the invisible bifocals."

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet—Everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision (bifocals) will be interested in the information contained in our booklet "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Write for your copy; please give, if possible, the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

Are you in one of these three classes of eye-glass wearers?

Do you wear the out-of-date bifocals with the conspicuous seam or hump?

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Do you fuss with two pairs of glasses—one pair for near vision, the other pair for far vision?

If you do—

You need KRYPTOK Glasses

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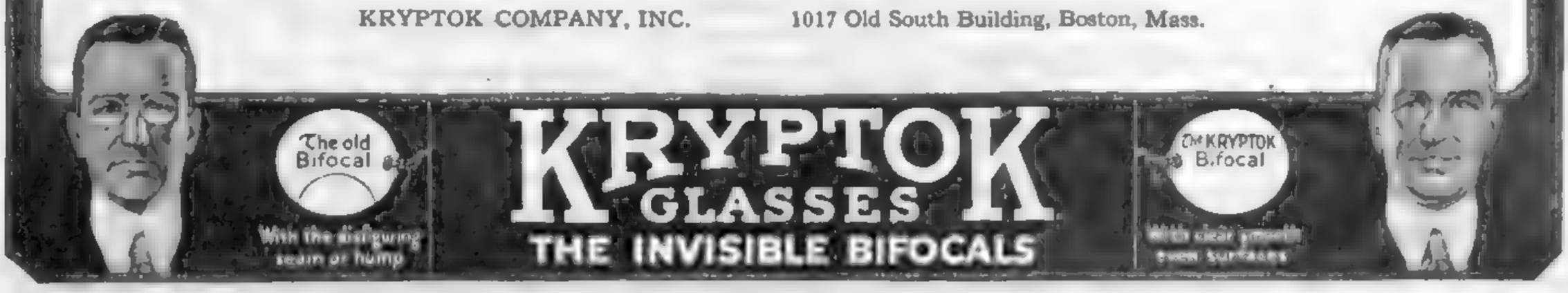


(Continued from Page 127)

disturbed surface of the water. One further effort and the shapeless thing broke the surface, was in his grasp. He lifted the dripping bundle over the gunwale and let it fall on the tangle of line between the thwarts.

The thing was done!

Poor, simple Old Bud! Nothing doing, did he say, on the trip up? You might get it from the purser, but they'd get it again from you before you could land. Just to show him, he would peel a few centuries off the top packet and send them to the Old Scout.

Delbart wakened to a realization that he was drifting farther and farther down the channel, adding to the labor of his return. Nearly opposite him was a little cove, dark, gloomy, overshadowed. To that he rowed. He had still to find a place to cache his prize against the time when it could be safely removed.

As the boat grated on the shingle Delbart picked up the bag and stepped into the shallow water, trusting to his logging boots to keep his feet dry. He strode up the narrow beach and entered the fringe of the bush. A fallen trunk offered a convenient seat and to it he carried the bag.

"We'll have a look," he promised himself, "at the birds and beasts that adorn these coins; at the bank presidents who disfigure the bills."

He peered deep into the shadows of the wood. Not even a squirrel met his eye; not so much as a grilse leaped in the channel. He cut the fastenings of the outer bag. The inner bag was dry; the waterproof material had been waterproof indeed.

Two courses were open to him—he could rip open the inner bag or he could pick the padlock. His fingers tingled for the feel of the currency; yet he had ample time. He could not row back until the tide had turned. To manipulate the lock was the strong, the artistic thing to do. It would be practice, and amusing; also a course of training for nerve. He plied his keys, selected one, filed it, tried it, and filed again. In ten minutes the lock yielded.

He paused a moment to assure himself of his own perfect coolness, then spread open the gathered neck of the bag and peered within. Packets of bill-sized papers—many of them—met his eye; rolls of coin wrapped up roughly. He tore the wrapping from a packet. He unrolled a clip of the coins. He stopped breathing. His body went rigid. He looked again to the woods, to the shore, certain that some prying eye was fixed upon him. Nothing but lapping and silent woods.

He rose, bit the end from a fresh cigar, and cursed himself as he noted a trembling of the hand on which his sapphire sparkled. He struck a match and forced all the powers of his will into holding its flame unflickering till his cigar was well alight. One ring of smoke he blew and then looked down again. The packets were wrapping paper cut to bank-note size; the rolls of coin were iron bolts! The sack was a dummy—a blind!

Five days later the Cortes ran out her gangplank to receive the sole passenger standing on the rude wharf at Quatsicum. It was early morning. Misty clouds hung in the somber tree tops or drifted slowly across the channel. Drenchingly the rain poured down as it had poured for four interminable days. The water of the sound seethed and spattered as though receiving from some concealed and pitiless aërial source a never-ending fusillade of buckshot.

The captain, incased in dripping rubber, greeted Delbart from the bridge:

"Coast weather, Mr. Boylston; regular Coast downpour, but a little early this season. Bad for cruising timber, eh?"

For all reply Delbart waved a shaky hand and crept up the gangplank after the steward, Higgs. His old stateroom was again at his service.

"Look here, gassong," he said as the man set down his grip—"look here; I'm sick." He fumbled for a bill and pressed it, crumpled, into Harry's palm. "I want a little service—see?—meals sent up, and that kind of thing. Do I get it?"

Higgs, pocketing the bill, assured him as 'ow 'e did—thenky, sir!

"And, gassong," added Delbart, divesting himself of his dripping fedora and saturated light overcoat, "some Scotch—quick! and a siphon of soda."

He looked into the mirror and shuddered. The face he saw was ashy, drawn, with pale lips and bloodshot eyes. He threw himself into the berth, not troubling to remove his heavy logging boots. Since the morning of his undoing they had not left his feet.

All the intervening time he had lain on his gray-blanketed bed in the bare cedar-lined room under the roof of the Quatsicum hotel, drinking himself into long periods of stupor, and listening, in conscious moments, to the ceaseless drumming of the rain on the shingles overhead.

Ordinarily, in his proper haunts, he shut his mind to all regrets, permitted himself no post mortems, forgot his failures in fresh activities. Fresh activities? In Quatsicum! There his sole pastime had been to lie and listen to the rain, and think and think, and listen to the rain, and—order more whisky.

Once only had his mind been shocked out of its dreary turmoil round. That shock had come with his waking to the discovery that his pockets had been picked, his sapphire stolen. He had laughed outright at that. It left him only the small reserve of bills in the lining of his waistcoat. Some panhandler of the bush had cleaned him. A good one, that! He drank deep to the thief's further success.

Where had his scheme fallen down? When had the sacks been switched? Who had beaten him to it? The brokers? Nothing doing there. By a hundred recollected tokens of speech and conduct he knew them to be genuine. The purser? The little leftover; that minus sign; that less than nothing! No contriver, no doer was the purser. A slave, a pencil pusher, a thing to be driven, a mere mechanism to be operated—he had neither the brain to plan it nor the nerve to see it through.

Launcelot, then? That sissy! That—— But wait! His shyness, his jumpiness, his absent-mindedness, that Gallipoli story, those many pieces of baggage among which another might pass unnoticed, that brother with the waiting launch—what was the motive behind them all? Was his appearance a make-up, his manner a pose, his story a concoction? Brain work, Launcelot; nifty brain work! No wilderness rawnch for Launcy. Already he must be under the white lights, knocking them cold as he flashed those well-earned centuries. A highball to his further success!

Or, again, the phony sack might have been a bait, a lure, a police trap. The bulls might have been tipped off to him. They had let him go through with it; they had given him rope and he had hanged himself. He was the fall guy. They had the goods on him and were laying for him. He drank damnation to them!

This was the weary treadmill his thoughts had pounded on for days. It would kill him if he kept it up. He must break away from it; he would break away from it! But—some day it would get him. Some day of bitterer disappointment, of more disastrous failure, it would get him. Well, let it! His time had not come yet. He could handle these boobs round him now.

That must be his first care—to carry off his present plight. Here he lay aboard a boat that had been robbed, whose safe had been rifled. The loss must have been discovered not many hours after he had disembarked. There might be suspicions pointing to him. These he must be ready to face.

The steward's knock interrupted his reflections. He helped himself to a stiff bracer. They had nothing on him. He had played his part too well for that. He had disembarked as he had embarked, carrying nothing but a small grip and—oh, yes!—his logging boots. They couldn't very well suspect him of carrying off a sack of coin and bank notes in them. On that score he was safe. Still, he had a part to play and at present he was all out of character. He must step into his part again and play it through to the curtain.

Under Higgs' ministrations he shaved and took a bath. A wet towel held to his eyes restored a measure of clearness to their congested whites. A change of linen revived his pride of person. He resumed his street shoes and they helped further to orientate him. The crumpled condition of his trousers he did not mind—it befitted a returning timber cruiser.

His cabin opening on the narrow and rather exposed promenade deck, he had in the continued downpour a sufficient excuse, had he required one, for keeping to his room. Soon after two o'clock he was wakened from a troubled doze by the tap of Higgs on his door.

"Kep'n's cawmpliments, sir; but could 'e see you arf a minute, sir?"

"The captain?" Painfully Delbart dragged himself back to present realities. "Half a day if he wants. Where?"

"'Ere, sir, if it's all the syme to you—thenky, sir!"

"Delighted, chevalier, my boy! Send the old man right along." Inwardly Delbart groaned.

The captain, when he entered, was a little less than his usual bluff and hearty self. His manner was a thought apologetic.

"Hope I'm not intruding, Mr. Boylston, but—er——"

"Intruding?" Delbart brought his feet to the floor; the sudden effort was agony. "Intruding! 'S an honor. Sit down, captain. Smoke? He'p 'self."

"Thanks! If it's the same brand you carried on the trip up it's certainly all right. Looking peaked, Mr. Boylston. Been tramping in the bush too far?"

"Malaria, cap; malaria. Can't stand the damp. You don't mind if I lie down? Thought I'd 'a' died in that hole in the water—Quatsicum."

"Hole in the water's right, I guess." He eyed his cigar while he poised a flaming match. "You've heard—er—of our loss?"

"Loss? No! Why, what——"

"Robbed! Right in these waters on the trip up. Robbed!"

Delbart turned painfully on his side.

"Robbed! Of what?"

"The whole monthly pay of the Okaloola Pulp and Paper Company. Purser Tenney claims it was in the safe when he locked it at night. In the morning it was gone."

"Rotten luck, cap! Thieves are always about. But why—you won't mind if I ask?—just why break the sad news to me?"

The captain stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"It's this way, Mr. Boylston: The only stop made all through that night was at Quatsicum and—h'm—you were the only passenger to get off there, the purser says."

"The deuce he does! And does he think——"

"Now, now, Mr. Boylston, I hope you'll excuse me. I know it's all crazy. I've questioned the steward and he says he carried off your grip and boots himself, and you had nothing else but a roll of papers—blue prints, I suppose. It's all very foolish; but the purser—ahem!—the purser's in something of a funk about it."

"Why? What special business is it of his?"

"It's this way, Mr. Boylston: There will have to be an investigation and it may go hard with him. He's liable to arrest the moment we get back. He puts it up to you. I've reasoned with him; but he sticks to it. That's how, you see, they may want to ask you some questions at the other end. I'm just warning you."

"Questions? Let them shoot! They can't worry me. Mighty decent of you, cap, to let me know."

"I considered it was the least I could do. Purser Tenney, he's a good little man in the main. Bit of an old woman, perhaps, and a little irritable lately; needs a holiday, I should say. It's family trouble, I guess. In this business there's been no reasoning with him."

"Lost his nerve, eh? If they push this thing where does he get off?"

"That's just it! He's under heavy bonds on account of this monthly pay roll. It may go hard with him. He'll lose his job at the least. You can't altogether blame him for being in something of a funk. Damned nuisance, I call it, all round!"

"Damned nuisance is right!" agreed Delbart fervently. He eyed his visitor keenly. "You have a theory, of course, captain?"

The captain's look of worry deepened.

"Theory! I've had a new one every hour since I was told about it. I've had the ship combed from keelson to smokestack. Every passenger is searched before he disembarks. The crew are practically prisoners. All useless! I'm leaving it to smarter heads than mine."

"Besides the purser, who had the combination of the safe?" Delbart's eyelids half closed.

"Not a soul; not a soul except the secretary of the company. Purser Tenney—— It's out of the question—out of the question." The old man could not hide his distress. He rose heavily. "Take care of yourself, Mr. Boylston. Anything we can do—— I'll speak to the chief steward."

The captain departed, leaving with Delbart an irritating sense of his genial spirit, a resentfulness of the atmosphere he diffused of clean and simple living. Delbart laughed a short hard laugh. His present reliance was on his own prescriptions and on the purchased service of Higgs. He rang. Once more he braced himself with spirits, this time in view of an encounter of his own seeking.

When Delbart stepped to the deck the rain still poured as from a limitless cloudy reservoir. It whipped the cheerless green water and blurred dismally the outlines of the island abeam. The gloom of it intensified his physical discomfort.

At the purser's window he paused. The little man was at his desk, bent over a disorder of yellow sheets. Behind him the open safe seemed to mock its beholder. Its lower compartment was empty. "Right 40; left twice to 90." Bud's tune began to hum distractingly through his head. He smothered it down and stepped within.

"Howdy, commodore?" he greeted.

The purser sprang up with a startled manner, but sank back to stare as he recognized his visitor. His breathing quickened.

"Smoke?" placated Delbart, forcing a smile.

"Thanks! Si-sit down, won't you?"

"If I'm not butting in. Have a light? How doth the little busy purser on the downward trip?"

"Same old grind! Kitsalis next stop; getting ready for it." He glanced toward his papers, avoiding his visitor's steady scrutiny. "Busy little port, Kitsalis," he added uncomfortably. Clearly he was going to avoid mention of the missing fund.

Delbart continued his cool survey. It was plain the man's nerves were carrying an overload. His worried face, spasmodic movements and jerky speech told the tale. Before such discomposure Delbart felt at ease. He was a specialist in fear—in inspiring it, in analyzing it, in eschewing it. It was the archenemy of success. He understood the purser's position perfectly: he was the-man-afraid-of-his-job. Bonding companies are remorseless. They have to be. The purser was in a tight corner.

"Awkward about that robbery," Delbart suddenly challenged. "Awkward—that is, for you, commodore. No claw, eh?"

The purser's lips blanched.

"None!" he breathed.

"Between Kitsalis and Quatsicum, was it not?" The purser nodded miserably. "That brings me into it, don't you think?"

The purser wilted.

"I—that is, the company, they—they may think that way at the other end."

Delbart sprang up and took a forward step.

"Do you think so?"

It was like a blow. The purser cringed.

"I—er—well, you see, it's like this——"

"I'll ring for Higgs," snapped Delbart.

"No, no; don't do that. There's no need. I know his story. He carried your bag ashore and knew its contents. There's nothing whatever to connect you with the matter. No offense, Mr. Boylston; no offense. But who—who? Someone got it off the boat. How did he do it?"

"Search me! It's no buttons off my vest. Didn't someone with a launch meet a passenger near Kitsalis?"

"At Kokasino Inlet? That English chap?" The purser's pale eyes glistened. "You don't think—— Sometimes I've thought that he—— I wonder—I wonder——"

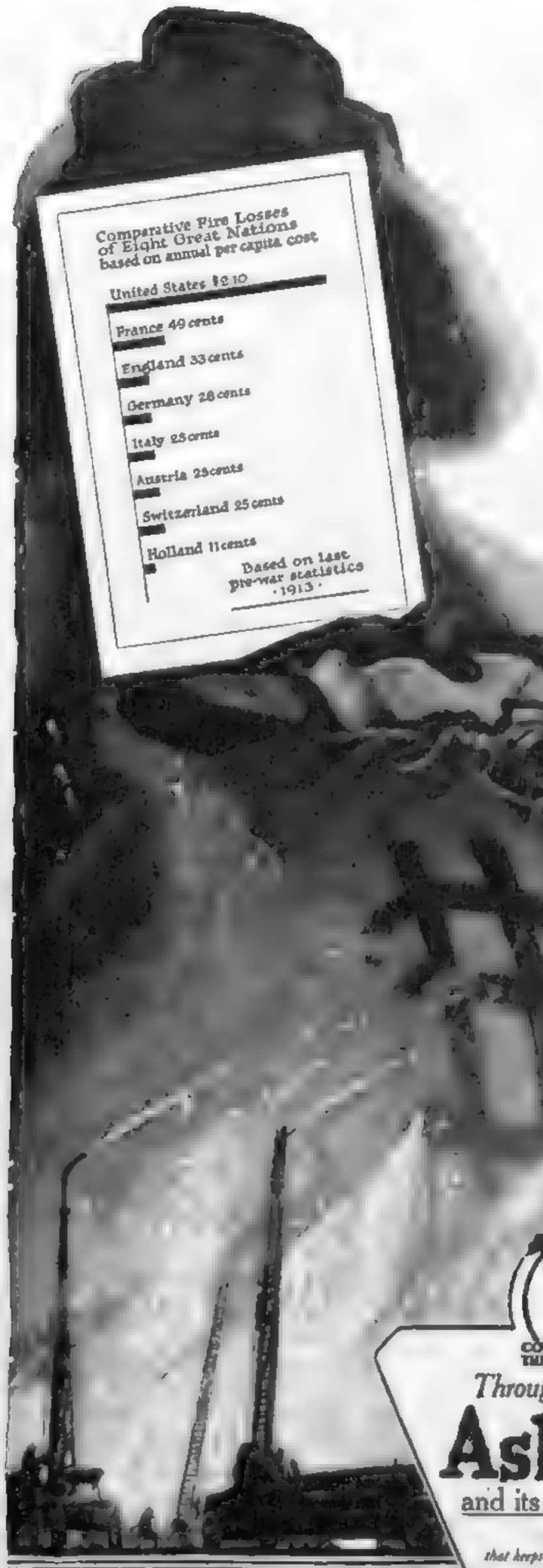
The idea seemed to excite him beyond reason. The man was a weakling. His plight had unnerved him. From such a man there was nothing to be feared. Delbart left him.

He intended to return to his own room, but took a turn along the deck instead. The purser's abiding look of fear haunted him. He felt no compunction for him though he himself had caused the man's undoing.

That hunted look! That writhing of spirit before the specter of ineludible pursuit, of doom—should he himself ever know its misery? Would Terror ever draw those lines and write that message on his own features, in his own soul? Huh! It was a bark rather than a laugh. Not this time, Old Rhadamanthus; not this time, anyway!

Night began to fall. The siren sounded for the landing at Kitsalis. From the rain-spattered rail Delbart took an indifferent but bitter interest in the docking, the transfer of freight, the coming on board of the solitary waiting passenger—bitter because he cursed each bootless moment wasted amid so much barrenness. What lack! What dreariness! What desolation!

(Concluded on Page 135)



Fires cost more than fire prevention

IN America, of all the countries, fire's course is the most destructive. The tax it lays upon each one of us is four times greater than that in European lands (see chart at left). In this there can be no indictment of our own fire-fighters, the admiration of the world. The indictment lies rather upon our ways of building. It lies upon our inflammable roofs, through which fires spread—just as the way to community and personal fire-safety lies unquestionably in Asbestos Roofing, that repels fire, limits it, confines its destructive powers.

Among thoughtful people everywhere Asbestos Roofing is accepted as Nature's best defender against city-wide fire-threat—made great or small, according as each among us gives this fire protection to his own property. Asbestos Roofing is the true Sentinel of Safety to communities, wherever it is used.

* * * *

"Asbestos" and "Johns-Manville" are words that are almost synonymous today. Just as Asbestos is Nature's greatest protector against fire, so Johns-Manville is the greatest authority upon Asbestos Roofing. There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every building structure—regardless of its size or character.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing satisfies every possible roofing requirement. Its use grows greatly. And in the proportion of its growth America's line upon the fire-chart above will be reduced.

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FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

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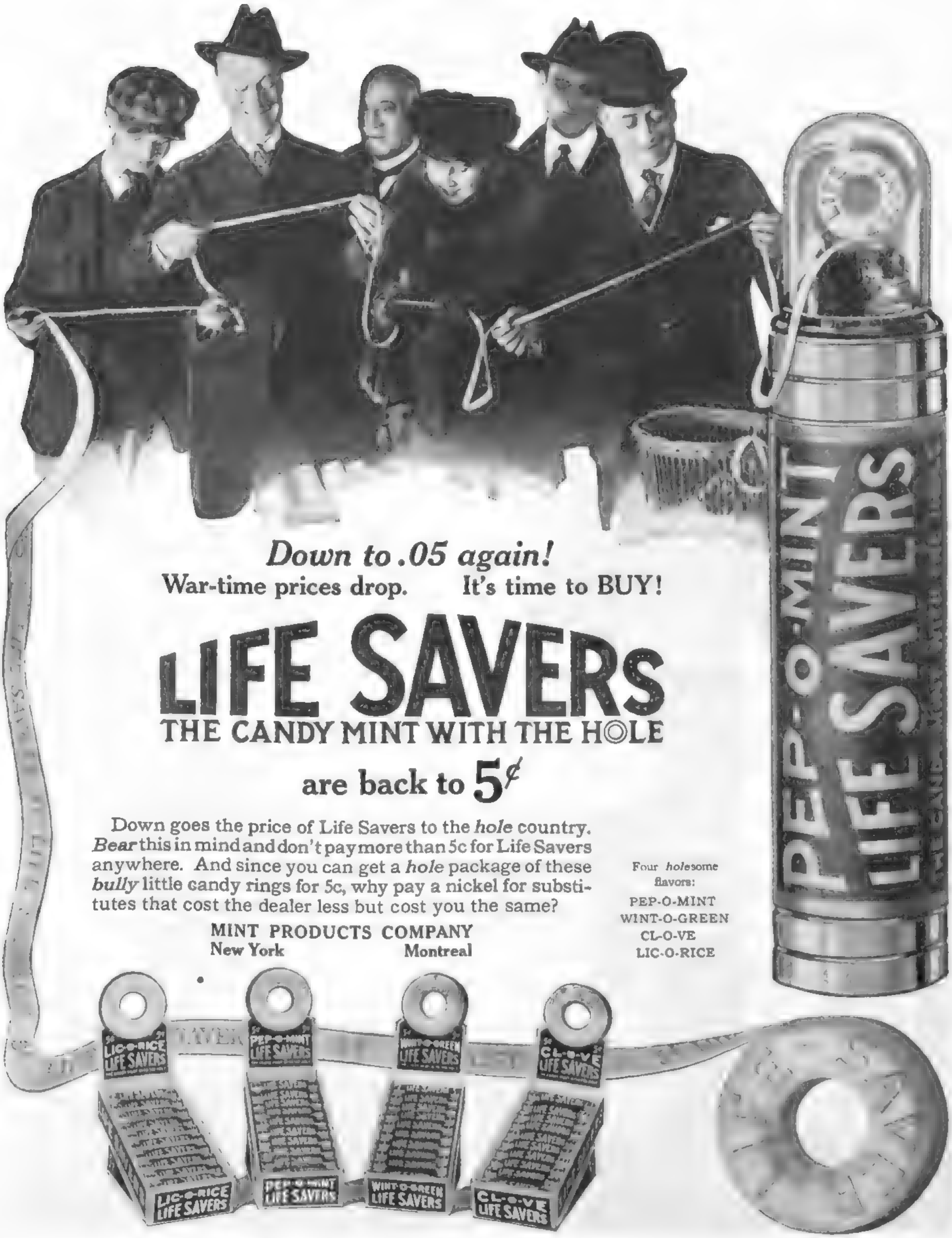

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are back to 5¢

Down goes the price of Life Savers to the *hole* country. *Bear* this in mind and don't pay more than 5c for Life Savers anywhere. And since you can get a *hole* package of these *bully* little candy rings for 5c, why pay a nickel for substitutes that cost the dealer less but cost you the same?

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York Montreal

Four *hole*some flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE

Atop the Skyscraper

That speck of black outlined against the sky! It's a structural-steel worker. With bated breath you watch him, working away on an eight-inch girder, up there—500 feet in the air.

Down in the street you can faintly hear the fierce brr-rr-r of his pneumatic riveter. And perhaps you can distinguish a thin, gray line trailing downward. That's the U. S. Pneumatic Hose. It carries compressed air as driving power to tools. It helped drill the rock foundations before the skyscraper's frame was reared. On it the success of the work depends.

Wherever pneumatic tools are used—in the building of ships, skyscrapers, bridges—there pneumatic hose is found and, oftenest, United States Hose. The famous U. S. "4810" Pneumatic Hose helped make many of the startling ship-riveting records. This and other well-known U. S. brands played an important part in speeding up the vast construction work of war.

"4810" Pneumatic Hose, made by the United States Rubber Company—the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—meets the most exacting requirements. It combines lightness and flexibility with the greatest possible strength. It is built to withstand enormous pressure and extreme temperature. It positively will not kink, bend, crack nor get flat. The inner tube is specially compounded to resist heat and oil. The outer wall is tough so that it will stand rough usage. "4810" Pneumatic Hose, it is generally recognized, will deliver more pounds of air without loss than any other hose manufactured.

"4810" is one of many styles and brands of United States Hose—all *good* hose—all durable and economical. All can be relied on to give utmost service at minimum cost at the particular tasks for which they are designed. Among them you will find hose perfectly suited to your particular needs. Have our engineering department advise with you. Without obligation, of course.

United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Concluded from Page 131)

The new passenger added no note of cheerfulness to the gloom. To Delbart's first glance he presented himself merely as a laborer sheathed in dripping oilskins and shouldering the usual roll of blankets. Yet his figure was not that of a toiler: there was a hint of corpulence and of flaccid muscles beneath the clinging garments. The man's sullenness of demeanor and unsteadiness of gait told of a long spell of hard drinking.

"Some brain boy," sneered Delbart, "who has lost his grip and come down to hard graft. Pah! There's an easier way out than that."

The boat plowed on; and still it rained. Delbart stood on the deck alone. He took a savage satisfaction in holding himself there; it gave him the full measure of his present isolation, of the wretchedness of his failure. Lights, lights—he wanted lights, and more lights! He craved all the old turmoil round of the alternate battle of wits and the chase of pleasure. Crowds, cafés, cabarets, theaters, action—he wanted them.

Astern, from some unshuttered cabin window, a light cast its trembling threads across the misty warp of slanting raindrops. It served only to deepen the surrounding blackness. Curse the time—the place! There was nothing to do but reflect.

From the forward deck a shadowy figure loomingly approached—the unsteady figure of the new passenger. Delbart could hear the rustling and scraping of his oilskin garments. At the purser's door he halted. There was no light within; but, without knocking, he roughly tried the door. It was locked. Muttering angrily, he went away. The purser's window was softly lowered from within.

Once more the boat's siren sounded a landing. Thinking back over the calls made on the northward journey, Delbart concluded they must be near the mouth of the inlet—he had forgotten its name where the Englishman had been met by his brother. Somewhere ahead a light flickered through the obscuring rain. It came nearer. The ship's engines reversed, became still.

"Launch ahoy!" sounded hoarsely from the bridge.

"Right-o!" came the answering hail out of the darkness. "I'll come alongside." At once the exhaust of the launch sent up a louder sputtering.

The voice from the launch had a familiar cadence. That lilt? That inflection? Of all men, it was Launcelot! His voice rose again, answering a rumble from the bridge:

"No passenger, captain; only a bit of dunnage, don't you know! Got mixed up somehow with my own traps. Know what I mean? It's always happening with luggage. Careless beggars, porters are; always giving you the other chap's belongings. Jolly nuisance, I call it!"

Meantime a rubber-coated deck hand, obeying an order, had lowered a rope over the rail and was standing by to haul it up.

"Right-o, my man!" came from below. "Haul away! My apologies, captain, to the chap it belongs to when you find him. Jolly hard luck, I call it, to go a week without your toothbrush—eh, what?"

Hand over hand the man at the rail hauled up the rope. At its end an ordinary rough dunnage bag appeared.

"All mine!" hailed the man.

"Right you are!" came the answer. "Hope I haven't too jolly well inconvenienced the chap. Jolly fine weather, captain—what?"

His further speech was drowned by the vessel's siren. The engines took up again their rumbling ground bass. Farther and fainter the light of the launch flickered through the deepening veil of slanting raindrops.

"Where's the purser?" It was the captain's voice, sharp with irritation at a delay so plainly due to carelessness. "Take that bag to him at once!"

The man took the bag to the purser's door and knocked. There was still no light within, but the knock brought a cautious opening of the door. A hand reached out and took the bag.

"He's sure one case of funk, that purser!" thought Delbart contemptuously, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

He was still too preoccupied with his own physical and mental misery to pursue any mystery unconnected with his own affair. Tired from his long airing, he returned to his room.

From the doze into which he presently fell he was wakened by the noise of a crashing blow—the blow of some heavy implement against splintering wood. A scream of terror followed. Then came a single shot, as of a revolver. Sounds of running, the shuffling of feet and a confusion of voices followed.

Delbart lacked neither courage nor curiosity, but caution held him within his room. To witness some violence, to be detained to give evidence, would be inconvenient. He switched off his light and stationed himself at a cautious opening of his door.

The sounds came from a point only a little forward of his own room. A light switched on and through an open door—the purser's door—shone on a group of men—passengers and crew intermingled—who crowded and jostled each other, trying to peer into the room. Swiftly Delbart attached himself to the edge of the crowd.

"Make way, men! Stand back! What's the trouble here?"

The captain's burly form shouldered its way through the crowd until it blocked the doorway. A startled ejaculation followed.

For a full minute Delbart heard only the vague murmuring of the mystified crowd—the exclamations, the questions, the vague replies; then, above the confused hum, the captain's tones, distinct, awed:

"The man is dead!"

The words decided Delbart. If murder had been done he must know nothing—or seem to know nothing—of it. He slipped back unnoticed to his room.

An hour later came the tap of Higgs on his door. The man's usual pallor had now a sickly hue.

"Kep'n's cawmpliments, sir; but could 'e see yer arf a minute in the purser's room, sir?"

"What was all the row, chevalier?"

"Murder, sir. 'Eaven 'elp us, a passenger's been murdered!"

The captain's summons, whatever its import, was far from welcome to Delbart; yet he did not dare to disregard it. He found that sorely tried officer seated in the armchair before the purser's desk. A serge-clad petty officer effaced himself near the door. The purser himself, a despairing figure, sat limply on the edge of his bunk. His wrists were in irons.

"I am sorry, Mr. Boylston," apologized the captain, with a touch of formality, "especially as you are not well, to have to trouble you again with the affairs of this vessel; but Purser Tenney wishes to make a statement, which I think ought to have a hearer outside of the ship's company. I have sent for you, of all the passengers, because you have a personal concern with it—to you it will be in the nature of an apology; and I think an apology is due you."

He glanced toward the purser, over whose frame ran a convulsive shudder. The captain gave him time.

"You should know, first," he continued, "that a passenger has been shot to death in this room; that Mr. Tenney, here, fired the fatal shot—fired it in self-defense, he claims and I believe, and as that splintered door and this capstan bar attest. Now, Mr. Tenney ——"

"It's as the captain says." The purser did not look up; his voice was little more than a whisper. "It was self-defense. If ever a man shot to save himself, I did. I had to do it! He was a desperate man. He was no man; he was a devil!"

The purser's voice had suddenly risen.

"Calmly, Mr. Tenney; calmly," warned the captain. "Keep hold of yourself, man."

Like one under hypnotic influence, the unstrung man responded.

"He had made threats—many threats; and God knows he meant them. He swore he would get me if I failed him; and I—I had failed him. Worse than that, he thought I had double-crossed him. I hadn't; but he was not the kind you could explain things to. I had it figured all along that he would be at Kitsalis, waiting to do for me. He was there when we called on the up trip. My hope was that he had returned by the P. C. Navigation Company's boat. If not, he had waited for nothing but to get me."

All this did not interest Delbart. It had none of the personal concern for him the captain had promised; it nowhere approached the apology he had been led to expect. It was merely the purser's troubles. He wanted neither the story nor the apology; yet he had to listen. With every faculty on the alert, he did listen. He himself was not out of danger. This might be some cunning trap they were baiting for him. He must be on his guard.

"I saw him come on board." It was the purser, continuing. "He was drunk—that still demon drunk of his. Five days he had been at it, waiting and drinking and working himself up. I locked myself in this room. Soon he tried the door; but I did not dare to open it. Later he came again. I knew he would. I was waiting for him. He smashed the door in with that bar and would have brained me with it. I fired. I had to!"

The captain voiced his own bewilderment:

"But this man, Mr. Tenney, seems to have been a laborer, a bushwhacker, a roustabout. What could he have against you? How could you know a man like that?"

"He was no laborer. He was a crook. I had not seen him in years till a couple of months ago. Then he came to see me—here—one night." He shuddered. "I should have killed him then! He had learned all about this pay-roll money. He wanted me to take it."

"Wanted you to take it?" Clearly this was beyond the captain's comprehension.

"As a matter of fact," went on the purser dully, "I did take it."

"No!"

Beyond the power of speech, the captain fixed on his subordinate a stare in which all grimness had given place to a sort of staggered faith in his kind.

"It was no plan of mine. He did all that. He knew too well the fix I was in—knew I wanted money. My son —— God! Let's not go into that. I had to have money—five thousand at least. He knew Frank's position; knew he couldn't go on much longer. He kept urging me, hounding me, driving me. Once he even traveled on the boat so as to keep at me. There was no getting away from him. His plan looked good. It couldn't help going through.

"My part was to inclose the money sack in an ordinary roustabout's dunnage bag, with his assumed name stenciled on it, and slip it to him along with the goods consigned to Kitsalis. He was to return with it, next day, by the P. C. boat. Ten thousand was to be my share—five thousand to me, five thousand to clear my boy; the rest was to be his. He threatened to kill me if I failed him. He didn't trust me—thought I hadn't the nerve to go through with it; and he threatened me. He meant every word. At his best, when sober, he was a desperado; in liquor he was a devil.

"I put my part of the plan through. I left the money on the forward deck, along with the other goods the mate was getting ready for Kitsalis. I had to get it there early, to seem careless with it, to attract no attention to it. That's how that fussy English officer managed to get it mixed with his own things in the confusion of transferring them to his brother's launch. You, captain, already know how he returned the bag this evening, unopened. It's in the safe now."

"Huh!"

In his one short bark of sardonic laughter Delbart vented his disgust. The feebleness, the folly of it! A grown man had possessed the bag for a week, yet had lacked the curiosity or the energy, or the nerve, to see what it contained! Thinking it valueless to anyone except some unknown laborer, he had yet come thirty miles through rain and darkness to restore it. The idiot!

The purser went on, droningly now:

"Of course I did not intend to announce the loss myself. I intended them to discover that at Okaloola. It was part of the plan to put a substitute sack, filled with rubbish done up to resemble packets of bills and coins, in the safe. This disappeared without a trace. Before God I do not know who took it!

"I knew at Kitsalis that the money had gone astray; but to confess then would have been to accuse myself. Only when the substitute bag was taken did it seem the best course to make known my loss. It gave me some hope of shifting the blame to other shoulders.

"But always—always, there was the picture of that desperado at Kitsalis, drinking himself into his murderous frenzy and waiting for me to return. The hourly terror of it was worse than—worse than anything they can do to me now."

Once ashore in Seacoma, Delbart hailed a taxi.

"When's the next train East?" he demanded.

"There's one leaving in eight minutes; but ——"

"Ten dollars if I catch it.

"It leaves me stony," he reflected as he jounced on the cushions of the speeding vehicle, "but I've got my return ticket; and always"—he barked the single explosive aspirate of his sardonic laugh—"always there's loose change for light fingers. Class, eh? Delbart the dip! Huh!"

AS THE BRITISH EMPLOYER SEES IT

(Continued from Page 8)

opportunity must be afforded for him to use it.

"Modern labor is very irksome where it is of a repetitive kind. It hardly calls out the best in any man. And the more irksome the work the poorer the wage; this is too often the rule. Now I do not know whether we are any wiser than anybody else or have a better selection of men. I think we are about the average. But we have never had a strike. This is due to a policy. We have a round table for the discussion by all concerned of every possible question that arises and interests our employees. If they have any matter that seems important to them that is enough guaranty for us that it is important.

"We do not live by bread alone; this is said often enough, but we do not take it home with us. We once started our works at six in the morning. Before the men could get a good sleep they had to rise from bed and scurry off to work. We are not early risers in this country, as are the Americans. So we had much bad time keeping and no end of irritation. The men, many of them, did not come in until they had their breakfast. We tried starting a half hour later, but that made no difference. Then we started at seven-twenty-five, and omitted the break at nine o'clock. The scheme nearly fell down because of the opposition of the men. Before long, however, the scheme succeeded, all hands agreeing that it was on the right lines. Our mistake was in not going over the whole situation with the men and letting their judgment and knowledge settle the thing. To-day our late start attracts many workers to our firm.

"Our clerks and salaried people have vacations with pay. I shall never be satisfied until every laborer may take his vacation with pay. The cost is not the main consideration. We cannot balance dollars or pounds against the health and well-being of men and women. Hope is the great stimulus. We want our working force to find scope for their ambitions. They are entitled to a high standard of living. We claim it for ourselves, do we not?

"Our plants cover one hundred and fifty acres. The famous River Don, mentioned by Chaucer, is near by. In the sixteenth century apprentices working in Sheffield struck because they were fed on its salmon every day. They surely had the right to some variety. As I view the industrial future of my country I believe we are in for the abolition of squalor, misery and bad conditions.

"Our people, who have saved the country and helped in no small way to save the world, are entitled to contentment, good pay, decent homes with gardens, and an education for their children to enable them to fit themselves for the life which appeals to them most, and to make fine men and women of them.

"These are not the visions of a dreamer. Out of the ashes of the war we want to raise something worth while. War has given us many new problems, but we are tackling them in the proper spirit. I do not mean to wait until the shadow of the grave falls

(Continued on Page 139)

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DU PONT

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before I do my share and pay my debt to my fellow workers. They are the molders of their own destiny. I want to have the privilege while I can yet be active to join with them in making industry a big opportunity for all of us and for the nation."

Men like Mr. Balfour are the trustees of a fund, known as the Garton Foundation, which has been specializing on the subject of industrial reconstruction. The secretary of this foundation has had ample opportunity to size up the situation, and this is how he views it:

"Let me try briefly to sketch the industrial situation likely to prevail after the war. The demobilization of several millions of men and the rearrangement of the employment of several million men and women, munition workers and the like, will throw a vast number of workers on the labor market. Yet I do not think there will be much unemployment. Civil demands will take the place of war demands. The task will be rather the right distribution than the provision of employment, the bringing together of the worker and the work.

"Much more serious in prospect is the situation in regard to wages. Unless a special effort is made the total national output, and consequently the national income, may be smaller than before the war. Out of the total national wealth a large slice will be required for repairs and rebuilding. Though labor will be in demand we have to face the fact that discontent may be aggravated by certain features in the general temper of the nation. An effort so stupendous as that made during the war is followed by sure reaction. Unless a fresh stimulus follows there will come a dull and bickering mood. Such moods incline to a breaking down rather than a building up. Though most men, I believe, want to see normal conditions restored as soon as possible no one can tell how many men are attracted by the idea of continuing the use of force to settle further problems of ours. What has been overthrown in war will not long be tolerated under another guise in peace. The industrial order toward which we must work is one in which an evil spirit is replaced by coöperation, equality, freedom and mutual aid. Industry is a phase of the art of living together. Responsibility rather than authority will keep it sound."

A Problem of Human Nature

"Our industrial problem is at root one of human nature. The ill will that has poisoned industrial relations in the past springs in large part from a failure of understanding. It has been believed that industry was a game of beggar-my-neighbor, a game in which one side could gain only at the expense of the other. The belief is as false as it is pernicious. There are divergent interests between employers and employed, but they are enormously outweighed by the interests that are common to both. The law of industry is not conflict but coöperation. Secrecy is the father of much evil. The parties to industry must lower their defenses and come out courageously on to the open ground.

"The present demands of labor go far beyond mere questions of wages or even hours and working conditions. The official program of the Labor Party includes nationalization of land, railways, coal mines, shipping, power station and the insurance business, together with a large state control over prices, wages and profits. The guild movement proposes to set up in each industry an autonomous government, and the rank-and-file movement, which is rapidly growing in strength, proposes to do the same for each shop. The real strength behind these programs is uncertain, but the unrest they indicate is a dominant factor in the situation. The use of industrial organization to achieve certain ends was seen in the seamen's boycott, and in the proposals one hears now and again for workmen's and soldiers' councils in this country.

"It is a common assumption that it is only the propertied classes who have anything to lose in an outbreak of class warfare or industrial conflict, and the assumption is untrue. The methods of conflict are very effective for pulling down; they are both ineffective and uncertain as means of building up. Now the idea of partnership in industry does not mean that the functions of capital, management and labor must or should be merged; that no useful part can be played by the investor; or that the technical side of a business can be removed from expert control.

"During the next few years we shall probably see British industry organize itself for the purpose of raising both the standard of production and the standard of industrial life to a higher level."

Talk with any representative manufacturer or business man in Great Britain and you will be struck by the common note as to what is ahead for industry. There is no depression, though quite apart from labor problems war has left a legacy of problems galore for them to face. Perhaps a truer picture of what has happened would be to say that, in the supreme effort which Britain made, considerations of the future played almost no part. One keeps forever marveling at these unboastful, uncomplaining people. By dint of probing information dribbles out of industries abandoned, commerce thrown overboard, all in order to keep up the flow of supplies to the Front, not to that of the British alone, but as unreservedly to those of the Allies—French, Italian, Serbian, Belgian and American; especially the American. One business after another has been stripped bare to meet these needs. Markets long the pride of English export trade have been neglected. But there's never a wail or a whimper.

The British Cement Trade

Locked up in the archives of the War Office, and in the bureaus which have had in charge the nerve-straining business of rationing the country's factory product between demands at home and those at the Front, are records, as yet unpublished, of how British employers played their part in the war. Take the cement business as one example. Inroads made upon skilled labor by recruiting, difficulty in getting new machinery or repairs made to old machinery, hit the cement industry in the United Kingdom a serious blow. But at the same time demands for war purposes were enormous; fortifications, gun emplacements, hospitals, munition factories—all had to have their share.

Then the United States came into the war. When our armies appeared big demands came for cement in the construction of hospitals, camps and gun emplacements in France. To meet these the export of cement was absolutely shut down. Remember that the United Kingdom had an important export trade in cement, its chief markets being India and South America. Owing to the absence of supplies from Belgium and Germany the export price jumped. The profit in export of cement promised to be enormous. English manufacturers saw the growing competition of the United States in South America. Certain English brands of cement had a good footing in South America; manufacturers could see their market slipping away from them. In spite of this situation English manufacturers and merchants most loyally helped in the restrictions imposed upon them.

"Our American and our other Allies wanted it; we'll think about our market presently"; this is how they put it to you.

After the signing of the armistice cement manufacturers sought to recapture their export markets. It was pointed out to them, however, that the ravages of war remained, even though hostilities had ceased, and that it was in the interests of the country that supplies should be held for rebuilding purposes. So, though restrictions on the sale of cement within the United Kingdom have been removed, the government still retains control over export. Only a very small quantity, compared with the pre-war figures, is permitted to leave the country. Of course the manufacturers feel the loss of their overseas trade, but they are standing by—devotion to their country, as always, the first consideration.

Take the tin-plate industry, for another illustration. Tin plate is one of the important weapons of warfare; on it the feeding of armies depends. The soldier's rations in nearly every form are packed in this metal. Conditions under which this war has been fought forced the use of quantities of cold rations, which of necessity have to be packed in tin plate; in a region like Italy or Saloniki, troops had to remain for weeks on the peaks or sides of mountains, far removed from their base, almost out of touch with transport.

Very early in the war an acute shortage of tin plate made itself felt. Apart from its uses in the packing of foodstuffs it is an indispensable element in munitions. Lack of freight facilities further cut down the supplies of tin. Then demands for steel for guns, shell and other supplies made it necessary to ration the quantity of steel available for the tin-plate industry. France, Italy, Serbia and Belgium were largely dependent upon British supplies, and allocations of tin plate had to be made by the British Government to the Allied governments. The shortage within the United Kingdom became so acute that the use of tin plate for every nonessential purpose had to be curtailed or altogether abolished.

The effect upon the tin-box making industry was almost disastrous.

Finally, the tin-plate manufacturers had to sacrifice their export trade. British tin plate has always been in great demand throughout the world. Enormous quantities were exported before the war to South America for the use of the packing industry. The loyal coöperation not only of the manufacturers but also of the tin-box makers answered the call of the government. Every attempt was made to salvage old tin plate; and large quantities of old cans and tin linings have been brought back from various theaters of war and distributed to the factories in the United Kingdom in order to keep them going as well as circumstances would allow. But British industry went in for winning the war; problems of trade and markets were adjourned for its duration.

The head of probably the largest rubber works in the Old World, who is also a leading figure in an association of manufacturers representing two billion dollars of capital, looks forward to a program on national scale for improvement in the neglected physical surroundings of the workers. He believes that something practical and lasting will come from the spirit of teamwork stirring in Great Britain.

"It is not too much to hope," he said, "that disappearance of antagonisms will be one of the results of the loyal comradeship of all classes during the past four years. Coöperation must be the watchword; on the one side the employer must be prepared to pay good and adequate wages for good work. He must also be prepared to remove from the minds of workmen the dread of what has hitherto been the consequences of unemployment and sickness. It must be recognized that very often the worker finds himself on the unemployed market through no fault of his own.

"It is up to both employers and employed to prove to each other that the mutual suspicions of the past are no longer justified. In all probability the state will demand a definite percentage on an equitable basis of profits made in industry. If so, this must not be used as a means of restricting the fullest possible production. Both employers and employed must bear in mind that full production, in addition to benefiting themselves directly, will bring indirect benefit inasmuch as it will contribute to the general well-being of the state."

Intelligent Interest

"Every facility should be given to insure the intelligent interest of the workers in every phase of the industry in which they are concerned. They should be educated on questions such as the supply of raw material, its production and purchase, the selling and marketing of goods, and in short all commercial operations that affect the work in which they are engaged. This should be one of the results of the recent establishment of industrial councils under the Whitley scheme.

"The question uppermost in the minds of all in Britain to-day, be they directors, managers or clerks in the countinghouse, machine minders in the shop or sweepers in the yard, is whether, now that the Germans are beaten, there shall be peace or war in industry.

"There are people, and many of them, who say that industrial strife is unthinkable. These people point to the united front which employer, work men and women presented to the common enemy all these past weary four years; to the officers in the trenches saving the lives of their men and the men dying for their officers; to the women of society entering munition works and laboring at bench and machine side by side with the girls from the unfavored quarters; and the workwomen leaving all sorts of places for the manufacture of shell. Europe could not have held out without Britain, nor America have come over in time, and Britain's strength was the strength of all, not a part, of her sons and daughters.

"Nevertheless, now that the purpose for which this unity came into being is accomplished, it is in the balance whether, as far as industry is concerned, the truce to internal war will not be broken and the old, old struggle of capital and labor be renewed on a vaster scale than ever before.

"The reasons are not far to seek. First, everyone has been at strain during the war. Business has been hard. Work in yard and shop and office has been very hard. Nerves all round have been on edge, not for weeks or months, but for years. You in America know better than most people what that means—for you are the hardest and most concentrated workers in the world. Then, think of the anxiety and suffering of literally millions of our workers—whether managers or staff—with their loved ones away in trench or on the sea or, worst of all, in German or Turkish hands.

"Can you wonder if, now that the strain relaxes, we over here, after the first great sigh of relief and thankfulness and triumph, feel irritable and uneasy and inclined to turn to the consideration of personal matters in the spirit of overtired people who, having nursed their sick back to life, now when they need rest find that they must work harder than ever to get enough to live on and pay the doctor's bill?

"That is the condition of industrial folk all round in this country, and no doubt in others. Then, everything has been topsy-turvy. No employer has been able to call his works his own, while workpeople on their side in hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of cases have had to leave home and work under most uncomfortable and artificial conditions, to say the least of it, without any holiday to speak of and without any family life."

Outworn Notions

"Now on top of all this we have to handle the demobilization of sailors and soldiers, some five millions; and of munition workers, three millions; and to adjust every kind of war process in industry to peace conditions. If all these circumstances are reviewed I do not think this nation, with all its faults, should be too hardly judged if, now that it has to set its affairs in order, it kicks up a certain amount of dust in the process.

"That dust will be raised is certain. We are an awkward-tempered crowd, we Britishers; and all of us, whether English, Scotch or Irish—or, as most of us are, a blend of all three—take kindly to a good square row among ourselves at times, as ducks to water. But there are rows and rows, and there is all the difference in the world between a 'dust up' between men who beneath the surface are comrades, and men who, though smooth when they meet, keep knives in their boots.

"There are in every trade employers and profiteers ready and eager to exploit labor and grind the faces of the poor. But they will not be able, these people, to upset the life and destroy the balance of the nation which has achieved what Britain has achieved in the mighty struggle we have won.

"I have been in Manchester and Birmingham, in Sheffield, in Liverpool, in Cardiff and in Newcastle, and in almost every other center where the lifeblood of our industries runs. And everywhere I have found that the moment a straight appeal for fair play and comradeship is put to any meeting of workmen and employers by trusted leaders on each side there comes a response that crushes to pulp the storming and shrieking of those who would destroy."

Never before the present time have so many big business men given such sober, persevering and unprejudiced thought to industrial problems. Before the war you would have had to do some running round to get a line on what might be called the viewpoint of industry. There was a viewpoint, of course, if that is the word for an utter lack of understanding on the part of the average employer of forces working in the field of industrial relations and management. Tradition and outworn notions about the place of labor bandaged the eyes and clouded the thinking of the everyday executive.

Labor, on the other hand, had its viewpoint and its program, unmistakably, for years back. The war only accentuated the outline and the detail of that program. There was no mistaking what workmen wanted; they had their case in good shape.

The employer had other things on his mind than concern with bothersome labor questions; besides, it was the chore of some

(Continued on Page 143)

The Fighting Battery for your car

is ready for you ***At The Sign of the Gould Dealer.*** If you could not get one last year, it was because the Army and Navy came first. Plant facilities doubled during the war means we can now fully supply all our dealers.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

TRADE MARK

A storage battery's plates are its reservoirs of power. All the rest is incidental to the operation of the plates and subject to their life.

Dreadnaught Plates are based on an exclusive Gould formula, perfected 11 years ago and never successfully imitated. Their unique and invaluable characteristic is a *super-hard* "active material." The resultant gain in ruggedness and tenacious resistance to disintegration is the fundamental fact on which Gould Quality rests.

IF YOU are one of the million motorists who will need a new starting-lighting battery this spring, which shall you buy? Some will serve you better and longer and more economically than others. No two makes are alike. And unless you are the exception, a technically trained man, you have just one basis for intelligent comparison. It is your judgment as to the relative values of the features wherein various batteries differ.

The Gould Battery, for example, has a distinct and fundamentally different feature—Dreadnaught Plates. In all batteries, plates are the *basic*. They are the reservoirs of the electrical power. A difference, then, in *structural detail* is not comparable in importance to a difference, an *improvement*, in plates.

The rugged power and tenacity of life of the Gould Battery are derived from Dreadnaught Plates. They are made in the most complete storage battery plant in the country, by men whose quality-standard has for years been gauged to the rigid demands of railroad and submarine boat batteries.

This is worth remembering: no battery can be better than its plates.

There's a Gould Battery Built For Your Car

Gould Storage Battery Co.

General Offices: 30 East 42nd St., New York. Plant: Depew, N. Y.

There's a Gould Service Station Near You

You, Mr. Property Owner, are responsible for America's appalling fire waste

You owe it to yourself and to the community to preserve intact that portion of the country's wealth entrusted to your care.

Will you do your part? The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is able and willing to help you.

A well-organized and sound insurance company has two functions:

1. **To co-operate with its policy-holders so that they may avoid loss.**
2. **To indemnify them for unavoidable losses.**

The "Hartford" gives both forms of service. It will co-operate by giving you expert advice on the following and other topics having to do with the avoidance or minimizing of loss. It will tell you

1. **How to build safely.**
2. **How to guard against the dangers inherent to your business.**
3. **How to arrange your plant so as to prevent serious interruption by a small fire.**
4. **How to establish a system of care and maintenance which will make for safety.**
5. **How to select and install the most suitable apparatus for promptly extinguishing fires if they occur.**

These suggestions will be supplemented by visits from engineers and inspectors who will help to maintain proper conditions. But the responsibility rests with you.

AS TO INDEMNITY. The "Hartford" offers the guarantee of its reputation for commercial honor built up during 109 years of faithful service. This guarantee is backed by assets of over $40,000,000.

It solicits an opportunity to co-operate with property owners who realize their responsibility and are willing to enter into a mutually helpful relationship.

Any agent or broker can get you a policy in the

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

The Two Hartfords—the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.—write practically every form of insurance except life.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Kreolite Block Floors in World's Largest Refinery

—15,525 sq. ft. used in Standard Oil Company's Whiting, Indiana, Plant

GREATER production demands emphasize the need for permanent, practical factory floors.

Wherever this need has been supplied with Kreolite Wood Block Floors they have won the unqualified endorsement of the world's leading manufacturers due to their permanence and the ease with which they may be installed.

Many plants have had Kreolite Wood Block Floors laid in the midst of full force production without confusion while the work continued without interruption.

We have designed special re-surfacing blocks to be laid over worn floors wherever they furnished a solid foundation. Other types of Kreolite blocks are made to meet the needs of old and new factories both large and small.

* * *

KREOLITE Block Floors offer life-long resistance to the hardest factory trucking. Thoroughly impregnating the carefully selected, well seasoned blocks with Kreolite Preservative Oil by our own patented process makes them proof against decay.

BY our method of laying, only the tough end-grain of the wood is exposed.

Kreolite Wood Block Floors actually "Outlast the factory" so great is their resistance to wear and tear.

They cannot splinter, chip or crumble. When once laid your floor worries are ended.

Every man in the factory appreciates the comfort, warmth and quietness of Kreolite Wood Block Floors. This acts as an aid to securing greater efficiency from employees.

There is no substitute for Kreolite Wood Block Floors. No other material is nearly so permanent, resilient and quiet.

* * *

THE Standard Oil Company is one of the big users of Kreolite Wood Block Floors. Their refinery at Whiting, Indiana, is the largest for the manufacture of gasoline in the world.

A KREOLITE Block Floor covering 15,525 square feet of floor space was installed under our supervision for this concern in the summer of 1917.

The Standard Oil Company is also using Kreolite Wood Block Floors in other plants, notably in its machine shops, loading platforms and in the barrel-room at its new million dollar plant in Detroit, Michigan.

* * *

LET our technical men aid in solving **your** floor problems. Their services are at your disposal without obligation on your part.

Kreolite Wood Block Floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area ways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, stables and garages.

Our book on Kreolite Factory Floors contains pertinent and complete information for Construction Engineers, Architects, Industrial Executives and Contractors. It will be mailed gladly upon request.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities.

(Continued from Page 139)

subordinate to worry about such matters. To-day no man is too big or too busy in the industrial organization to give time and thought to the human factors in the situation; and eager interest in these questions no longer necessarily indicates a weak head. With the best executive brains of industry foremost in the present discussion of Britain's economic future there is warrant enough for an attitude of hopefulness, at least. The example of those rare employers who years ago defied tradition and insisted on regarding industry mainly as a human proposition has borne fruit. But the larger credit for the present spirit is due to the influence of a great experience in common suffering and sacrifice. The men whose constructive abilities had built up the Empire's industries were not slow in catching the significant lessons of this experience; their brains are now at the country's disposal, as they have been throughout the war, ready to serve in the reconstruction.

War came to an end abruptly, as everyone knows. It might be supposed that, with the four years of agony over, business men would make a rush upon the government, clamor for the privileges war had about annihilated, and proclaim the instant resumption of "business as usual." There is reason enough for starting up. But business made no such rush nor set up much of any clamor; and as for proclamations, the Britisher is not much of a proclaimer. Instead of scramble, from the morning of the armistice to this very minute, the processes of order, restraint and thoughtful planning have operated and characterized the transition from war to peace. And what is more to the point, the first concern of every industrial leader has been not with recapture of trade but with making a fresh start, a right start in the matter of industrial relations.

A man who has done as much as any one individual to build up the industries of Western England is giving practically all his time to this work. He is for doing away with delay and procrastination. He maintains that there is information enough at hand for a start in settling the relation of employer and employed.

Time to Do Something

"We have had investigations enough," he said; "let us do something now. There is sense enough on both sides to put behind us some of the problems that have been harassing industry. Our insularity, so often a stumbling block, may in this instance be our safeguard. As for immediate measures that can be taken to deal with the situation, it is clear that they must be progressive to an extent hitherto unparalleled, and that the grievances of labor must be met in the most generous spirit. There is little doubt that they have, many of them, a substantial foundation in fact. Belief is more important than truth, and labor's conviction that it has not had a square deal will not be shaken by any evidence which it is likely can be adduced before a royal commission.

"If the sense of injury can be removed by a generous pledges bill and by setting up machinery for the investigation of profiteering and undue profits; if, further, labor's desire for increased control of its industrial life is generously met by rapid extension on the lines foreshadowed by the Whitley report; and if, on the one hand, on all occasions labor is honestly and fairly met and not left with a sense of having been used for a purpose, and, on the other, is not treated like a troublesome and unruly schoolboy who has to be humored by his elders; if, in fact, labor is understood as having come to manhood—there is every hope that the difficulties of the transition period will be successfully met."

The president of the National Alliance of Employer and Employed, Frederick Huth Jackson, spoke for this large organization when he said the other day that all men are now agreed that the industrial system of five years ago can never return.

"A new spirit is emerging out of our perplexities," he said, "the national viewpoint taking the place of the sectional, and men who in past days were as far apart as the poles in their outlook and opinions are trying now to give a practical meaning to that worn phrase, 'community of interest.' It is to the work of eliminating bureaucratic control as far as possible and of humanizing problems of industrial reconstruction that our alliance has set its hand, with results that are encouraging."

A concrete illustration of how this humanizing of industrial relations can be carried out is to be found in the Hans Renold Works at Manchester. But for talks I had with various employees in the plant I should have taken it for granted that much of what I had been told about this establishment was by way of amiable rather than accurate information. In this plant you find a very detailed program of shop and management relationships, undertaken, as the executives are careful to inform you, merely as experiments. They are not afraid of experiments. The moving spirit of the concern, Charles Renold, son of the founder, who set his ideals to work at the same time with his mechanical inventions, is a Cornell graduate, who has the fixed conviction that industrial management is entering on a new stage. And because he has this notion and finds that opposition to it in the trade is disappearing he is hopeful for the nation's industrial future.

What he is after is to find out by actual trial how far under present conditions the necessary machinery can be set up within an industry for distributing the managerial load. If industrial life fails to satisfy the worker, he argues, even with advance in wages and reduction of hours, there must be still something left for a manager to do. The Renold Works use a large number of automatic machines. Apparently every improvement in the automatic workings of these machines deepens a resentment which the men felt but said little about, at least within hearing of the management; and Charles Renold was intelligent enough to sense this feeling or "atmosphere."

The Wrong and Easy Remedy

The easy remedy of telling men who didn't like becoming cogs in a machine to make way for those who did never entered his mind. He enjoyed the initiative, freedom and interest that he found in his daily work, and he saw no reason why some of these benefits might not go even with work on automatic tools. There was no changing the machines of course, or the nature of the work. But there seemed to be opportunities that might offer valuable compensations. And these opportunities lay in the direction of more democratic methods in conducting the business of production. There was "enough power and responsibility to go round; the management need never miss a share going to the employee."

The joint-management scheme of the Renold plant is divided into two main sections. In the first section are all those items that are accepted as within the unquestioned rights of the workers. In the first place, when men are members of outside labor organizations there is need of some parallel agency within the plant to supervise agreements negotiated and handle the detail from the intimate shop, rather than from the outside, viewpoint.

Now the way to act under a system of trade agreements is to begin at once making sure that the rates agreed on are actually received by all the individuals concerned; and furthermore, to make sure that rates and scales of wages apply fairly. Nor is this all. Every promise of advances in pay must be fulfilled. Hedging is nowhere so fatal as in industry. In the matter of piece rates, however set, whether by collective or individual agreement, the basis for each price must be such as to leave no doubt or suspicion in the employee's mind. All the data must be placed where men may come freely to examine them.

The management finds occasion from time to time to install a new machine or introduce a change in process which is likely, for a time at least, to result in cutting down the number of men employed in that process. Here is work cut out for a shop or works committee to advise how the change may be brought about with the least hardship to the men. These changes, too, often require a new classification of the operatives, a new grading of the men on the pay roll. Conference is the obvious method for avoiding the countless disputes in all such innovations.

Grievances are normal to every aggregation of men. Where means are provided for airing them, checking any petty tyranny which they reveal, there is no reason for any bad feeling in the works; to the sensible manager every grievance freely spoken is a source of help.

For all those questions which involve what may be called the social life of a factory the Renold idea is to provide as much self-government as possible—such questions as, for example, restriction of smoking, shop tidiness, cleaning and oiling of machines, care of overalls, time-checking rules, pay days, use of lavatories, general behavior, meal hours, holiday work, day and night shifts, safety work, medical examination, washing accommodations, drinking-water supply, and a number more—all of them matters in which the employee has more interest to see properly carried out than even the management.

"More important than any making over of the management machinery," Mr. Renold said; "more important even than prompt remedying of specific grievances is the establishing of some degree of human touch and sympathy between management and men. I cannot emphasize too strongly that the hopefulness of any experiment lies not in any machinery nor even in wideness of power of self-government by the workers, but in the degree to which touch and, if possible, friendliness can be established.

"In any case of new rules or new developments or new workshop policy there is always difficulty in getting the rank and file to know what the management is driving at. The change may be all to the good; but the mere fact that it is new and not understood may lead to trouble. If wise use is made of committees of workers all such changes would be discussed, explained, and it is not extravagant to expect that these men would soon spread a correct version of the management's intentions among their fellow workers.

"Take the matter of promotions or appointments of foremen. There is usually bad feeling and more. Extremists have urged that workmen should choose their own foremen by election. This may become possible when more experience in self-management is in the possession of the workers, but the present difficulty is that a number of parties and distinct problems are involved. A worker is naturally interested in the human qualities of the foreman, his sympathies, fairness or helpfulness. Other foremen size up the technical fitness of their new colleague. The manager expects skill in handling men and keeping up the producing requirements of the plant. Each of these parties is looking for a different set of qualities. Yet it is worth while making an earnest attempt to reach a common understanding through free discussion.

"One thing more than any other, however, is of practical help: The management must lay down a clear statement of the qualities deemed necessary for such a post. This done, everybody has an impersonal standard to go by. Another vital point: The extent to which management functions can be delegated or policies brought up for discussion with the men depends very largely on the degree of completeness with which the management itself is organized. Where this is haphazard only autocratic control is possible. Therefore the better organized and more constitutional—in the sense of having known rules and procedures—the management is, the more possible it makes joint action."

The Zeppelin Issue

Human nature is on the job at the Renold works, as it is pretty much everywhere else. The joint committees have had nuts to crack both easy and tough. The men of the tool-room shops handed in one day the following resolution:

"Whilst agreeing through abnormal conditions to the introduction of women in the tool room we wish to record our objection to any woman being placed in any position of authority for discipline purposes." The men explained that they felt they were "giving a lot away in allowing women to invade their trade and strongly resented any woman coming into a position of authority." Thanks to the attitude of the women there was no further problem.

What a peep behind the war curtain is a proposition like this, which the Renold, and many another management, has had to face: "Payment for stoppage of work in case of Zeppelin raids."

A delegation representing the two hundred men of a certain shop waited on the joint committee with a proposal that the men should have full pay if they remained in the factory during air raids; or be allowed to go home without any record of absence. Think of the squabble, recriminations and bad temper that questions of pay when work ceases through no fault of the men always give rise to. Many a bitter strike dates from such issues, hitting against the stone wall of a deadlock.

How did the Renold management and its committee system meet this situation? The answer was payment in full for the first hour after the stoppage and half pay thereafter for the men who stayed in the works, waiting to restart; "considering that the circumstances which bring about these stoppages were out of control of both the management and the men, and that the firm stood proportionately to lose more than the men, it is the opinion of the representatives that this is an equitable arrangement." And note the further comment of the men's committee: "Instruction to dissuading people from going home was justified because it generally happened that an early restart was possible, and the loss to both sides would be less than by sending people away immediately warning of a raid was given, and anyway it was generally recognized that it was safer to remain under cover, and it was only serving the enemy's purpose to stop production more than need be."

British industry has ground for a hopeful view of the future so long as good sense remains the keystone of its management. The can't-be-done school among employers is on the way to wholesale conversion. What has been already done, and done so well, leaves little excuse for the industrial laggard. No better friends of British industry exist than the mass of the rank and file. Given reasonable opportunity, as industrial leaders have begun to do, for satisfaction with industrial life and big resources in the way of team spirit, efficiency and sustained good work—the contribution of the working force—may be added to the stock of Britain's assets. Failing this there is certain risk of turning friend into foe, a hopeful attitude into one of antagonism, and of loading industry with burdens that it could never so little afford to carry as now.

Mr. Selfridge's Views

Prominent employers say that if only their fellow employers desist from harking back to conditions that have gone for good the future may be made one of big promise. There will be problems without end, and many of them will concern industrial relations, but this need not be disquieting. Industry has always had labor problems to face. There is now more general knowledge to face them with, and perhaps a truer appreciation on the part of both management and men of the essential dependence of each upon the other.

I have been impressed by the utter absence of sentimentalism in expressions I have heard among employers as to what industrial relations in the near future are to be. This has seemed to me almost the promising fact and guaranty in the situation. Cool judgment, instead of a mush of unworkable platitudes and benevolences, is being brought to bear on questions that call for the same headwork that serious engineering or organization problems demand. To say the least, all such questions are on a par so far as the tax on the best possible brain power is concerned. And on the question of sound relations in Britain's workshops you will find first-rate brain power in action now.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge needs as little introduction in the United States as he does in England. Holding the unique position of a very successful American merchant in the center of Britain's retail trade he knows what the merchant and manufacturer as well as the bulk of the population here are thinking of, industrially speaking.

"I think that much of the unrest has been due," Mr. Selfridge said, "to the attitude of some employers. Trouble between labor and capital is frequently due to the employer; and in so many cases we discover when the employer has grown from the ranks of labor he becomes autocratic, using just those elements which irritate and which give a desire to hit back.

"Leaders among labor say that in addition to good wages, and so on, the workers feel that as growing human beings and as citizens they ought to have more voice in the management. If I may be personal—in this business, where we have about five thousand employees, the discipline of the house is in the hands of a staff or employee council, which is an elected body and which is entirely independent of the working management of the house, because the general good judgment of the staff council representing the employees keeps it always in the center of the road.

(Concluded on Page 147)

What Troy Trailers are doing for
BETHLEHEM STEEL
COMPANY

"We have been using Troy Trailers
for about two years with very good success.
They have saved us considerable expense and we
feel satisfied in giving them a good name."

Troy Trailers double and sometimes triple the "pay" load.

Add practically nothing to tire and fuel expense.

Reduce equipment investment per ton of capacity.

Utilize "draw-bar pull" that otherwise is going to waste.

Pull trucks out of the expense hole.

Make truck hauling practical by making it cheap.

Facilitate loading and unloading.

And remove the limitations of the "lonely" truck.

Troy Trailers are made for motor-trucks—made with every consideration of engine, frame, truck structure, connection, load, road and transportation emergencies. Made to pay. Made to stay.

You ought to investigate what Troy Trailers are doing for hundreds of concerns in 209 different lines of business.

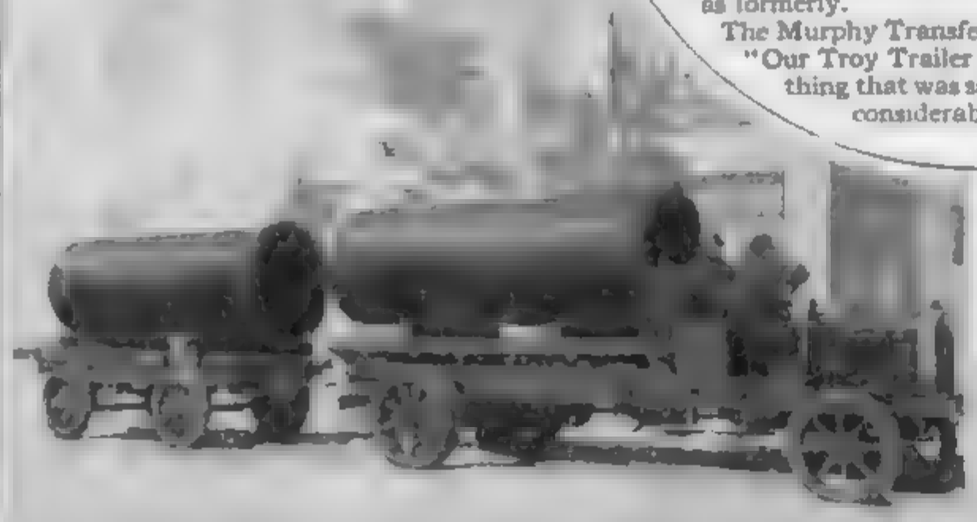
Troy Trailers

The Troy Wagon Works Co., Troy, Ohio

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost

With Troy Trailers Stedman Bent, Philadelphia, hauls two pieces of pipe per trip, instead of one as formerly.

The Murphy Transfer Co., St. Paul, says: "Our Troy Trailer has proven everything that was said about it and considerable more."



Garford MOTOR TRUCKS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

"first"

COMPANY "D" 405th TELEGR. [illegible], U.S.A.
U.S. APO #775, AMERICAN EXPEDI[illegible].
BETTHEIM BEI CASTELLAUN, HUNS[illegible].

13 December, 1918.

The General Sales Manager
[illegible] COMPANY
Lima, Ohio, U.S.A.

Dear Sir: -

Having been in the automobile business for the past ten years; followed the motor truck through its early days; seen it overcome the prejudices of a skeptical public; I feel that I can give a few words of comment on the one-and-one-half ton Garford.

The organization to which I am attached received its motor equipment last May (1918). Most of us were more or less skeptical on the Garford of that model; [illegible] performance. We received twelve, out of which number I know of none that has travelled less than seven thousand miles. The greater part of this mileage was over shell-pitted and war-torn roads; some over cross country where there were no roads at all.

Since starting into Germany we have had an additional dozen trucks of a much higher price; but the men are all strong for the Garford and use every ruse possible to ride on them; for they are the ones to reach the destination first, regardless of road conditions or their load. I might say that eight of these trucks have never missed a day's work. Some of them have never had a valve ground or carbon removed. I claim that is some record considering the poor grade of gas and oil obtainable.

My reason for taking a personal interest in the work of the trucks is that previous to the war I was a salesman, and at one time distributor, for two well-known, highpriced, commercial cars and heavy duty trucks. But to date I can truthfully say that I have never seen in civil or in army use a truck that is the Garford's equal. It [illegible] be of interest to you to know that the Garford was [illegible] truck to cross "No man's Land" into German territory after the [illegible] Armistice.

Hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you personally on my return to the States, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,
C. P. Simcox

Address: Co."D", 405th Telegraph Bn. S.C.
US APO 775, American Expeditionary Forces

O K F. H. Pontius
1st Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Construct now for a greater and still happier America — *U. S. Department of Labor, Wm. B. Wilson, Sec'y.*

The Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio
Motor Trucks of all Capacities
Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities

Put New Life in the Old Car

You or your painter can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish.

—easily, because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car like new with only one coat.

—quickly, because it goes on in short order and dries in less than 48 hours.

—conveniently, because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.

The result is big compared with the effort. Glidden Auto Finishes flow on easily, level out of their own accord and dry quickly to a beautiful durable finish.

So many auto owners and painters have now used Glidden Auto Finishes successfully that you can get assurance of equally good results by talking to any one of them.

Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send to us direct $1.50 ($1.75 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black. We will also send you color card and interesting literature covering full line of colors of Glidden Auto Finishes.

Remember that no matter what you may have to renew, there is a Glidden Paint, Varnish, Stain or Enamel that will do the job. Glidden Dealers everywhere.

NOTE TO DEALERS
Send at once for our Dealer Proposition

The Glidden Company, Cleveland, O., U.S.A.
The Glidden Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Branches: New York — Chicago — Kansas City — San Francisco — London. Stocks in principal cities

(Concluded from Page 143)

"I cannot but feel that the steady, unhysterical, good common sense which permeates this community and practically every member of it this side will not be affected at all, beyond perhaps a few vicious individuals, by the Continental upheaval.

"There is a great difference between a political condition and a commercial condition. Commerce is open for anyone to employ his ability as he chooses and as he is able, and there is no sovereign state in that great field of occupation. If a manager becomes bumptious and overimpressed with his authority he is going to do that which irritates and which gives the other side the feeling that it has been treated unjustly; and the people of our race and with our lines of thought object above everything else to that which we consider as injustice.

"If the manager employs the same kind of good sense in the careful control and the direction and supervision of those people who are upon his pay roll that he himself would like under the same circumstances there is likely to be no trouble whatever.

"We have, however, reached that time when the absence of that good sense is going to make trouble much easier than it was a generation or more ago, because the so-called common people or the multitude are approaching more closely to those who have heretofore been recognized as the favored few. There is less difference to-day between the duke and the street cleaner than there ever was before.

"As to the question, will there be enough work?—that will depend largely upon the energy that is employed by those who have the thing in hand. There will be no trouble in finding plenty of employment for those who are pressing the opportunities of this empire if those who really are in the position to use energy and enterprise do utilize their ability as they should. In other words, the whole world is Great Britain's field in which she could trade, and trade and commerce are the things which really keep the country going, because they are the wage earners of the state. If, therefore, they are in a position to do so they should use the enterprise and the energy which are so desirable and attract the different parts of the world through their merchandise, taking up as much as they can of the trade which Germany has sacrificed, at least for the moment. There should be no trouble whatever in a very great era of prosperity for this country."

The Let-Alone Spirit

"The stores that are dealing locally must look for their results to the general welfare of the country, and if the country as a whole is prosperous they will do well, and vice versa. Our Christmas trade has been very much the biggest, I think, England has ever had. We broke all records in a thousand places, and I think it has been generally good all over the country. The causes of this boom are general lightheartedness of the people, the fact that the shadow of war is removed, the fact that a very large number of the community had been earning excellent wages, and also that Christmas in Great Britain is always a time for demonstrating that feeling of good will, and therefore it was the best time to show its relief.

"Before the war there was in the industrial life of England very much too much of the conservative spirit which let well enough alone and which said 'Why should we change from the methods of our fathers?' That was undesirable and inefficient spirit, and could only have resulted in a serious setback to England's commercial spirit. It was that spirit which had been allowed to grow that made it very much easier for Germany to get her large trade. The reason that spirit had been allowed to grow was because to many in England the game of success did not seem quite worth the candle, and the spirit of the love of ease was considered more desirable than the love of efficiency.

"Sports had grown to be much too important a factor in the public life—all kinds of life; and the result was it was very easy to spend long week-ends in the country, and not work too hard in the meantime. Personally, I think that when a man is doing a thing he should do it with all his might. Just exactly should a man go through his week's business, as long as he is undertaking to do business, with the same spirit and enthusiasm with which he plays each hole of golf.

"The American man of business, as far as our experience goes, has not yet as a whole shown himself desirous of export business. At the beginning of the war we sent our people to America to buy goods. We had difficulty in getting stuff there, and only in a few very exceptional cases did we find that our buyers were catered to by the American manufacturing public as buyers should expect to be, and they came back feeling that any business done was as a favor to them.

"The reason was that the manufacturer in America found at his own door an outlet for his stuff, which did not make export business necessary; and because it was harder to do export business and because he was not accustomed to it he preferred to continue the local trade. Generally America is not going to become an export country as long as America is producing no more merchandise than she can easily sell at home. When this condition changes she will look for outside sources for the distributing of it."

Wages and Standards of Living

"We have learned that the productive ability of this small country is, when pushed hard, very much greater than heretofore has been considered possible. With the great manufacturing districts of Northern France in the hands of the soldiers and producing no material, with restrictions which made importation from America and other foreign countries practically impossible, the manufacturing sections of this country have geared themselves up to such a rate that they have not only supplied us in Great Britain with all the merchandise we want and more, but they have furnished enormous amounts for France, Italy, and so on. This teaches us that the difference between what has been supplied per loom and per operative and what can be supplied is enormous.

"I cannot speak too highly of the splendid work that the women of this country have done at that moment when their assistance was so necessary. They grasped the our and pulled with all their might to bring this boat into harbor, and they have raised themselves enormously in the respect of the entire community as being efficient in those things in which heretofore they have had not much opportunity of proving themselves.

"General wages, it is hoped, will not seriously drop from their present rates. It will become difficult to maintain them artificially; on the other hand the standards of living must be maintained by every effort which those who are leading in any way in this country can use. As far as we are concerned we shall make no reductions in wages or salaries in this store.

"There has thus far been no important relaxation in the control of raw material. Certain things have been released and we expect this relaxation to come very quickly; perhaps before this interview is printed the control will show itself as begun in earnest. I cannot discover that there is any serious desire on the part of the government to maintain the control, except perhaps in the matter of wool and where the distribution of the raw material must be safeguarded by the state and where manufacturers must be safeguarded for preventing in any way any profiteering. Profiteering is considered here as very bad form and has not been indulged in to any great extent. There has been some newspaper talk about it, but it was only newspaper talk. The business men of Great Britain have as a very general rule been splendidly patriotic and unselfish, thinking during the past four years or so that the great thing was to win the war rather than that their individual selves should be protected.

"The impression that I would convey, if I were speaking to the merchants and business men of America, is that the spirit of the business men of Great Britain is right. The present condition of mind is as one would like to see it,—in the direction of reasonableness, good judgment and the safeguarding of the state; and the more we men of business recognize that each one of our institutions, or businesses, or whatever we choose to call them, is one of the assets of the state, then the more nearly do we bring our occupation called business into the line of a profession, using the word profession in the highest sense of the term.

"Every merchant is asking himself, What about business for the coming months and years? Prophecy is unsatisfactory work, but we have concluded that we shall push business with utmost effort and energy; that we shall work harder than ever to adopt new ideas."

Sir Stephenson Kent, one of the big industrial leaders and employers in England, is in charge of the industrial demobilization work. During the war his conferences with American employers and labor groups were among the most helpful in bringing to light the size of the job we had in hand. Here is his view of the British situation:

"In making any statement about the industrial situation in England it is inevitable that difficulties should be dwelt upon. The problems with which we are faced are obvious; solutions are often obscure or only half-revealed. But it would be a mistake to infer that because perplexities abound the outlook depresses. The tasks and dangers confronting us at the beginning of the war were of far greater magnitude. Nevertheless, though prophets of evil were not wanting, the tasks have been performed and the dangers overcome. Thus the great experience of the recent past justifies us in turning our faces to the future in a spirit of reasonable optimism.

"It is not easy to define briefly the mutual attitude of employer and workman during the war. The complicating factor was the interposition of a third party—the state. The improved terms granted by employers—vastly higher wages, shorter hours, improved welfare conditions—may be attributed, justly no doubt, in part to the overriding necessity of stimulating output; in part to the assistance given by the state to employers who initiated welfare work in their factories; and in part to the power of employers to recoup themselves for the grant of higher wages by the adjustment of their contract prices. The workers in pressing for such improvements as I have indicated, as well as a share in factory management, have no doubt been influenced by the high price of food, the spectacle of profiteering in some quarters, and apprehensions for their post-war future owing to the transformation of mechanical methods and the inrush of semiskilled men and women into the highly skilled crafts."

How Discussion Helps

"But it would be a great mistake to conclude that the workers have been influenced merely by self-interest and that the employers have made only those concessions for which they could procure an equivalent from the state. Behind all these superficial indications of interested feeling there has undoubtedly been on both sides a conscious working for a great common end, which even divergent interests have not been able to obscure. Employers—by assenting to a national scheme for the periodic revision of wages in various industries, by conceding greatly reduced hours of work, by agreeing in many cases to the shop-committee system and in some leading instances strongly promoting it, and by doing what they could amid the rapid turmoil of enormous war production to humanize the conditions of factory life—have displayed a spirit of humanity and quickness to appreciate the lessons taught by the concentrated industrial experience of the last four years. Again, the hard, willing, devoted work of the millions engaged on the output of munitions can be appreciated only by those who have been able to study it at close range; but as strikes which have occurred may have attracted attention disproportionate to their relative significance it is worth pointing out here that notwithstanding the reactions of war strain the time lost through trade disputes during the period of the war has been an exceedingly small fraction of the whole working time.

"As to how far the better elements of feeling and practical experience produced in the atmosphere of war will be solidified and made permanent in the less acutely idealistic days of peace, much will depend upon the whole commercial position after the coming period of transition. Prophecies are out of the question. The most hopeful prospect lies in developing the spirit of mutual respect and understanding between employers and their workers to which I have already made reference. Bring parties with competing interests round the same table, let them ventilate their differences freely face to face, and we may look for an atmosphere in which fair-minded accommodation becomes possible.

"It is with that goal in view that the government is actively promoting the Whitley scheme of joint industrial councils, supplemented by industrial-reconstruction committees linking up with the work of the trade boards and existing representative joint bodies. It is also maintaining trade-union advisory committees at the headquarters of government departments, as well as local-labor advisory committees to assist in decentralized administration.

"It may still be possible to discern a really acute difference between the aims of even 'good' employers and 'good' workmen. The employers realize that high wages and attractive conditions are necessary to produce contented workers, but they claim that increased output is an indispensable accompaniment of these. On the other hand the worker is apt to suspect in suggestions of payment by results, in scientific management and in efficiency methods an attack on collective bargaining and the menace of considerable unemployment. The workers ask not only for comfort in the present but security for the future, and for some measure of control of the industry in which they are concerned. It is in this general situation that the promotion of direct negotiation and joint action as between the employing and employed classes is seen to be of the first importance."

Fellow Learners in a Big School

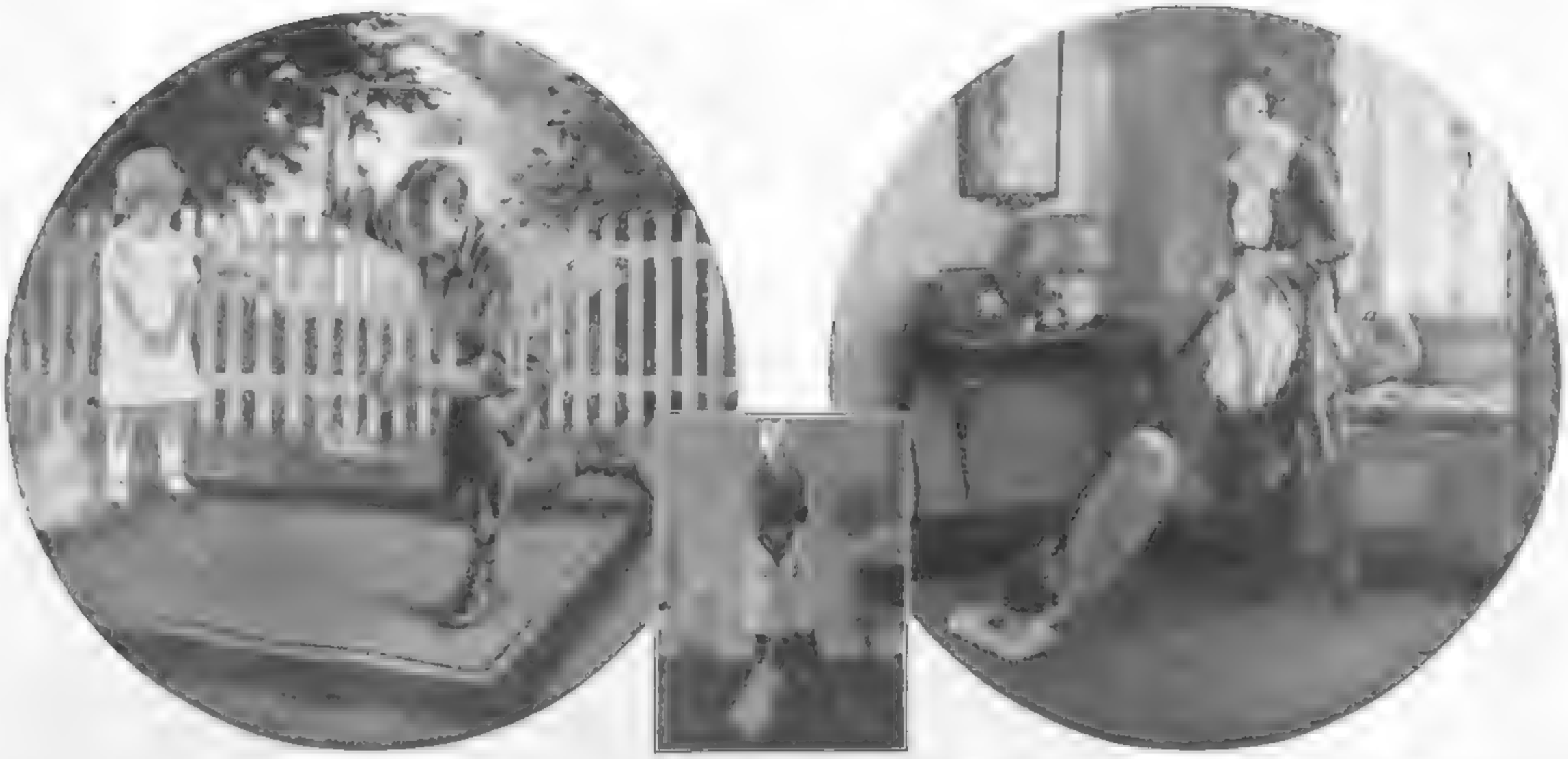
"Apart from labor questions perhaps the greatest problem facing British industry at present from the employer's point of view is the fact that while on the one hand the costs of raw materials and of production are very high there is on the other hand apprehension that prices of manufactured articles may fall heavily. As a consequence, though the need of the world for manufactured articles has never been greater and masses of orders are waiting to be placed, manufacturers in many cases are hanging back.

"The questions of the readaptation of plant and of taxation are also factors in the internal situation, while, looking to the outside, the recovery of markets and trade connections is an issue of prime urgency. From a narrowly national standpoint—such a standpoint as might have seemed natural before we had all learned the lessons of the great war—it might be said that America is not specially interested and concerned in our solving these problems of ours. But these are not pre-war days and I think that perhaps in America as well as in England we shall try to survey things in a more comprehensive and generous spirit. No doubt labor policies in England and America must sooner or later follow the same broad lines. Interchange of views, experience and experiments should be of great interest and value to both countries.

"It may be said that industry tends toward internationalization and that the international relations of labor are only less close than those of capital. A demand is springing up in all countries—and not only on the side of labor—for an international code for industry: a flexible code, susceptible of local modifications, which would remove some of the local fears with which employers listen to the demands of labor. Employers in any one country are deterred from making such concessions by fear of foreign competition. This may or may not be a valid argument, but it would clearly be advantageous to all parties to reconstruct the foundations of industrial life in such a way as to restore the confidence which is now so often lacking among the three partners in the world's work—employers, employed and the state.

"It is not for England to teach America. England and America are fellow learners in the school of world experience. We may exchange thoughts, ideas, suggestions and records to our mutual and lasting advantage, but one would hesitate a long time before assuming a didactic attitude on any of the subjects I have touched upon. Closer and more frequent consultation would, I think, be very desirable, and possibly we may in the future see conferences taking place periodically between the Departments of Labor of the United Kingdom and the United States.

"Nothing but good can come from exchange of ideas and experience, and I look forward to the day when such questions as hours of the working week will be a matter of international discussion governed by international experience and by international demand. Security of employment and certainty of market should be our goal, and only by international discussions and agreements shall we be able to achieve our common aim."



It *Beats*...as it Sweeps as it Cleans

... and it is guaranteed to prolong the life of rugs

It *Beats*.....

SHOE SOLES track in from the streets an unwholesome gritty type of dirt. Wiped off by soft nap, it sifts deeply into the carpetings.

There it evades removal except by beating. Pressed by feet and furniture, it sandpapers the nap from within. Thread-bare spots in time appear.

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As It Sweeps

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As It Cleans

AND AS THE HOOVER beats and sweeps it also cleans by powerful suction. A cyclone of air rushes upwards through the carpeting, healthfully freshening it and suctioning up all surface litter.

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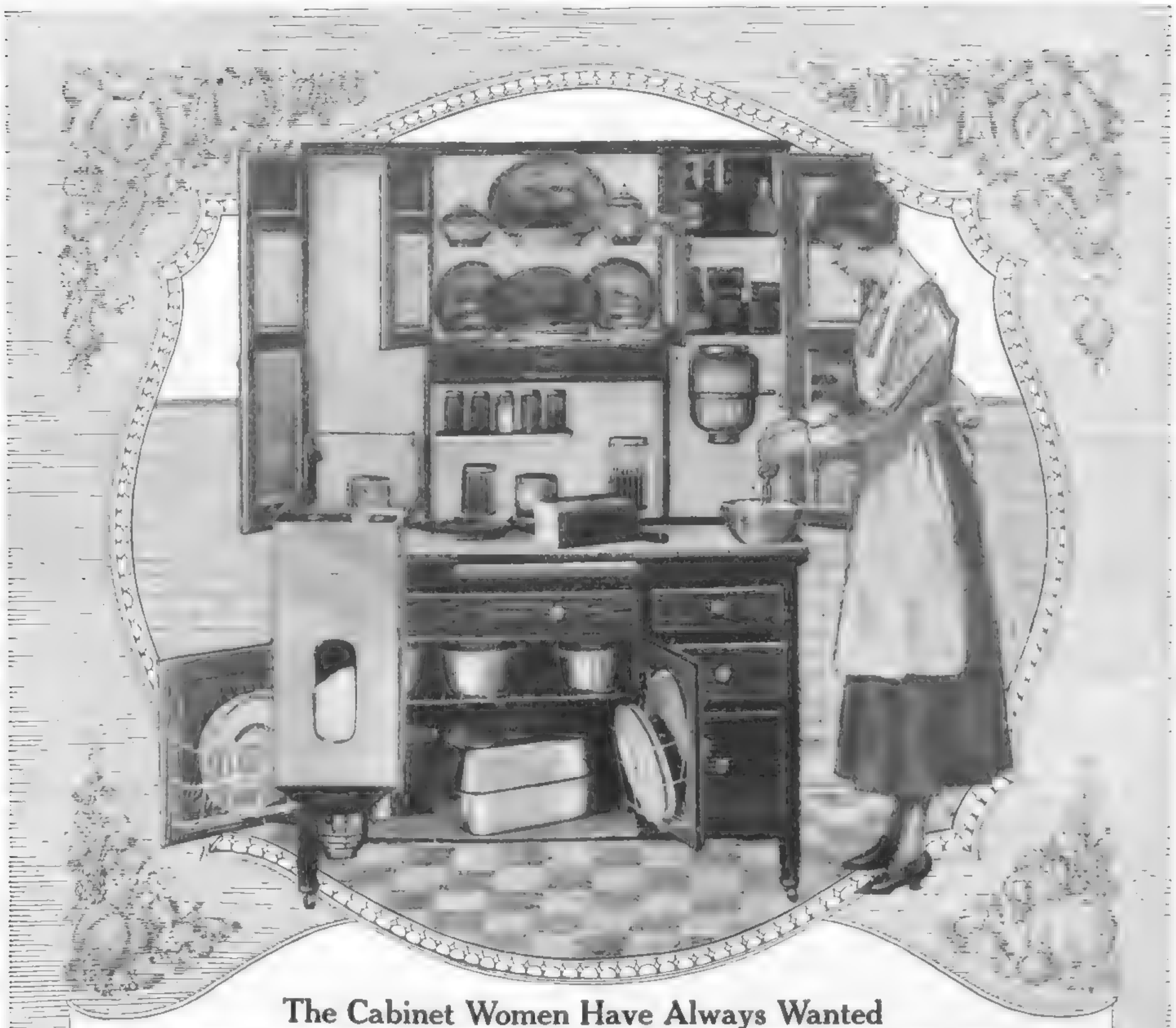
JUST RUN YOUR

HOOVER



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DARK BARRE GRANITE

SPINELESS LEAGUES AND FACELESS NATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

The result is that ideas done up in the form of people are in the best, most lively and most practical form to be presented to great masses of men and masses of women.

In the new League of Nations that we are going to have each nation is going to find that if it wants to express its ideas in the quickest, cheapest and most convincing form to people in other nations it must find ways of having its ideas personalized.

Nations must have faces.

The more faceless nations in the league will be the ones that will be misunderstood the most and have to have armaments longest.

Faces are the same in all languages. Ways must be found of having a hundred million people look one in the eye.

The other day in the streets of Paris one saw hundreds of thousands of people lined up and crowded on the pavements looking—as Mr. Wilson passed—a hundred million people, three thousand miles away, in the eye.

It was the most colossal and convincing thing that has happened in five hundred years—that deep swift moment two nations had out of their desperate sorrow together, out of their desperate hope together looking one another in the eye.

I have believed it to be a symbol not only of one way but of a thousand ways in which nations from this day forward, by being more nationally personal with each other, by being personal on a magnificent and colossal scale with one another, are going to come to the peace that passeth understanding.

The peace that passeth understanding, as I look at it, is not a peace that passeth the understanding of common human people. It is the peace that merely passeth the understanding of the impersonal diplomats, of the abstract hemmers and hawers of nations that great peoples before this in great moments have let stand in front of them and hide their faces.

Personalizing the ideas of a nation so that people see them personally is a thing that can be carried on in a thousand ways and through a thousand activities by merely carrying the common activity on in a more personal, human and self-revealing way.

The white-light theory or impersonal theory of how a reporter or a correspondent should present news is going to evaporate, I suspect, very soon when the nations once begin really grappling with how they can get acquainted with each other.

I was talking with a newspaper man the other day who seemed to think that the fact that Mrs. Carlyle threw a teacup at Mr. Carlyle should be given to the public merely as a fact.

But a fact presented to people without the proper—or even, if necessary, without the improper—human being to go with it does not mean anything and does not really become alive or caper about in people's minds.

But what I want and what I believe most people want when a fact is being presented is one or two touches that will make natural and human questions rise in and play about like this:

"Did a servant see Mrs. Carlyle throw the teacup? Was the servant an English servant with an English imagination or an Irish servant with an Irish imagination? What would Mr. Gladstone have said if he instead of the servant had happened to be going by the door? What would the fact have been like if Mr. Browning had been listening at the keyhole? Or Oscar Wilde, or Punch, or the Missionary Herald, or the New York Sun, or the Christian Science Monitor?"

One has a dozen facts in a minute when one thinks of a dozen people at the keyhole when Mrs. Carlyle threw the teacup.

Was Mrs. Carlyle summing her whole life up and giving out her autobiography in throwing that teacup at Mr. Carlyle? Or was she in a nervous crisis, which would be the more important part of the fact? This fact about the teacup would have to be put with the other fact—namely: Was Mrs. Carlyle or was she not misrepresenting herself just when the Missionary Herald or Punch or Browning or Gladstone happened by?

Every fact has to be put in its setting or it isn't a fact at all. Raw-material fact, or what might be called pig-iron fact, does not exist. The setting which goes with a fact and makes it a big or little one nine times out of ten depends upon the kind of person who happened to be by and who observed it.

The only way out in getting at the truth in expressing the relations between governments is to have a crowd at the keyhole when the teacup is thrown. If we are going to have a League of Nations, America will have to provide through its newspapers an enormous safe-guaranteed equipment and machinery for having crowds at keyholes.

People of all temperaments and all interests trooping past and reporting news like human beings.

Conveniences for nations' being personal.

In other words, if they are going to succeed with one another and succeed in being understood nations must have a look and a tone and personalize their ideas.

First experience and conclusion: Nations must have faces.

II

THE other experience I have had lately in watching the way the world is going is that what makes it go, largely, is a spotlight.

If a young amateur Kaiser who was going round to people for general advice should come to me to-morrow morning and ask me how I thought he ought to go at it to be a Napoleon now, I should be inclined to say to him that the really practical thing for a man to do who wants to bully a world to-day is not to be a Kaiser and fling round armies and navies at people, but be an editor—jerk round what people look at, hurl round a spotlight in your hand up in the dark.

Let anything happen that wants to happen. Let anybody speak who wants to speak. Spread out before the people a kind of free open sky of news.

Then run a spotlight, which in a universe of news, nations and suns makes men's minds like moths round a street lamp on a summer night.

Everybody has felt like this reading his paper lately—like a moth in swirls of news.

A few days pass by. We see the entire attention of the world all about us being centered on Germany and on how much we can all pull away from the Germans.

A few days more pass by, and Germany becomes a great Black Hole of attention, a huge wastebasket of darkness, and we find ourselves flitting in a great round world arc light of how much England, France, Italy and America can pull away from each other.

A few days more, and the round world arc light is on something else.

Moths. Moths.

Everybody buzzing. Everybody flitting.

I do not know how other people find it in what they are trying to do—being a banker, for instance, or being a plumber to a public jerked round like this. But I do know that being an author to it, trying to write books to it with reference to what is going to happen and what has happened or with reference to the relative importance of events in a bird's-eye view of the time and of the world makes one feel one belongs to the impossibility profession. Just this huge foolish spotlight wandering round making things suddenly black and meaningless all round everybody.

A few days here, a few days there.

Then out.

Not unnaturally, if one is an author one wants to get at one's own people—at the hundred million people; touch it on the elbow, as it were; get its attention. Not unnaturally, once in so often one looks forward to taking a nation by the buttonhole with a book, and talking to it calmly about what it has just mentioned, but one must restrain oneself now.

One wakes up on Monday morning and sees one's people all keyed up—a hundred million people all hustling along on a subject, all forgetting everything else, all asking every author they meet to please write a book about it.

Three days more, all in a second, one looks up and sees this same hundred million people that made this great rush of knowledge on the subject it ordered all its books on jumping down over a precipice into a bottomless black hole of silence about it, into an unfathomable bog of indifference about it for the rest of their lives.

One comes to three discouraged conclusions:

First discouraged conclusion: Writing a book to grip a nation with events or even to fleck the attention of a nation is an idle dream. The attention of this nation we belong in now—all of us—is becoming a mere spotlight attention. We are all doomed to live daily in a single brilliant globe of light in the vast empty waste of the news of the world. The rest is all outer darkness, with the great spotlight up above being run God knows why, God knows by whom. One tries to know. All one knows is: This mysterious composite vague personality, this cosmic kind of Billy Hearst, way up somewhere in the heavens bullying what a world looks at, with his little private patch of glory, plumps history at nations; way up in the anonymous dark, way up safe over a hundred thousand cities, over all the people's heads, jerks round what a hundred million people see; steers the little daily visions of their world and shoves at them their lives.

Second discouraged conclusion: A hundred million people who are living like this, who are being petted and cajoled by ten thousand editors into these lurches of attention, into acting like this in their minds toward what is happening, cannot make anything happen. Nations acting like this in their minds have to take the history that is handed out to them by stronger-minded nations; by nations in which the ship of state has a farther and a longer lookout, a steadier and a deeper draft, and which holds its course in the seas.

Third discouraged conclusion: The worst of the spotlight way of supplying news to people is that the spotlight works as well apparently in fooling the free and the great minds of the day—the experts, the editors—as it does in fooling the small ones. In the presence of a huge spotlight roaming round out in inky blackness a lion, a mouse and Abraham Lincoln all see alike. Nobody exists who can see off over the edge of it or an inch one side from it. One has to get one's hand on the arm way up in the dark that is jerking the light round and find a way to begin jerking the light oneself. And no one single person can do it, of course. Only a trust or a secret government can do it. So do we all in our poor little minds live in America to-day, like little creatures of the glare, like toads and moths of news, like fishes with torches.

Not a day passes but I feel about it a good deal the way a fish would, I imagine, in the middle of the Atlantic, when the new grand enlightened fishing boat just invented comes booming toward him through the sea. The fishing boat is constructed to run with a huge searchlight that sinks itself down into the sea as it goes miles ahead, and makes a kind of splendid funnel of light leading to the ship. All the fish for miles round go flocking toward it to float in it—in the funnel of light; then the ship comes thundering up with a scoop at its prow. The hold is jammed full of fish in a few minutes.

Looked at on the surface, and looked at statically and taken as it is at the moment, this huge helpless meaningless national hop-skip-and-jump of attention or vague wandering eye of a hundred million people leads one to three discouraged conclusions. But looked at as a symptom, looked at as moving and for what it is moving toward, it has come to be to me—this new thing which looks like a mere vast new attention disease—a most amazing and conclusive hope for my people. It has come to be to me like the finger of the world pointing out to forty nations what they have got to do, and pointing out to the forty nations the way they have got to do it. It has in it a hope, an outlook for the forty nations, of which I had never dreamed. It presents to us four astounding facts in what is really a new psychology for nations:

Looking.

All looking.

All looking at the same time.

All looking at the same thing at the same time.

Even if this looking is only being done in huge foolish giant jerks, and in what seems a wild whimsical spirit—if it is really true at last that the looking is being done; if it is true at last that human beings are really beginning to visualize their ideas—the forty nations that want a League of Nations are soon going to find themselves confronted with a new human nature in men to make a League of Nations out of, and a new human nature in nations; a new and a colossal technic for nations' living and for nations' expressing themselves the world has never guessed at before.

A huge undreamed-of looking toward the same place at the same time at the same thing by everybody, even if only in spasmodic flecks, is an astounding and revolutionary fact.

The human race in a great hushed presence, everybody looking—unanimous, enormous, simultaneous, omnipresent looking—if only for three days; a planet staring at the same thing for three days.

For two days.

Even for two hours.

A vast face of nations, a world like a theater, great peoples and continents in galleries reaching away, looking at the same ten-by-fourteen-foot square of light, the same moving picture of a day.

The spotlight instead of being a vast meaningless whimsical despair bobbing about our world is the symptom of its hope—the moving picture, which is the spotlight in a row—that is, the going spotlight kinetoscope, the spotlight coming from somewhere, the spotlight arriving somewhere and making sense, the spotlight visualizing the desires, the prayers, focusing before all men's eyes, so that they know what is happening to them, the experiences of a world.

Three days.

Three weeks.

Then a year.

Then a great world; a great men's League of Nations; the league of moving visions; a men's league; a God's league; a league that puts vision and action together.

The main difference between the genius and the average man is that the things the genius knows are known as moving. A genius pours vision out into action and pours action into vision. It is as if he were all moving picture inside. It is what makes him a genius. The moving picture is the symbol, the norm of the knowledge all nations are going to have of one another; when it is used as it is going to be used it fits up nations as geniuses. The two psychological qualities that make a man an artist or a nation great are both in the moving picture—vision and action—the soul through the eye, the brain through the spine to the feet and the hands.

I have wanted to share with the reader two experiences and draw conclusions from them. The two things that are going to make nations understand are personalizing and visualizing; the visualizing eye, people in motion—that is, moving pictures. I have come so far, I hope, with my reader to the conclusion that ideas between nations must be expressed with people. Nations must have faces. There is no knowledge nations cannot have if the knowledge is related to people. A very little knowledge presented to people so that they feel the knowledge is related to them and to what they can do and to what they can get, and what kind of a country or a world they can have, will go a long way. Humanized—that is, adequately personalized—knowledge, knowledge expressed with the people that belong with it all put into it, has no limit between nations. When people see knowledge related to a man they know, to a man they see, they begin relating it to themselves. Then they know what they want. Ideas become as catching as clothes, or as watching other people eat.

I thought at first it was childish. I used to feel when I was in college rather condescending and rather intellectual about it, and full of a miserable suspicious anæmic highbrow fear about the simplicity of nations. But I am a little ashamed of it now. When I think of it I swing my hat! I see it backing up a League of Nations with a world

This yearning and straining of a nation to do up its thinking neatly in people, to have its ideas all have features, to have its ideas smile and cry and scold, show their teeth, turn up their eyes to heaven; this vague passionate endeavor of a hundred million people to put ideas and principles into persons, to put up their thinking in Mary Pickford and President Wilson and Billy Sunday, in the impeccable Mr. Lodge,

(Continued on Page 155)

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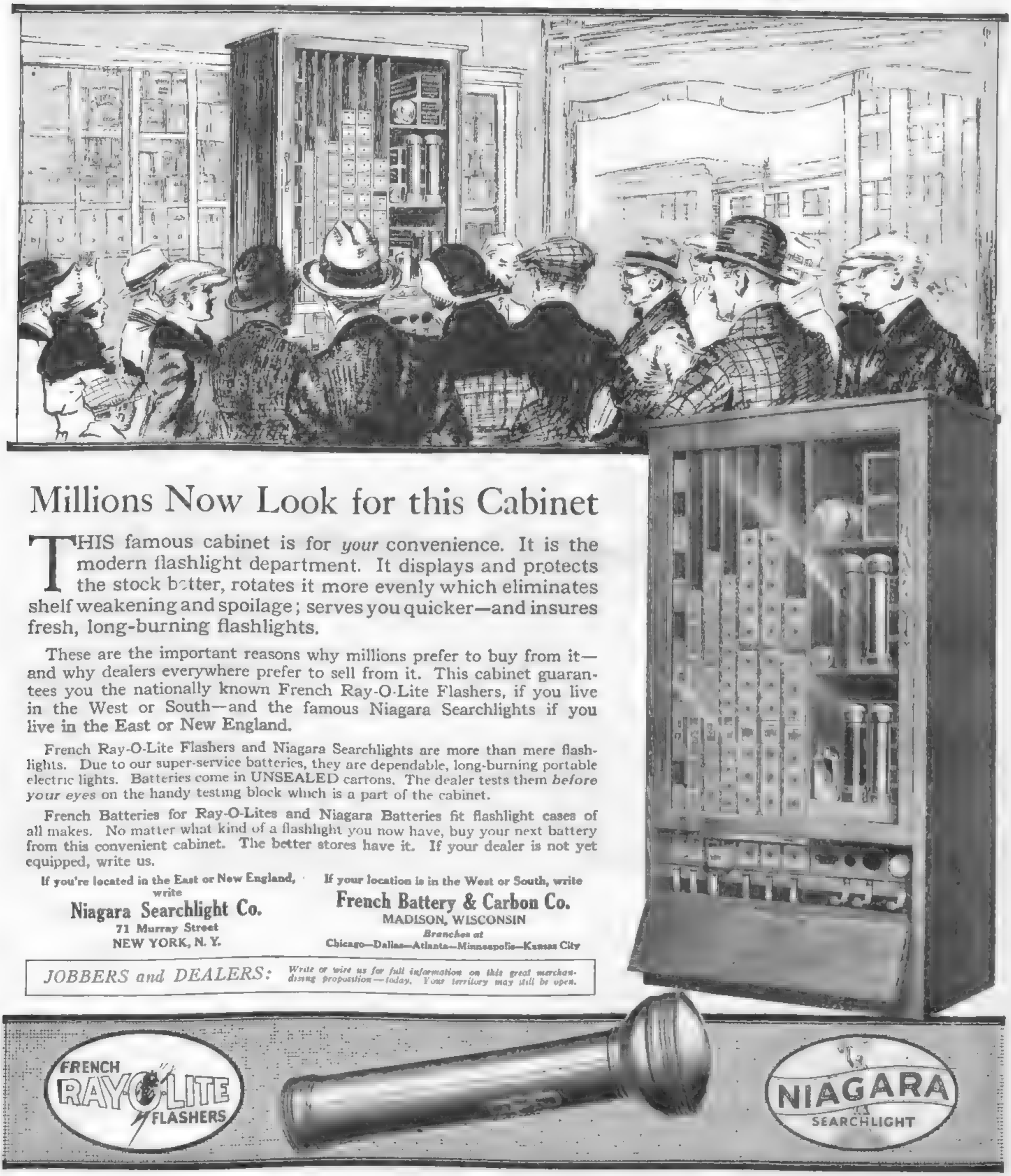

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THIS famous cabinet is for *your* convenience. It is the modern flashlight department. It displays and protects the stock better, rotates it more evenly which eliminates shelf weakening and spoilage; serves you quicker—and insures fresh, long-burning flashlights.

These are the important reasons why millions prefer to buy from it—and why dealers everywhere prefer to sell from it. This cabinet guarantees you the nationally known French Ray-O-Lite Flashers, if you live in the West or South—and the famous Niagara Searchlights if you live in the East or New England.

French Ray-O-Lite Flashers and Niagara Searchlights are more than mere flashlights. Due to our super-service batteries, they are dependable, long-burning portable electric lights. Batteries come in UNSEALED cartons. The dealer tests them *before your eyes* on the handy testing block which is a part of the cabinet.

French Batteries for Ray-O-Lites and Niagara Batteries fit flashlight cases of all makes. No matter what kind of a flashlight you now have, buy your next battery from this convenient cabinet. The better stores have it. If your dealer is not yet equipped, write us.

If you're located in the East or New England, write

Niagara Searchlight Co.
71 Murray Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

If your location is in the West or South, write

French Battery & Carbon Co.
MADISON, WISCONSIN
Branches at
Chicago—Dallas—Atlanta—Minneapolis—Kansas City

JOBBERS and DEALERS: *Write or wire us for full information on this great merchandising proposition—today. Your territory may still be open.*

NEW PERFECTION

Ask your dealer to demonstrate this high searing flame

A Family Delight

A tender, juicy roast, sizzling in savory brown gravy—one of mother's delicious dinners cooked on the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

No wonder 3,000,000 housewives use the New Perfection! It keeps the kitchen comfortable—gives abundant heat for *all* cooking purposes.

The Long Blue Chimney Burner is the secret. It lights and heats instantly—turns every drop of kerosene oil into clean intense cooking heat and drives it full force directly against the utensil.

Flames stay where set, without smoke or odor. Burners are made of brass and last for years.

Sold by all good dealers. Ask for a New Perfection Oven too—it bakes perfectly.

See your dealer or write for a free New Perfection Booklet

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7531 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Company Limited Sarnia, Ont.

(Continued from Page 151)

in Mr. Bryan's grape juice, Senator Ham Lewis' whiskers; this endeavor of the people to do their thinking in Charlie Chaplin and Paderewski and Charlie Schwab and Private Peat and Mr. Rockefeller and Tagore—has folded up in its jejuneness a great revolutionary prophetic fact for a League of Nations to face the future with and begin before us all the re-creation of a world. Nations are going to have faces.

In the same way a spotlight experience—the straining of the newspapers to bully the attention of the people through their eyes—is a prophecy of what the League of Nations is going to do. It is going to see that ideas between nations must be visualized, must be focused and presented to them as taking place before their eyes. The League of Nations is going to take its cue from the moving picture.

The moving picture—which is merely a spotlight moving, a spotlight with a plot, a row of spotlights with a beginning, a middle and an end—would seem to be the norm of expressing nations or all vast masses of people to each other. It is going to be adopted by the League of Nations as having the psychological qualities of all power in getting nations to act together. Already we see it coming before our eyes. Already we are not only doing our national thinking in people; we are already thinking nationally in pictures; and we are not only thinking nationally in pictures, but the pictures are moving.

With the moving picture a hundred million people can look forty million people in the eye. They watch each other living in each other's dooryards across the sea.

Crowds are neighbors. Crowds lean on their hoes and talk with each other over the back fence—with the moving picture. Millions of Frenchwomen throw a shawl over their heads and run in next door with a cup of molasses and gossip three thousand miles away.

Nations sit and hold each other's hands in the dark.

III

IF PEOPLE who are trying to settle on what they want would stop talking about what they want and begin visualizing it they would get through sooner. If the nations now holding a meeting in Paris trying to get each other to see things would keep still and not say a word all next week—just sit in the dark there together with a screen in front of them, and throw pictures at each other—they would get on faster than they have been.

The way to do with a man who is talking but saying nothing is to stop him and compel him to visualize it. Then he stands there with you and you stand there with him, and look at nothing together, at the stark convincing nothingness of his idea.

If a man does not or will not visualize his idea make him sit down. If he does visualize it when he looks at it sometimes and sees everybody else looking at it he will want to sit down himself.

When a man is trying to get people to say they will let him have some real thing he really wants if he stops talking about it and visualizes it everybody knows he wants it or does not want it at a glance. The only talking left over that anybody can possibly work in after that is to say Yes or to say No.

I thought of this at first as a blessed relief. And then I conscientiously made this memorandum to myself:

"If you know anything or want anything—picture it and keep still. If you do not know anything or want anything—picture that. Then it is over with. You know. Everybody knows."

The test of a nation or of a civilization is its power of visualizing to others what it wants. The first scientific principle nations have to reckon with in getting together for the purpose of talking about what they want is this:

The common denominator of all talking, of all word wriggling, of all these ant hills of words and arguments people's minds get into and run round in always is a picture. The way to reduce a conversation to its lowest terms, or, rather, to its highest terms, or its sternest test, is with pictures.

If the League of Nations could take three ideas a day and make pictures of them and sit and look at the three ideas together it would accumulate in a few weeks hundreds of things all the members had seen together, which it would be able to assume they had all seen together, as a basis of conversation. They would then begin with so much to take for granted, talking swiftly and to some purpose. The trouble with talking is that sometimes in the middle of a sentence, sometimes almost every three or four words, what one really needs to do is to stop and make pictures. There the people all are. There the people all sit while you talk, every three or four words assuming at you, quietly, pictures of what you mean, making up pictures at you, all by themselves in their own private minds.

All the pictures they make up of what you say differ from one another. All of them differ from your pictures. And if you could only stop talking half a second, hold up three words or four words, and flash in between the real picture of what you are really seeing yourself—a kind of signed authoritative picture of what you mean—and then go on you could soon get somewhere with people. They would behead you or agree with you.

As it is —— But everybody knows how it is.

Everybody who has ever tried to express in a graceful sentence or so a new idea to people without having, as he ought to have, a moving-picture machine to level at them every three or four words, will readily sympathize with me in my idea that the moving picture is only recognized as yet for one-half of one per cent of what can be done with it. The one thing of all others that the nations will have to do with the league when they get one really under way will be to arrange at once to visualize their ideas to one another. Make it a rule of the league meetings that a nation that has not got an idea far enough along so that it can visualize it shall drop it or postpone it until visualization sets in. Make it a rule of the league that if two nations both rise at the same time and both want to make a motion at the same time, if one nation makes its motion in the form of merely talking about it the more lively nation, the more vivid and visualizing nation, shall have the floor.

Sometimes I go up Mount Tom and think of it. I sit down on a big round rock on top and look off on the sky over my country, on smoke and skyscrapers and whistles, three thousand miles. I stretch my vision and my listening across a thousand cities. Then I think of the League of Nations. What is it the cities in all their smoke and roaring are thinking about the League of Nations? I wish I could put the question to them, call the meeting to order of a thousand cities—a minute. I think what could be done with a national silence for a minute. I want a silence by a hundred million people.

Of course I cannot get up on top of Mount Tom, hold out my hand across the landscape and say quietly to the thousand cities, to the plains, to the hills and to the farms: "I want a silence by a hundred million people!" It would be ridiculous. But if I really had, as any man with a touch of hope or vision for a country ought to have—if I had at my elbow a national moving-picture machine to visualize my idea for the nation I could get up on Mount Tom as well as not, and without the slightest compunction say to the prairies and to the cities, three thousand miles: "I want a silence by a hundred million people!" With the machine at my right hand I could touch the button to a nation, could for three hours to-day have the people of a nation see eye to eye, see the same sight, and three hours before they went to bed have passing through their minds the same thought.

One can but think it a criminal waste of time when one sees great splendid stuttering nations desperately trying to express themselves to one another in time to save a world; acting and apparently planning to act as if they seriously thought they could express themselves to one another in words. One likes to think they are going to see light presently, that they are not going to keep on trying to move each other by putting pictures into words.

Putting pictures into words is a thing that only two or three artists or men of genius in a century have ever yet managed to do, and all the time we have right at hand, waiting every day, every night a machine for putting words into pictures, a machine for understanding and being understood, which can run through it hundreds of millions of people a day, and practically not a nation anywhere in sight, paying any attention to it!—to a machine for pulling forty nations, soul and body, eye and hand and feet, round the round globe together!

Trying to put pictures into words, when all the time a machine for putting words into pictures, with which any small boy at twenty cents an hour and an electric motor for five cents an hour can do off twenty million people at one swoop all in one day, does not seem quite bright.

IV

SOME of us have little private visualizing machines we carry round with us in our own brains. Some one makes an abstract remark, and the little moving-picture machine we have inside makes it into a picture at once. Everybody in America who is not already fitted up by Nature with a little private moving-picture plant inside should be supplied by the Government with a public one which he can use if he wants it. If some of us have our way the men who are now in two debating societies at the ends of the Capitol Building at Washington, in the Senate and the House of Representatives, will be moved out every other week and moving-picture men put in instead—men who can visualize ideas for a hundred million people.

Talk in the morning, make a moving picture of it in the afternoon, and then have the nation sit in the dark and have the vision of it that night.

Vote on everything in due time after many moving-picture referendums.

The way to govern a nation and to get a nation that will govern a world is to have a nation that has visions or ideas of action.

First visualize visions so that the people can see them; and, second, dramatize them in action so that people will realize them when they see them, and act.

On the whole, possibly we could better go up to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue to carry out our idea of a moving-picture government. Let the Senate and the House act as leaders, as the people's committee on scenarios, and then let the scenarios be sent up to the other end of the Avenue to the President and his cabinet to set up and release.

We would have a moving-picture minister in the cabinet. The nation could vote every week. The order would be something like this:

Abstract vision.
Private visualizing.
Public moving pictures.

Everybody having a private picture, he carries home in his mind to dramatize, then everybody dramatizing in action.

Of course I am not making this remark literally with regard to a moving-picture Senate or moving-picture Congress, but I am sure it is suggestive of something the nation and the world are working toward.

If America proposes to drive victory in this war through to what we got it for, pick out some vision good enough to go with our victory—we must find some way in the shortest possible time for America to get itself together as nations used to when they were little.

We must find some way of taking this great hundred-million lump we call a nation and melting it down into real people, into fellow human beings; we must think up some way of getting humanity as we call it—all these big unwieldy impersonal humps of humanity—all our heavy states, all our mighty cities—Seattle, Chicago, Cleveland and New York—to sit down together round the stove in the village store once more, look in each others' faces and listen and talk.

The moving picture, stupendous, innumerable, universal, is the way to do it.

One night I dreamed. It made me a little afraid, but I put it down, the gist of it, the next morning. It was something like this:

"I want to make America into a movie twenty million people can see in a night. I want to make a picture of the next hundred years for America to enter a League of Nations with, to win the fruits of peace of the world with, a picture that shall make a hundred million people in six nights see themselves, that shall give America a rehearsal of what she is going to be, so that at the end of the week she can begin to be it, see it all there lying out before her—the vision of what she can do.

"Then do it."

No man can make America into a movie twenty million can see in a night, but this article is to make a start and to get twenty million people to help. If the twenty million people can know what they can do with a movie and what the movie can do with them, thousands of men are going to try to do it. It is going to be done between us—between the twenty million people and some one.

To make a great history for America make a picture of it we all see together the same night.

Then go home and begin to work on it in the morning—begin to fill it in as we used to do with stencils when we were children.

If Saint John had had the moving picture instead of having to stutter out a Holy City in words in one single little dot of a language in a whole planetful of speech; if Saint John had had what we have now, not only the power to whisper to a whole world in a night but the power to make a whole planet sit down in the dark and look at the same picture and think the same thought—what is there Saint John could not have done with his pretty little literary Holy City hidden away in the back part of a lonely book that could not even get printed for fifteen hundred years?

When one thinks of what Saint John did do, even with that, what could he not have done with what we have now?

Saint John would not have had to be a mere prophet or foreteller. He would have given out prophecy and made history in the same breath—breathing out on a thousand miles of film rolling softly round a world like a dawn, like a sunset, like a little common ten-foot sky in a million theaters—the common vision, the common prayer of a thousand nations.

Put into an instantaneous, simultaneous, universal language, into a huge visualizing engine making an endless belt of vision for a world Saint John's vision instead of being tucked in as a kind of postscript on the Bible, instead of being a kind of ritual for tired and desperate nations saying their prayers, instead of being written in incense in cathedrals—would have been written in iron on Rome; and religion instead of being a prose poem, a hymn for choir boys, would have been plain common history written in facts, written in stone and steel, in streets and ships, and in the lives of all of us.

During the next Liberty Loan drive and the drive for thrift and giving up to pay the bill for the world our boys have died to start for us, what would happen if some one could visualize those who have given up the most; if one could visualize a vision of their graves to people? What would happen if we could have some way in New York of facing the nine hundred thousand dead men in England?

Would the light in their faces that last terrible moment when they handed over their lives give us enough light to buy bonds by?

If they were placed in a row together the graves of the nine hundred thousand Englishmen would reach from New York to Denver.

If I could not get a man to buy a bond on Fifth Avenue I wonder what would happen if I could take him over to the Jersey shore and he could walk with me and talk with me past the graves of these Englishmen?

How far toward Denver—how many hundred miles past these graves—would a man want to walk without going down into his pocket to see what he could possibly do toward paying for it?

How many bonds would he buy of me when we got as far as Philadelphia? How many more by the time we got to St. Louis?

I heard a man say to the crowd in the street one night during the last Liberty Loan drive: "Twenty-six thousand Englishmen have been sent home with their legs shot away."

The crowd stood and listened. Nobody bought a bond.

I wished I could get the twenty-six thousand together a minute.

If the twenty-six thousand Englishmen with their legs shot away could walk on crutches up three blocks on Fifth Avenue would somebody buy a bond perhaps? Possibly ten thousand pairs of crutches would do. Possibly one thousand. Possbily one hundred would make people see what they were taking without paying for it.

How would it do to get the twenty-six thousand one-legged men all in one city—a little city all by themselves across on the Jersey shore where everyone one met for miles would be on crutches.

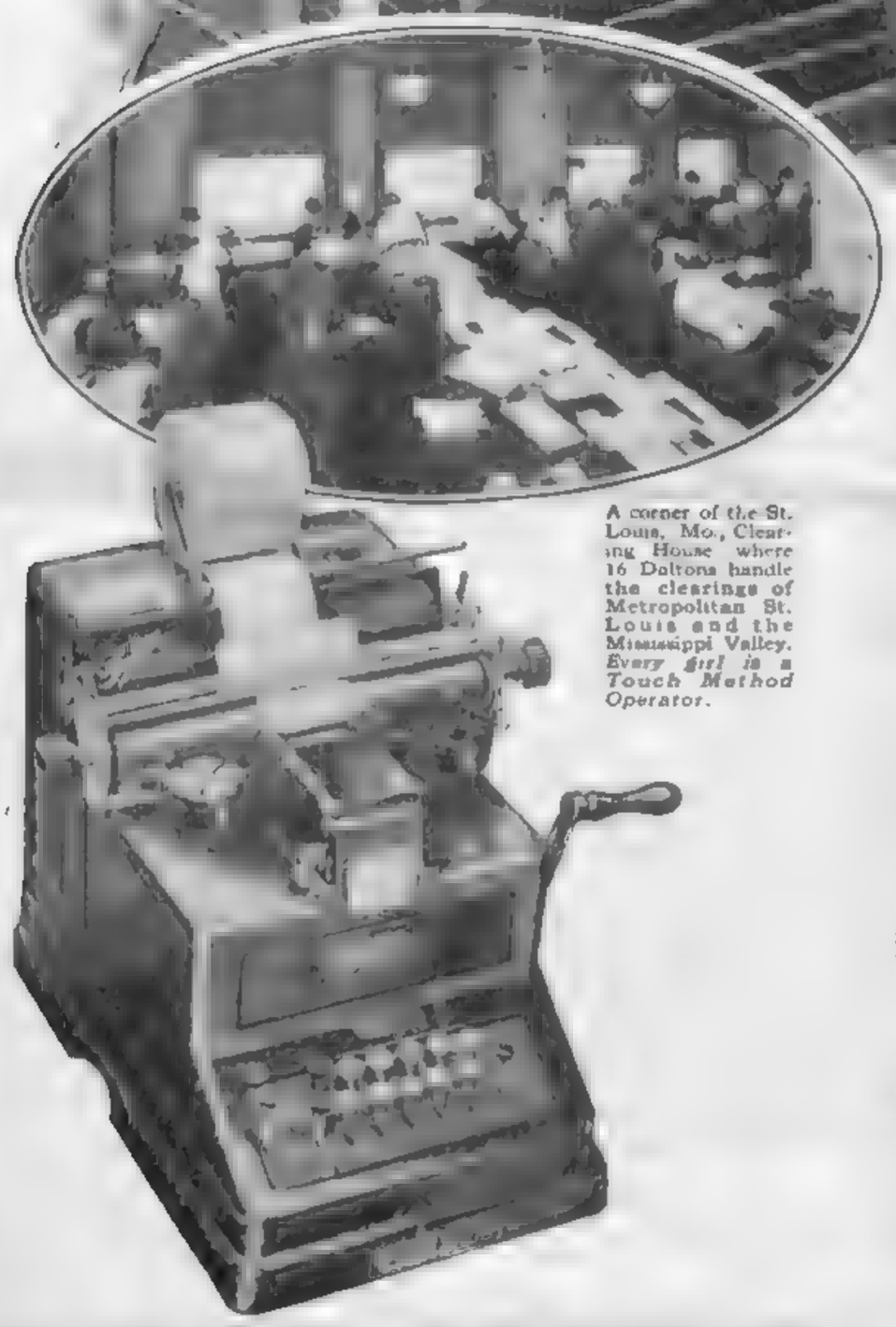
People who would not buy bonds on the Avenue might go over there and walk up

(Continued on Page 159)

**Eyes on work-
Fingers on keys**

The Dalton is a *faster* adding machine because its simple keyboard may be operated by Touch Method. Drawn from photograph of Dalton Touch Operators in Citizens Commercial Trust Company, Buffalo.

The machine *for the* big jobs *of* figuring.



A corner of the St. Louis, Mo., Clearing House where 16 Daltons handle the clearings of Metropolitan St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley. *Every girl is a Touch Method Operator.*

Office managers, accountants and executives seeking the most efficient methods of cutting office costs, will be interested in the greater efficiency of Dalton *operation*.

The construction of the Dalton keyboard has a further purpose than that of making it so simple that anyone, even a child, can operate it immediately.

It provides 100% efficiency in operation because this same keyboard is scientifically arranged for Touch Method operation—a keyboard easily covered by the fingers of one hand and operated without looking at the keys.

Eyes on Work—Fingers on Keys

Dalton operators easily save 25% to 40% of the time ordinarily required in adding and listing figures.

They are not under the strain of constantly shifting the eye from figures to machine and back again. They work freely and seem to forget the keys entirely.

This results in a large increase in volume of work which further cuts accounting costs.

Errors Eliminated—Real Efficiency

The Auditor of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Detroit, says: "Where the Dalton Touch System of operation is mastered, errors are practically eliminated. I do not remember of a mistake having been made within the past two years."

Any untrained boy or girl can learn to operate a Dalton by Touch Method with little practice. An expert is not needed.

A Simpler, Faster Adding Machine
A Simpler, Faster Multiplying Machine

Touch method is the shortest, most accurate method of handling figures, therefore the Dalton is a faster adding machine. Dalton simplicity in ordinary operation and its extraordinary speed through Touch Operation are only some of its many distinctive advantages.

The Dalton is an adding-listing-calculating machine combined. Multiplication is as simple as addition. Make a test for speed in addition, speed in multiplication.

The Dalton adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, figures interest, makes out monthly statements, cross-foots, multiplies by fractions, adds two totals at once, etc.

Have a Demonstration

Our agents in a hundred leading cities will bring a Dalton to your office, without obligation. We will gladly forward a descriptive catalog upon request.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE CO.
422 Beech Street (Norwood) Cincinnati, O.

Representation for Canada—
The United Typewriter Company, Toronto, and its branches

INGERSOLL RAND CO., New York, says:

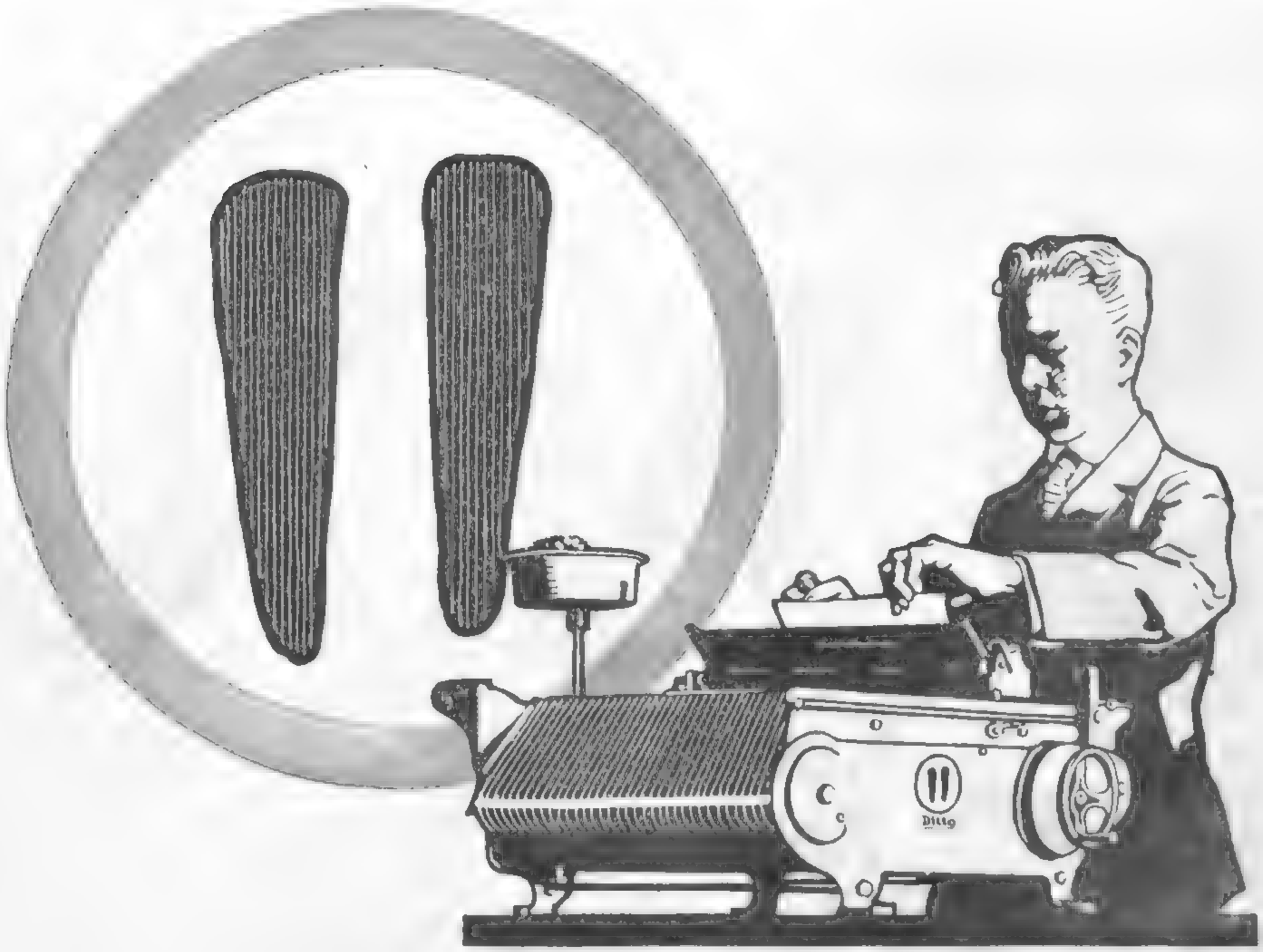
"With the Dalton, the operator is able to use the Touch System, thereby making it unnecessary to take her eyes from the book, saving easily 50 per cent in time and decreasing chance for error."

The GLOBE MACHINE & STAMPING CO Cleveland, says:

"Just as touch typewriting revolutionized that art, the touch system of adding and listing, made possible by the installation of the 10 key Dalton, has greatly increased our accounting efficiency."

Dalton ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

ONE HAND COVERS THE KEYBOARD



Ditto—*A Duplicating Service*

Ditto requires no stencil—neither is there any type to set.

For **Ditto** reproduces directly from the original, made with a **Ditto** Typewriter Ribbon, **Ditto** Pencil or **Ditto** Ink.

Thousands of firms in 311 lines of business have found Ditto Service indispensable.

In manifolding orders (sales or factory), invoices, purchasing requisitions, accounting forms, temporary office forms, sales bulletins, price lists, stock sheets, drawings (in as many as five colors), bills of material, card records, tags and labels, graph charts, **Ditto** is swiftest and cheapest.

There is nothing complicated about **Ditto** Service.
You make an original with **Ditto** pencil, ribbon or ink.
The original is then transferred to the copying surface of the **Ditto** Roll.
The required number of copies are run off.
Simple, isn't it.

And here are the advantages:

1—50% average reduction in labor cost.
2—50% average reduction in material cost.
3—absolute accuracy.
4—speed.
5—legibility.
6—saving in floor space.

Ditto used to be called the Commercial Duplicator.
The whole story is told in the **Ditto** Book—write for it on your business letterhead.

DUPLICATOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY · *Chicago*
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Ditto
THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE
Trade-Mark

A Dash — of Chocolate

"Your Nose Knows"

ALL foods are flavored to make them palatable. All smoking tobaccos are treated with some flavoring for the same reason. But there is a big difference in the *Quality* and *kind* of tobacco flavorings. Tuxedo, the finest of properly aged burley tobacco, uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—*chocolate!* That is why *"Your Nose Knows"* Tuxedo from all other tobaccos—by its delicious *pure fragrance.*

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco For Pipe

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

Quick Relief!

When you see red, and your teeth come together with a click, and you could break a chair or something—don't do it! Grab your pipe, jam it full of good tobacco and light it *right away.* A few minutes later you'll be glad you did so.

But in that few minutes you want a pipe that won't talk back. You want a

Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on other pipes that we make of every style, size and grade. Price for price, grade for grade, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

A Wellington never sputters or gurgles or hands you anything you're not looking for. The well keeps all moisture and loose tobacco to itself. The big, satisfying draughts of clean, cool, sweet smoke flow up, away from your tongue, through the top opening in the bit.

The Wellington is the real thing, right through. The bowl is genuine French briar, seasoned by our own process, so as to break in sweet and mellow. The bit is solid Vulcanite. The workmanship is fine.

You ought to have a Wellington. It's chosen oftener than any other pipe. All good dealers offer Wellingtons in many shapes, sizes and grades at 75 cents and up. There is no better value in a pipe.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK
WORLD'S LARGEST PIPE MANUFACTURERS

(Continued from Page 155)
and down and watch what had been done for them.

Every man has been found to be all right about helping America in this war the minute he has been faced out with people who have done more than he has.

The way the idea of self-sacrifice worked out during the war proved this.

We are all good-hearted people in New York. Thousands of people who would not think of pulling away the food out of a baby's mouth will take candy and tobacco and bread out of the mouths of soldiers, take guns out of their hands, bullets out of their guns; stick them with bayonets for a new hat, a chocolate soda or a piano.

Good-hearted people too.

Why do they not pull the milk away from a baby's mouth?

Because they see the baby.

And because the baby sees them.

We should have two billion dollars before night for any Liberty Loan if things could be visualized to us, if we could all be brought face to face—every man of us—with what we are doing to other people.

With a national moving-picture machine at hand to touch off when one speaks it would not be absurd to stand up on the top of Mount Tom; and then one could crumple up a country into a village and make a nation stand up to the town pump and say with a national moving-picture machine at one's elbow: "I want a silence by a hundred million people!"

The difference between men and ages and nations is their power of visualization. If Saint John could have had the scarlet woman on the screen when he was prophesying about her he could have bowled the Roman Empire out of history. The nation that visualizes its ideas the most and visualizes them first, whether the ideas are for themselves or for others, will be the nation that will get them first.

The crisis America and the world are now having with the Germans is a visualizing crisis.

What are we going to do with the defeat of the Germans now that we have got it? What is it for, and what have we for the Germans and for the world?

If all we can do with Germany is to whip her with guns we shall have to keep on whipping her all over again every hundred years for a thousand years.

If we whip Germany with moving pictures on top of whipping her with guns—that is, if we visualize to ourselves our new world we have dreamed of in America, heap up the vision of our new world to our own people with moving pictures, collect our vision, mass it, make a national drive of seeing it with moving pictures and then make a national moving-picture drive on the Germans—we shall once for all have whipped the Germans. We shall whip the Germans with moving pictures of what a world and Germany can do together. We shall have a new world for our children, have it even for ourselves before we die, and for the Germans too. And we shall have the Germans by our side helping us have it.

To get the Germans out of the world's way visualize the world's world—the one it is working out and that the world hopes Germany will want to belong to.

The way to get rid of the militarism and the German menace is to whip the Germans with visions, whip them with moving pictures of our souls that have been behind our guns.

By putting before the Germans a clear picture of what we propose to do, we shall make the Germans feel beside us like a nation huddled in the bottom of a well, with a little dot or foolish rim of sky above it. We shall hand down their future to them. We shall haul them up to their future.

What the Germans have tried to get from us by pounding us with guns we shall get from them by pounding them with light on a cotton cloth. Let seventy million people sit in the dark and look us in the face. If necessary we will make that a part of the armistice terms, that the Germans shall know—look in the faces of—the great peoples of the world from whom they propose to earn back their right to belong.

The moving picture is the history engine; it is to make the warp and woof of what has got to happen; it weaves the fates of nations.

I have believed that the time is at hand when nations will arrange to have moving-picture treaties, treaties proposed to the peoples by moving pictures, discussed by the people in moving pictures, voted on by moving pictures, and enforced in detail—following every man up—by moving pictures.

The great peoples of the earth instead of depending on guns nobody wants and on lawyer-paper treaties nobody reads will depend on moving pictures.

Great treaties between great peoples will be wrought through the hearts and the dreams of the people—moving-picture treaties—nations looking each other in the face silently every night!

V

SPEAKING in general, and considering the machines of communication and understanding—the machines of mutual understanding now available in modern life—the one thing a great nation like Germany really has to have a great army for is to coddle its cowards. The Germans had to have an incredible army drilling daily before their eyes all their lives because they were a nation of spiritual cry-babies, because they could not see, because they felt like children in their cribs afraid of the dark. The army had come to be taken in Germany as a kind of national soothing sirup, so that millions of people could sleep nights, so that millions of people could feel safe surrounded by neighbors they could not understand. To the Germans with their simple natures apparently the German General Staff was the lamp by the crib, the mother sitting and sewing in the next room.

I am not speaking of the armies Germany has forced the braver and more spirited modern nations round her to extemporize in self-defence; nor am I speaking of the men who fought in them, who were meeting desperately and against their wills a particular case in the one way a crazed nation would let it be met.

The one thing that brought this war on was that the Germans were an incredibly and efficiently scared people. Having the biggest army was the only way they could work up a feeling of being brave. In the same way the navy, which looked so strong and looked so brave until it collapsed like an opera hat, was the nation's fear dope.

To reduce the armaments of nations remove the illusions, the spiritual fears in the hearts of the people that make them need them. The League of Nations that conceives of its job as taking away armaments from scared nations instead of taking away the causes that make them want them will waste its own time and the world's time. The whole idea is superficial and wrong end to. If we remove the causes of armaments the armaments will remove themselves.

The fundamental reason nations want armaments—that is, fighting machines, vast misunderstanding machines—is that they do not believe that vast understanding engines, mutual lie removers, mutual belief motors, huge national vacuum fear cleaners are possible.

"There is something about races and nations as a whole that makes the kind of friendship which exists between individuals impossible between races and nations."

Taking this true-looking remark and making it over before all nations into a lie is the next business of a world.

Why is it impossible for individuals between nations to behave like human beings with one another? What is it that individuals do so that they get to be human beings with one another?

Why is it that individual men from nations get together and understand each other, but the nations do not?

It is because the individual men give their personal attention to getting together.

All we have to do to get nations together as we do individuals out of the nations is to have the nations do to each other the things that the individual men of the nations do to each other; or their equivalents. We have the necessary arrangements already made for getting individuals of nations together—ocean liners, week-ends, cosmopolitan hotels, house parties, afternoon teas.

When we have as good arrangements made for getting a hundred million people in America to drop in on seventy million people in England, when we make an equivalent arrangement for having a hundred million people in America drop in to afternoon tea with seventy million people in England as we now have arrangement for a few thousand to do, wars—that is, street fights—between nations will be as out of date as street fights are now between individual people on the same street. The problem of the League of Nations is to provide, as it were, afternoon tea between peoples, national guest chambers in every nation for visiting nations.

Nations are full of brave individuals, but all nations are cowards.

Individuals go about unarmed but nations are armed to the teeth.

Why is this? It is because the individual man has a face and sees the faces about him; because the individual man has a spine and knows what he is doing with it, and knows what other people are doing with theirs. With faces and spines of nations all under observation of the nations—that is to say, with what people mean by what they do visible in their faces, and what they do visible in their hands and their feet—there is nothing to be afraid of. Nations have made no provision for having faces and looking in each others' eyes, that is all.

Admiral Mayo is right about the League of Nations being a sewing circle until we do this and unless we do this. He is right about ships too. It is an intelligent fear that makes people want armaments, guns and ships when we are exposed as we are exposed now, all of us, to forty spineless nations, to forty voiceless and faceless nations, moping and mooning round a world.

Many ideas of Leagues of Nations have been presented. The most popular league seems to be a league that will be organically so constructed that anybody who wants to can keep it from doing anything. The idea with many people seems to be to have the league a simple rudimentary structure, a kind of vast international jellyfish or polyp of great peoples. What I am trying to suggest in this article is that in holding the nations of a world together a League of Nations with a spine would be safer, more practical, and rather more inspiring than a vast international polyp—a kind of general protoplasm of peoples so vague and so weak and washy that Senator Borah would not be afraid of it—a kind of water color or pastel of a League of Nations that Senator Borah would know would not be able to hurt Idaho or America.

Or do Idaho or America any good.

The main idea of having a spine in a body—the dog, for instance—is that it holds his head and tail together and makes it possible for his tail to express his head. The spine is the part of him that collects and holds all the other parts of him together—his feet, his smell, his bark and bite, and all the other parts of a dog—and makes them make sense.

I am hoping in these columns for a league that makes sense. I like to think people are going to insist upon a League of Nations' holding a world together that it shall come up to the standard of a dog.

I know it is true that many people feel safer in faceless nations—the kind of empty, polite, vague faces it has been considered proper for nations to have. They dread seeing nations going round boldly everywhere showing their real faces, their big real everyday faces; especially in a diplomatically sanctimonious and hushy place they seem to think a League of Nations ought to be.

There seem to be two kinds of men with regard to fear: There are the men who are afraid you will understand them and will kill them, there are the men who are afraid you will not understand them and will kill them.

The main difference between people when they are afraid is that some of us naturally, when we are a little afraid and want to defend ourselves, reveal ourselves, get people to see through us. We rush to our own rescue by doing everything and saying everything we can think of to help people see through us at once. Other people when they are afraid do just the opposite.

It has seemed to me that it is the same with regard to the fear people have of the League of Nations. One way for nations to do is to expose to themselves and to other nations what they are afraid of in themselves, and deal with it. The other way to do is to hold on to what we are afraid of in ourselves and what others are afraid of, keep armaments on hand always, and always be ready to fight it out.

VI

THE other day I tried to put down in words what I thought might do for the creed of a peaceful man.

It came to something like this: Never give up. Never let the other man give up. Never give up half. Never let him give up half. Never compromise. Insist for yourself and insist for him on having what you both want. Put a motor in your idea. Move what you want on and move what he wants on until you both find yourselves wanting together something you could never have thought of alone that you both want together.

This is the way any real live or motor idea naturally acts when left to itself. A real live idea compelled from its own insides moves forward past its difficulties in the men who are having it, and it makes the men who are having it move with it.

Men who have motor ideas have motor natures to go with them. Their wills are on wheels. Their wills outwill themselves. They never need to fall back into the weakness of being inflexible, or the absent-mindedness, in a century of airplanes and cycles like this, of putting concrete foundations in under what they want. Motor men think by moving their ideas on into new conditions. Static men have to be blown up to think.

The main business before the meeting of the world to-day is to pick out people. Forty nations have got to say to their millions of people taking the steamer for a League of Nations:

"You! Not you!"

What do we want our League of Nations to be like; or eventually to be like? What kind of people do we want to have run it? Which kind of men, and which not, can we employ to make a League of Nations work?

The problem before the new firm of the world is at bottom a good plain business proposition of picking out real salesmen. Selling a world to a world or selling a country like America to the people in it—selling America a vision for itself—is like selling anything else. Our success is going to depend upon our picking out men who have the natural psychological traits of good salesmen; men who are profoundly interested in the country they are selling and in the world they are selling, who have a technic for making other people want what they want; men who have vision—curbed, impatient, held back vision—an accumulated sense of things that can be said and done, of machinery that can be set up which will sell what they want.

I venture the following as a good maxim for a salesman: Selling anything, from a safety pin or a carpet sweeper up to a German menace remover, a world vacuum fear cleaner or a League of Nations—selling anything which any man or any nation may have to sell—turns on four verbs, on a man's having the power, the natural gift in him of making these four verbs function:

Personalize.

Visualize.

Motorize.

The other verb sprouts out of these and unfolds a little later.

I have thought I might give a homely illustration of how a mind that happens to be at a particular time motorizing motorizes. When I started this article I had a definite destination in the reader's mind and my own which I hoped I was leading up to and which we were going to get to together. I started, let us say, for Oak Park, Illinois; and as I went on, and kept thinking and looking and moving I finally burst out and said as I sailed up near Oak Park: "Whew! Look! Just think of it! Here is Chicago!" And I gave up going to Oak Park; and my reader and I finally—well, we may finally yet put up at the Blackstone, with the Art Gallery, with the Illinois Central, with the newly discovered city of Chicago teeming and booming all round us!

Stupid, of course—the same stupid way Columbus discovered America—by merely bumping into the West Indies.

Everything seems to depend upon whether one's mind is in a motor mood or not at a particular time or whether one is in a motor mood toward one's subject.

Men who are bothered with the habit of thinking of ideas they have not thought of before or with creating new combinations of old ones usually come to learn that the habit of placing before themselves and before those working with them provisional objectives despite directions, but definitely temporary destinations—Oak Parks and things—is the best way out. Every business man with ideas makes allowance in his plans for a possible dramatic turn at the end, and when he is about to plump into Oak Park discovers the difference between Oak Park and Chicago. How many thousands of times some poor motor person has thought he was going to Binghamton, New York, when it turned out to be Chicago! It is a little way ideas have when

(Concluded on Page 162)

Industry and "Clipper" Belt Lacing

ONE hundred thousand Clipper Belt Lacers stand guard, ready for instant duty, in ninety thousand of the world's largest industrial plants. During strenuous years the Clipper kept the wheels of industry turning safely and economically—kept production at the maximum. Loss of time through breakage or adjustment of belts was reduced to the minimum.

There will be no lagging in this year's production—or in the years to come—where the Clipper stands guard to keep the belts of industry moving.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

Before the adoption of the Clipper way of quick belt lacing it took from fifteen minutes to half an hour to make even an inferior joint. No wonder manufacturers hailed the efficient Clipper. No wonder it has been so universally adopted.

Not one but a number of Clipper lacing tools are used in many plants—distributed at convenient points for instant emergency use. No special skill is required to lace a belt with the Clipper. Any workman can do it.

The Clipper makes a durable and perfect joint—one that pulls better and is safer—that is flush with the belt on both sides and is as flexible as the belt itself.

The Clipper goes to manufacturers on free trial. It is backed by a perpetual guarantee.

The American Museum of Safety gave the Clipper the only gold medal ever awarded for metal lacing.

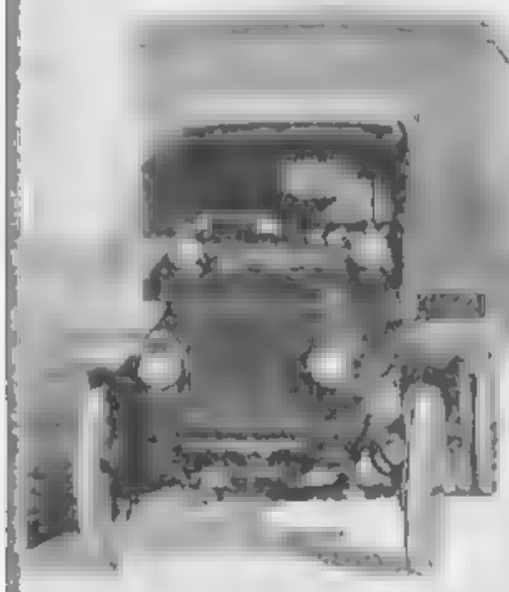
The Clipper will as effectively solve your belt lacing problems as it has done in so many other manufacturing plants.

Some mill supply dealer in every city sells the Clipper.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Clipper Belt Lacer Co

Concrete Roads and Lettuce Salad



HAVING lettuce salad when you want it may depend on the road. That may not interest you. **But the road that makes certain you can have lettuce salad every day in the year also makes certain that you can get fresh eggs, milk, poultry, butter, potatoes and other things when you want them—and that should interest you.** Think of the farm produce you would buy or sell if you could, but that now goes to waste because the roads prevent marketing.

The U. S. Food Administration estimates that bad roads in Erie County, Pa., added at least $2,000,000 to the food bill of Erie and other cities in the county last winter.

In 1905 the Zuck Greenhouse Co. built a small greenhouse several miles out of Erie. The problem then of transporting produce to Erie and to the express companies operating out of Erie was a serious one. In 1910 the Zuck Company bought a motor truck, but the earth roads were so bad in wet weather that a team of horses always accompanied the truck to pull it out of mudholes.

Now the road has been paved with concrete. The Zuck plant consists of 13 modern greenhouses and produces large quantities of vegetables yearly.

Read what F. J. Zuck says about this concrete road:

"Now we can deliver our produce free from bruises, blemishes and disarrangements caused by jolting over rough roads through mud.

"The cost of hauling over the concrete road, when compared with the original earth road, has been reduced 50%. This is due to the greater speed and larger loads possible over the concrete road, together with the reduction in cost of operating and maintaining our trucks. Added to this is the availability of the concrete road during the winter and spring, **when greenhouse food is in greatest demand.**

"Upon receiving assurances that the road upon which our greenhouses are located would be permanently improved with reinforced concrete, we immediately awarded contracts for additions to our plant. These, together with plans for further improvements, have been made possible by the economy of transportation over the concrete road to Erie."

Erie can have lettuce salad any day—and the road that will bring you lettuce salad when you want it will bring you other things you want when you want them.

Is it necessary to ask whether concrete roads pay?

Portland Cement Association

ATLANTA	DETROIT	MILWAUKEE	PITTSBURGH
CHICAGO	HELENA	MINNEAPOLIS	SALT LAKE CITY
DALLAS	INDIANAPOLIS	NEW YORK	SEATTLE
DENVER	KANSAS CITY	PARKERSBURG	WASHINGTON

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Concluded from Page 159)

trying to work in unknown conditions. Half of the big profitable inventions of the real inventors have been by-products of some invention that never even got invented.

This principle should be borne in mind in behalf of the League of Nations. It is only fair to all of us to give a League of Nations this chance.

What any man who is finding a way of doing a thing is engaged in is the deepening, widening and re-creating of his last experience he had in doing what he does. Suppose you are a literary artist. You get into the habit of seeing what the thing means that has just happened to one, by making a picture of it, by putting an experience into words. You see what a thing that has happened to you means by painting a picture of it.

While you are painting it the thing you have experienced grows. The cocoon you began putting on the canvas becomes a butterfly, the rose a haw; the frog that used to be a tadpole a minute and a half ago when you began painting jumps round as froggy as you please and as large as life before your astonished eyes!

This way of working or rather sprouting is inconvenient. But the thing to do is not to stop it but find a way to let the idea move on past more ideas and more people. In the first stage of an idea one thinks how it looks to oneself. The moment one moves on a little and begins thinking how it would look to others the idea takes on a second stage and moves forward past a hundred thousand faces, and becomes a motorized idea, full of other times and people, full of the experiences it is exposed to in the other people. One is no longer cooped up in one's own. The real joy ride of an idea comes when a hundred thousand people and the next thousand years jump on the running board!

If I could have some way of hearing six million people reading this article to me out loud the next one I did for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be by a practically brand-new author. The best substitute for having six million people sit down quietly with one and read over what one has written to them aloud is to have some fellow human being read the manuscript and write on the margin as he goes: "How?" "Fine!" "Woozy!" "Why!" "You are always talking about where you are going. Well, where are you?"

The principle seems to be: The moment new or different people are allowed to pass before an idea the idea moves and the man who had it if he does not want to be left moves with the idea or moves with the people. In any event, the more motoring the more thinking.

Vision in selling an idea—from a feather duster to a League of Nations—is a process. The process is partly of the eye and partly of the hand. Motor vision consists of looking and of action. Then more action, then more looking. It consists of seeing and then stripping away husks and veils and appearances from before what one sees, so that one sees more; stripping away scales from one's own eyes, from the eyes of other people who are acting, and stripping away one husk of appearance after another until one sees the thing before one as it is, in its larger, more permanent and nobler relations.

One looks at a thing, then one moves it. Then it moves itself or one moves oneself. Then one looks at it again.

If a vision is a true vision and a live vision everything in it moves and is conceived as moving. The only way for a vision to be permanent is to move. Looking at a thing statically is like looking from a motor car the way one would from a baby carriage.

If this is true of one man's vision process, of his process of coming to see what he wants to do, it is a hundred times as true of a nation's process, it is true of a vision of forty nations as to what they want to do. The vision of forty nations as to how peace can be guaranteed and as to what a League of Nations shall be like and what it shall try to do and what the nations shall do with the Germans is necessarily a process, a process of alternate looking and acting.

First: Seeing together, then acting on it.

Second: Deciding what we do not see together and submitting it to postponement, to making arrangements for looking together and comparing together longer.

Third: Submitting things we feel we cannot see together to public experiment, to small working models that will prove or disprove for us what we believe.

The crucial difference between men who are going to advocate a weak or boneless-codfish League of Nations and those who are going to take their stand for a backboned one is the difference between motor thinkers and static thinkers.

The determination to understand must be motorized and organized as massively as the determination to fight has been organized. Huge drive wheels of motor understanding will be set up in every nation and in every city.

We are going to put the league in control, in the end, of national advertising men—personalizers, visualizers and motorizers, who have the instinct and the passion for whirling ideas together. We have no patience with the idea of making the League of Nations a big sleazy fool-Caproni without a motor. The motor is the fundamental idea, the whirling foundation of a great League of Nations.

And motor men to go with it.

VII

WHY is it that union meetings and church sociables—which of course one hopes the best for and tries to be good to and help—give one so often, when one is doing it, a gone feeling?

Why is it that the League of Nations now meeting in Paris—which is really a kind of union prayer meeting of nations—starts off looking so wistful and ineffectual?

Anybody who has ever been to a union meeting of churches—all the different denominations in a town—who has ever sat and looked up from a pew on a perfect broadside of parsons on the platform, like a kind of pattern of the goodness of the town, or cross section of religion, has wondered and asked himself the same questions.

Why is it that there is always and always seems bound to be such a lonely feeling, such a lack of any real thrill of intimacy in union meetings and church sociables—in people's good but violent attempts to get all shadings and groupings of people together?

It is a big, true, honest idea.

It ought to work. But it doesn't.

If the trouble is not with the idea it must be with the people. It must be with us. The people who run the idea do not run it as they should.

What is it, or rather who is it, that usually rescues a church sociable—a poor miserable safe church sociable—sometimes toward the end—if it gets rescued?

Some big unconscious generous person usually, willing to make a fool of himself a minute, who bangs into things, does something or says something in particular about something in particular in such a way as to draw everybody out.

One man getting up in a perfectly safe lonely church sociable who insists, no matter how he looks, on bumping into the poor helpless watchful thing, everybody eying everybody sideways—one man who will get up and be himself, do something or say something that has some edge or character, pulls the corks out of three hundred people at a stroke.

You look up and you see, all with one stroke, three hundred goodish safish persons popping all about you into fellow human beings.

MORAL FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The trouble with the League of Nations is that unless it can be stopped a certain type of highbrows from every nation is going to get into it. Then they are going to begin making eyes at the plain people they feel so superior to, and they are going to begin waving to the plain people to come in and take the seat of the guest of honor at the world table.

But the highbrows do not understand the plain people. No one who feels superior ever understands anybody. The highbrows feel that the general disposition of the plain people to like spines and to have a hankering for faces in diplomats and even in nations is a mistake.

The regular standard highbrows who infest internationally feel that spineless leagues and faceless nations are more refined than the kind plain people look for. They think they are safer.

All the things the nations can do together that take definite character, vision and courage they want smoothed away. They are afraid—and they are going to be afraid in our League of Nations, for years—to say anything in particular themselves. They will shudder if anybody else does. The world waiting all the time, they will go umumming along.

The only way the people of the nations—and especially the people of America—can save the League of Nations and make it once for all a serious manly working institution is to tell these men they must go. They are out of place. We must tell them they must go on account of their manners. They have a false bleached-out idea of what is fitting in men in a desperate moving crisis of a world. The gist of what is the matter with them and with their manners is that they feel in a high elegant abstract way that there would be something a little vulgar about their personalizing what they say or do; they feel at heart cold and condescending about using an illustration with people or visualizing what they want. And it would seem to them almost rude to motorize it—to put a spark—a touch of igniting, catching, elemental human desire into it that would make other people want it.

Not that anyone needs to object to a highbrow in the League of Nations, if he comes down from the pedestal he is fooling himself on and pointing to his highbrow on, and goes to work.

But the whole serious question of whether we are going to have a working League of Nations is:

Is the League going to have the temperament of the typical highbrow or is it going to have the temperament of the man who is so human and so alive that it never occurs to him or to anybody whether his brow is high or not?

The fate of the world—the fate of getting states and nations to get together the way towns do—turns from now on on the plain people of all nations seeing to it that the League is placed in the hands of men who personalize and humanize what they think; men who make into pictures what they want; men who do not feel coarse and impolite for having spines and for having nations look as if they had spines; men who as a matter of course when they want a thing for the plain people connect it up with motors in themselves and in others until they get it.

I started in to confide to the reader in these columns as a means men will have to use, in selling a League of Nations to a world, four great selling verbs:

Personalize.

Visualize.

Motorize.

But the fourth verb—which ends with the same ize-y sound of course—owing to the precipice of dead silence I have to jump over into at the end of this column, six million people have a fortnight to guess on.

Or to propose theirs.

Setting a Good Example

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

Shaving with a **GEM Razor** is just as easy and pleasant as it looks—let the "young shaver" remember that those who have had shaving experience use the **GEM,** and are good ones to pattern after—they're setting a valuable example. Millions of **GEMS** in use today—a favorite for over a quarter of a century.

Your razor is wrong if the blade is not right. The ***GEM Blade*** *in a* ***GEM*** *frame makes a perfect combination for a perfect shave.*

The separate parts as included in outfit are shown in illustration both inside and outside of case.

$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.

Add 50c to above price, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

A Habit *for 12 cents*

A habit is usually a hard thing to get. It took me six months of earnest, painful effort to learn to smoke. I never have been able to acquire a real liking for liquor.

So I consider that it's a really remarkable thing that nearly a million and a half men have acquired a life-long habit just by extracting a few shaves from one of my 12 cent demonstrator tubes of Mennen's Shaving Cream.

You knew after one trial that you were going to be addicted all your life to automobiles, fried chicken or golf.

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes that kind of an instantaneous impression.

The Cream expands into full-bodied, creamy lather, firm yet full of moisture. You get the same results with cold water as with hot.

You brush this lather into the beard for three full minutes, adding water as the lather thickens. Don't rub it with fingers.

Then shave!

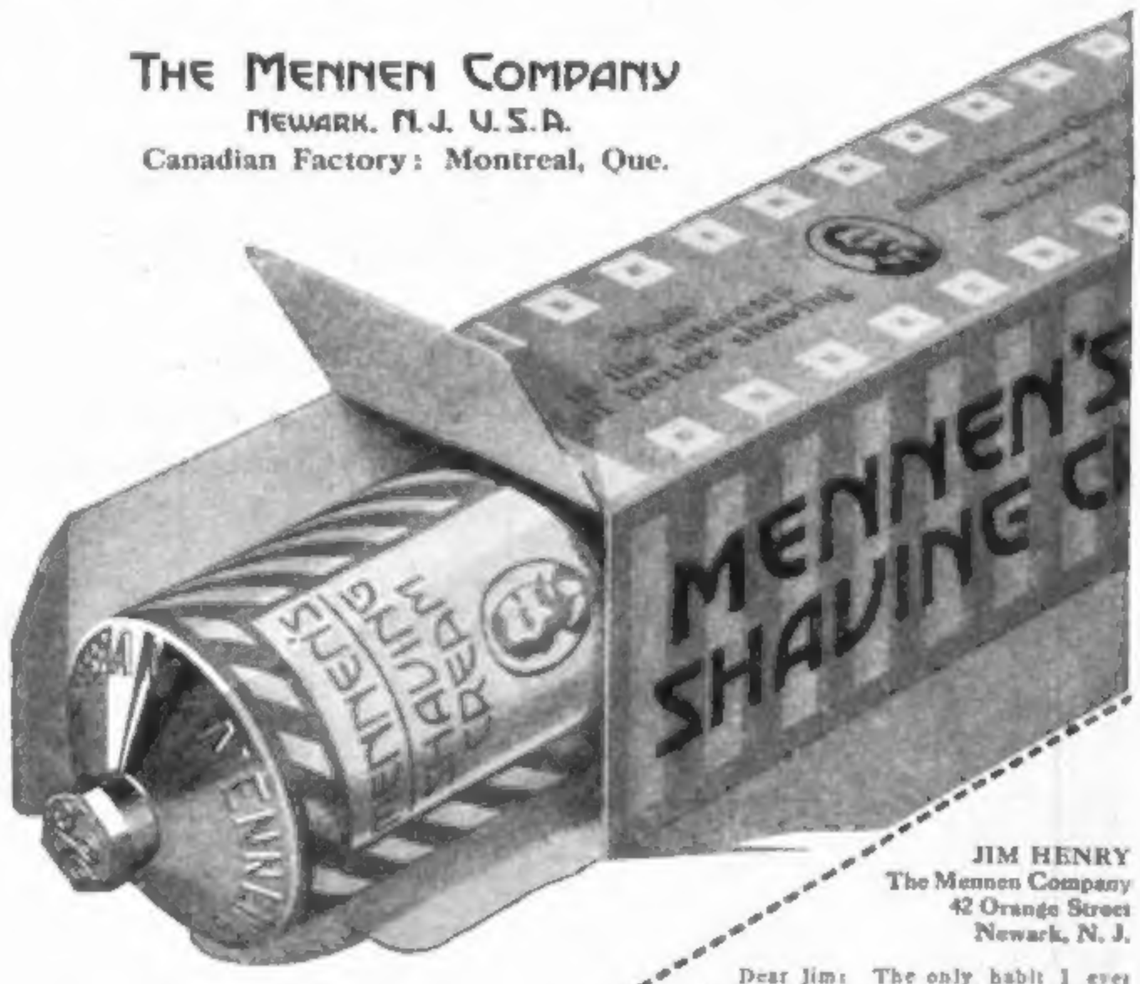
I've never been able to find just the right words to describe one's emotion the first time a razor slips down through a bank of Mennen lather. The beard just melts away. And your face feels great afterwards.

Expose yourself to this Mennen habit. Send me 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

And by the way—
Our New Talcum for Men is a good article for after shaving. It has a sort of a neutral color—doesn't give you that pale look. Ask for Mennen's New Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry.
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
Canadian Factory: Montreal, Que.



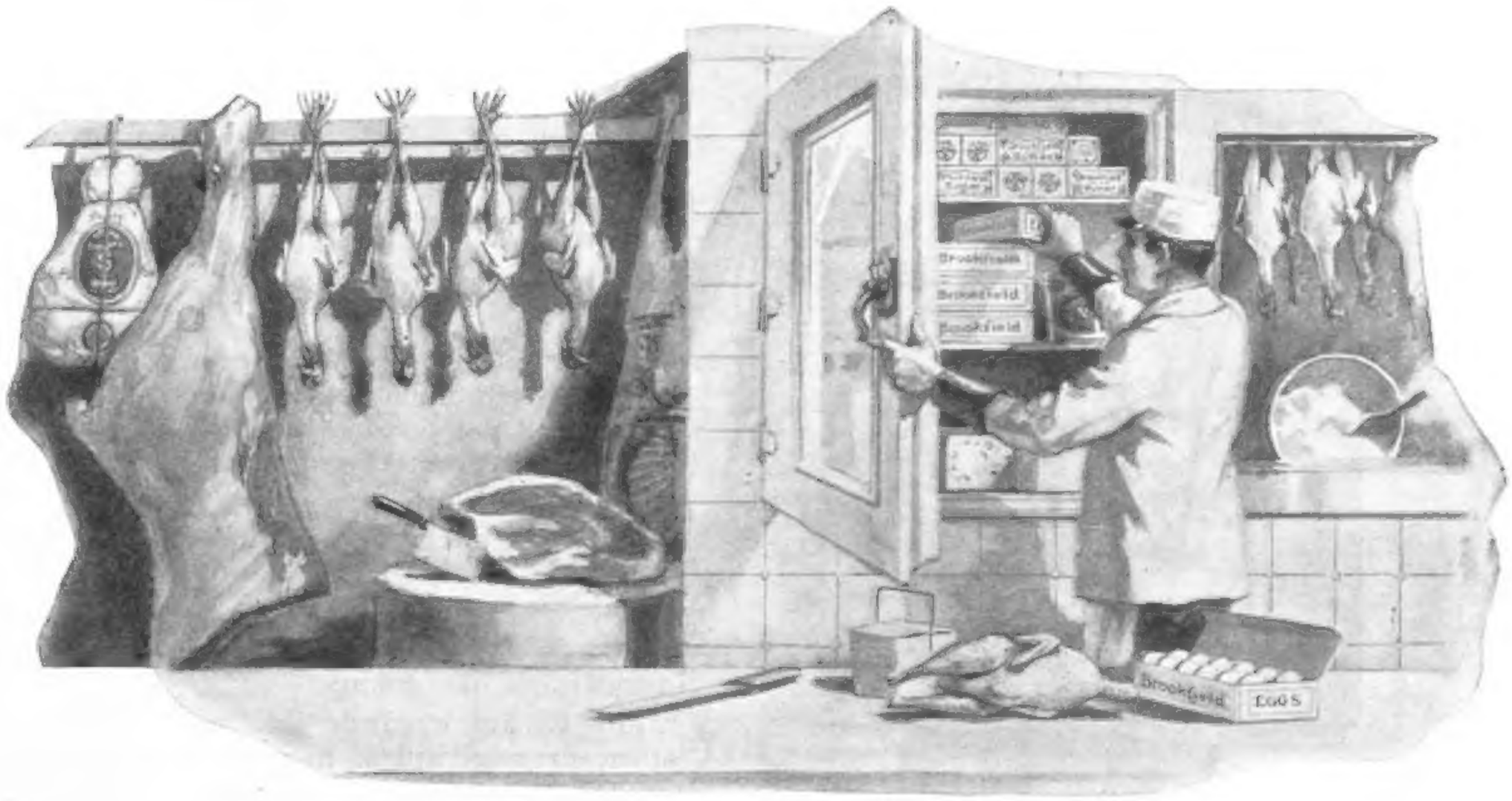
Sales Agents in Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

JIM HENRY
The Mennen Company
42 Orange Street
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim: The only habit I ever learned from a shaving soap was profanity. Here's 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

Name _____

Address _____



Why does Swift & Company handle poultry, butter, and eggs?

For the identical reason that your retail dealer handles them.

He has the ice box necessary to keep meat fresh and equally necessary to preserve poultry, butter, and eggs.

And he can reduce his expenses for rent, salesmen, and delivery service, by selling more goods.

And he can serve you—because you often like to buy poultry, eggs, butter, and cheese, when and where you buy your meats.

It would be inexcusably wasteful if he did not do this.

Just so with Swift & Company.

The retail dealer finds it a convenience to buy other goods besides meat from us.

We have the equipment—refrigerator cars and refrigerated branch houses built to keep meat fresh and just as necessary to preserve poultry, butter, and eggs.

And we have the distributing organization—branch supply houses, salesmen, and delivery equipment taking our goods to the retailer's store.

It would be an inexcusable economic waste to use this nation-wide distributing organization for nothing but meats.

Our entire selling cost is kept down by volume of business, made larger by handling poultry, butter, and eggs.

Swift & Company furnishes the most direct marketing route from the farm to the retail dealer.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Established 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

Back again to 5¢

Nut Tootsie Rolls

Delicious chocolate candy mixed with fresh roasted peanuts

Made Clean - Kept Clean - Wrapped Dust-proof

THE SWEETS COMPANY OF AMERICA, NEW YORK

There's good bread ahead

Eventually

WHY NOT NOW ?